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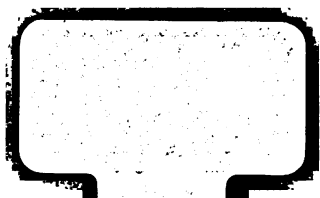
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THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COLLEGE.

VOL. VII.

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THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

OCTOBER 16, 1850.

INTRODUCTION.

A custom, venerable from its unvaryingness, has existed among your Editors, O men of Haileybury! at the opening of a New Volume. This custom consists in blowing a little flourish of trumpets by way of congratulation at an event so important, and in calling for "renewed favours." In the encouraging tones which the Editors adopt on such occasions, we ourselves always seemed to detect a lurking tremulousness,—a suspicion that a very slight repose,—a season of relaxed industry,—might easily put a stop to the *Observer* for ever.

At present our periodical is very flourishing; still, if you travel with me in reviewing its past history, we shall find, I think, enough in it to warn our Collegians never to let the publication of it drop, even for a single Term.

Now, in tracing the rise and progress of our College Periodical, one is reminded, dear reader, of nothing so much as of a certain emblazoned scroll, intituled "*Stemmata Tomkinsoniana*," which our amiable fellow-student Amadis Neville Tomkinson cherishes in a red morocco covering within his writing desk; and to which that weak-minded young man attaches a superstitious reverence,

as being supposed to contain a true and faithful account of "ye knightlie and right royalle family of the Tomkynsons of that Ilk."

Not, pray let me be understood, dear T., that the few *lustra* since which our little publication has come forth to the world may be at all put in the balance against the long generations during which your resplendent line does not lose itself at all—indeed, how could it be so?—for, to do your Stemma justice, it goes upwards merrily for I am afraid to say how many hundred years, till, in fine, we come to a dead lock in the person of one Master Pedro de Tomkynson, high carver to the Black Prince.

But still we *can* claim one or two points of resemblance—for instance—Is the pedigree lost in the dimness of antiquity? So also is it impossible to trace the origin of our *Observer*.

Few know what pains have been taken to unravel this interesting point. A Myth, indeed, exists, that in years past divers publications yclept "The College Review," "The Scrutator," "The Student," "The Hertfordian," and so forth, were each in full force among our predecessors.

With this sole clue for their guidance, the present Editors, assisted by two leading members of the Archæological Society, set diligently to work to seek for further records.

All the "oldest inhabitants" in and about our parish of Great Amwell were interrogated on the point, but no information could be got even from the proverbial garrulity of senile years. The venerable gentleman, occupying the corner house at Hoddesdon, and who boasts that he has kept a diary, off and on, for forty odd year, was also enquired of, but with no better success. A final appeal was the made to Mr. Lyne, the enterprising fruiterer in Hailey Lane, in the hope that he might possibly have come across some fragments of them, when buying waste paper for his jam-pots; but in vain. Austin and Simson, the local publishers, were also at fault. What was to be done further?

The mournful Committee met together; the elder of the Archæologists was voted to the chair; the benevolent old gentleman was deeply affected—he moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously—"Resolved, that this meeting

will not take upon itself to say that papers like the *Observer* have *not* been published by former Students of this College, but if ever such papers existed, they must be reckoned with the things that *have been*, such as the Mammoth and the Dodo."

But if they did not get at the object of their wishes, the Editors did, at least, make one startling discovery.

It had been determined to have the Catalogue of the East-India House Library searched, surely, it was argued, our respected masters, who seem to subscribe so liberally to every work that in the least concerns Indian affairs, will have in their possession every line that has ever issued forth from the collected wisdom of their future Civil Servants.

Acting upon this consideration, one Editor took out an "exeat," and proceeded forthwith to London. Arriving at Leadenhall-street, our representative sent in his card; and the Company's learned Librarian at once granted an interview, cheerfully laying aside for that purpose the folio before him—in fact, a manuscript copy of the Sanskrit Vedas, with which he is in the habit of regaling himself in his leisure hours. After stating his case, what was our colleague's horror to hear the Professor blandly enquire, "What, then the Students are in the habit—are they?—of publishing a magazine?" "Are they?" This is the sympathy we meet with! Oh, ye troops of enthusiastic editors, is this your reward; ye who for long years have tried every expedient to keep your periodical going; putting forth not only mental toil, but every variety of novelties; now changing your types, now reducing your prices, besides trying every species of colour in your bindings, from rosy purple to gorgeous gamboge!

It is, however, but just to say, that on being informed of the real state of the case, the professor has, in the name of our masters, bought up all the existing numbers of the *Observer*, and has promised to pay a like fatherly duty on the publication of each succeeding one.

So that now we shall all surely write with redoubled spirit;—your verses, dear Linnet, which I know in your heart you rank next to Lord Byron's, may now, along with the exuberant facetiæ

of young Wagstaffe, form the topic of conversation at the dinner parties of Chairman and Deputy-Chairman ! How great the reward ! Rush on, then, my friends, one and all—let it be a race to the “ Editor’s Box.”

THE SEA NYMPHS’ SONG.

I.

Where the rocks of coral grow,
In the ocean far below,
Where the angry billows foam,
Is our wide and wat’ry home ;
Here we revel all the day,
Hidden from the sun’s bright ray.

II.

By the moonbeam’s silvery light,
When the stars are shining bright,
Gay we dance upon the strand,
Where the ocean skirts the land,
Or trip lightly o’er the deep,
Whilst its waves are hushed in sleep.

III.

In a nautilus we sail,
Ply the oar and woo the gale ;
Drawn by dolphins in our car,
O’er the waves we wander far,
Till the moon’s decreasing ray
Warns us of th’ approach of day.

IV.

Deep below the billows green,
Where no foot of man hath been,
Far removed from mortal sight,
In a palace fair and bright,
Decked with pearls and coral red,
Dwells our queen, our people’s head.

V.

When, with a prophetic ear,
 We discern a tempest near,
 Then we raise the warning cry,
 Telling men of danger nigh,
 Sailors tremble as they hear,—
 The stoutest hearts are filled with fear.

VI.

When the stormy billows cease,
 And the ocean is at peace,
 Then we make a winding sheet,
 For a son of ocean meet,
 Woven from the sea-weed green,
 Mingled with the pearl's bright sheen.

VII.

And when night o'erhangs the deep,
 By the sad remains we weep,
 Whilst the sighing of the surge
 Ever sings a mournful dirge,
 As we bear them 'neath the wave
 To some darksome coral cave.

VIII.

Loving sisters, trip along,
 Guide the dance, and lead the song,
 For a storm will rise to-morrow,
 Bringing death and bringing sorrow;
 Let us till the morn rejoice,
 Then we'll raise our warning voice.

λ.

A VOICE FROM THE ROSTRUM.

WELL, now, I don't expect you thought to hear old Beak a crowing in your *Observer*—did you now, Sir? But I can tell you, Sir, though its myself that says it (and it aint exactly myself either, considering my wife's always a saying it to me),

I am a precious sharp Beak, I am—and your's are n't the only "observer" in the college; I should think not! *Haileybury Observer*, indeed! Vot do you observe? I should like to know. Why I'll be bound that if you met me without my coat and lantern you wouldn't know who I was. You an observer, indeed, to be taken by them 'ere outward paradifying! Howsomdever, we won't split about a hair, as the tough cane said to the mischievous schoolboy; and though I does imagine that I'm the only *Haileybury Observer*, considering you observers changes every year, I'll not say much about that.

Now, Sir, I asks pardon for intruding, as the knife said to the oyster, but I think it's a burning shame, that you young gentlemen should see me so often, and know so little about me. Why, Sir, you seems to think I are n't flesh and blood; only t' other night I was a standin' at the foot of one of the stair-cases, when a couple of gentlemen went up, and I heard another rush out, and then say, "O! I beg pardon, but I thought you were Beak, so I was coming to lick you!" There's a sentiment; why an infernal rum-bumshious rollicking Caribee Hottentot couldn't a done worse than that! But it's the way with you all; there's that Mr. Bumpus, because I was doing my duty t' other night, comes out and pitches into me; how'd he like his Beak in Ingistan to be treated like that! I know that they do have Beaks out there, because I saw in one of your *Observers* a chapter on Beaks, which said so. The fact is, it isn't I as reads your *Observers*—at least I didn't use to did—but my wife, who is a wonderful woman, and has an uncommon fine turn for the mangle, was a spelling at a bit o' paper that my little uns had been a buying bull's-eyes in, and she says, "Lor! Bill, look here, here's all about you!" Well, I never, if I wasn't flummoxed to see a lot put in about my lantern, and my voice, which you said was hoarse—but it aren't no more hoarse than—than my wife's!!! Well, Sir, I'm afeard by this time that I've put my foot in it, as the poacher said when he got stuck in the mantrap; so I'll just shut up like a dark lantern, and I only hope, Sir, that your *Observer* will keep as regular as I does in quad, never be the

worse for rheumatiz, and shine as bright as my lantern. Your's to command,

BEAK, JUN.

P.S.—Just correct spelling, kindly; and ask the gentleman as was going to assault me to behave a little more quiet towards poor Beakey. I've no doubt you'll be able to *Observe* who he was.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Firm as the adamantine rock,
Proof against storms, and earthquake's shock,
Pure as the limpid stream which flows
Fresh from the fountain where it rose,
Deep as the briny depths of sea,
As wide as vast infinity,
Time cannot change,—it can but prove
The constancy of woman's love.
When dark Oppression binds the chain,
And smiles to see her victim's pain,
When hopeless Poverty destroys,
And robs the heart of all its joys;
When War with murder steeps the ground,
Spreading wide desolation round;
When Pestilence with tainted breath,
Sweeps hundreds to the realms of death,—
Beside the dying sufferer's bed,
In battle plain amidst the dead,
Within the loathsome hovel's bound,
Or dungeon dark,—oh! what is found
As woman's love so bright, so pure,
So strong, so constant, and so sure.
When stronger manhood's spirits fail,
When dangers unforeseen assail;
When Disappointment's cank'ring dart,
Unceasing sears his inmost heart;

When envy, anger, malice, hate,
Or hidden crime's oppressive weight,
Upon his inmost conscience prey,
Nor give him peace by night or day ;
Then, as the pole star, shining bright,
Directs the wand'rer by its light,
And leads him on with joy and peace,
In hope that sorrows soon may cease,—
So the bright star of woman's love,
Sent down in mercy from above,
And shining with a bright, pure ray,
Directs man in his every way ;
Supports him beneath Sorrow's blow,
Quenches his passion's fiercest glow,
Comforts and soothes him when distress,
And gives his troubled spirit rest ;
Pours a sweet balm in every wound,
And sheds a heavenly fragrance round,
Which lulls him to a calm repose,
And makes him half forget his woes.
From when the infant first draws breath,
Till manhood's eyes are closed in death,
In all the changing scenes of life,
In every struggle, every strife,
And in each calm repose between,
Woman, frail woman, may be seen,
Watching his course from day to day,
Clearing each roughness from his way,
And smoothing down his wrinkled brow,
Furrowed by Sorrow's iron plough.
'Tis Woman's Love that soothes the woe
Which manhood suffers here below,—
A sun, whose bright refulgent ray
Shines sweetly on our every way.
Though fickle man may often change,
And, like the butterfly, may range

Now here, now there, and taste the sweets
 From every flow'ret which he meets ;
 Yet Woman's Love is aye the same,
 A pure, a holy, changeless flame.
 Oh ! sure, then, 'tis a gift from heaven,
 A boon in boundless mercy given ;
 For nought of earth 's so bright, so pure,
 So holy, constant, strong, and sure.

λ.

WHAT I DID AND HEARD ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

ONE bright morning in the year of grace 184—, the fine steam-ship *Leith* was slowly making her way down the Thames, through the numerous craft which throng that noble river, on his voyage to the "Land of Cakes." Pacing the quarter-deck, two individuals might be observed, one tallish the other shortish,—one thinnish the other stoutish, &c. &c. ; in fact, one was your humble servant, the other his friend. Our voyage was pleasant, and the evening was spent very comfortably in chatting about old times, and imbibing lemonade and brandy, I am afraid to rather too great an amount. Oh, ye verdant ones ! beware of lemonade and brandy, for truly it is an "insinivating drink," as Sam Weller might have said, and as I found out to my cost. My reason for confessing this little frailty is because when we rose to separate and seek our respective berths, our decided and mutual opinion was that the vessel pitched fearfully, an idea which was strengthened by our futile attempts to discover the door, or maintain our equilibrium ; so at last we gave it up in despair, sat down, and summoned the Steward. "Steward, what a deuce of a sea there is."—"Lor' bless you, no sir ; still as a mill pond ; reg'lar beautiful."—"Steward, you're a confounded ——" a well-directed table-spoon finished the sentence, and caused him to evaporate ; so fixing my eyes on the spot where he had stood, I

made a rush for it, and came straight into the other cabin, where, alas and alas! I found that my berth was the top one of three, and not perceiving the ladder which there was at one side, I began to clamber up in the best way I could. I first planted my foot firmly on the first berth, and suddenly came in contact with something warm and soft, which emitted a loud sound between a grunt and a roar, at the same time writhing violently. Very much startled, I made a frantic clutch at the second berth, and took a firm hold on to another warm and soft substance, which emitted a still louder noise between a scream and a yell. In the utmost terror I made a third spring, stamping vigorously upon substance No. 1, and giving a fearful squeeze to substance No. 2. Having thus finally reached my own quarters, I fell asleep, lulled to rest by an indistinct chorus of groans and execrations. Next morning I found that the individuals I had so unceremoniously handled were no less than an Oxford Don and a London Alderman;—the latter was a jolly old fellow, and easily mollified, but the old Don, whose nose had suffered, was implacable, and would listen to no manner of apology or excuse. We landed safely at Granton, without further mishaps, and in disembarking I observed a sergeant and file of men come out of the steerage. I did not think much of this until nearly a month afterwards, when I re-embarked at the same place to return to England, and observed the same party enter the vessel along with me, but accompanied by a tall miserable-looking man in handcuffs. Concluding this was a deserter, in the course of the voyage I fraternized with the sergeant, so that to while away the time he gave me a singular history of his prisoner, which I will endeavour to relate as follows:—

In a small village situated in the Highlands of Perthshire, there dwelt an individual whose pleasing task it was to teach the young bare-legged and kilted idea how to shoot,—in plain language, a worthy schoolmaster, yclept Maister; or, as he delighted to designate himself, Dominie Mackay. He was one of the old sort which is now fast disappearing in Scotland, possessing learning to a certain degree, mixed with a vast degree of

pedantry, and a little shrewdness combined with a great deal of simplicity. For a considerable period he had wielded the tawse of scholastic authority undisturbed by any cares. Reigning as an oracle in the small inn which the village boasted, he was universally respected; and if any luckless wight presumed to combat his opinion, he was instantly silenced by a quotation from the Latin Grammar, amid a chorus from the bystanders of "Ech, sirs, just hear till that." However, "It's a lang road that has na turning," and the dominie's peaceful routine of existence was destined rudely to be interrupted. There came to live in the village a family named McPherson, consisting of an aunt and niece, with a brother of the latter, a child of eight years old. This little gentleman was placed under the dominie's charge, and conducted to school by his sister Ellen, a pretty lass about eighteen. The dominie was much struck with her appearance, which was well calculated to excite his admiration. He suddenly became subject to fits of abstraction, and took to reading Horace and Ovid with greater delight than ever, frequently reciting, for the benefit of his cronies at the inn, an ode to Lydia or Lamia, which was listened to with the most reverential awe. The dominie pondered and admired, and read Horace for more than a year, without ever thinking of expressing his feelings to the fair Ellen, until the long subdued flame burnt to such a pitch that it could not be subdued,—so he first began to relieve his mind by praising, in the most extravagant terms, the beauty, worth, and excellence of *Miss* McPherson,—for so he always designated the object of his affections. As her aunt likewise rejoiced in this appellation, the neighbours at the inn and in the kirkyard began to discuss the probability of Maister Mackay leading to the hymeneal altar *Miss* McPherson, senior, and no one dreaming of his meaning her niece; for the dominie, in the ardour of his attachment, overlooked the disparity in their ages, and that his personal appearance was bordering on the grotesque. He lived in an ideal world, the actual being completely forgotten. Rumours of the dominie's intentions having thus been spread about, they soon came to the ears of *Miss* McPherson herself, who, though startled at first by reflect-

ing on her admirer's curious physiognomy, yet, as she herself was what might fairly be termed an old maid, her ultimate conclusion was "that she might do waur than tackle to wi' the dominie, —honest man." Consequently, when Mr. Mackay paid his next visit to her house, with the intention of opening his mind, she received him in an unusually affectionate manner. Puzzled how to break the subject, he suddenly, after a long silence, broke out into a rhapsody upon the beauty of *Miss* McPherson, and appealed to her for her opinion. With a simper and a blush the lady replied that she "hoped she wasna sae ill-faured."—"Ill-faured!" cried the dominie, "she's an angel."—"Oh, Mr. Mackay!"—a pause—"I'm gay sure that she loveth me," quoth he.—"May be," said she, with a sly smile.—"Eh, ye should hae seen her yestreen," continued he, "whan she gaed doon to the accaydemy wi' the wean, how sweetly she lookit on me, and fondly I lookit on her, and I was nigh speaking."—"You're forgettin', dominie," she said, playfully, "I wasna at the schule yestreen."—"Weel, I didna say ye were, ma'am," answered he, "but *she* was."—"Wha?"—"Nelly!"—"Nelly!!" cried the lady, bouncing up,— "ye dinna mean our Nelly?"—"Aye, do I faith; but preserve us, woman," cried he, struck by a sudden thought, "ye did na' think I meant yersell?"—"O—h!" screamed she, making a rush at him, "oh, ye muckle fause loon, and hae na ye been askin' me to marry ye for the last hour, and didna ye say I was bonny, and an angel, and a' that?"—"I canna ca' it to mind," replied the dominie, from behind a large chair.—"Ye scraggy auld stick, to come here wi' yer clavers to an honest woman; awa wi' ye, or I'll scart yer ee'n out.—Nelly, by my certie," gasped the indignant maiden, falling back into a seat.—The dominie took the opportunity, and bolted, like a wise man. On his way home he encountered Nelly herself, and grown bold by desperation, poured forth his tale of love into her astonished ear. Mistaking her silence for consent, he proceeded to seize her hand, which was instantly snatched away, and laid pretty heavily in a sounding box in his ear, as she ran away, leaving him astounded by the conflicting emotions of love, anger, and disap

pointment, for he never dreamt of being rejected by Nelly herself. Poor dominie ! the shock in both senses was a severe one, and he walked home with his ideas in a perfect chaos of confusion. The story, as such stories always do, got abroad very soon, and the dominie could not show his face in peace anywhere ; so at last, completely disgusted and crestfallen, he gave up his school, and wandered to Perth, where he enlisted, having probably no other means of subsistence. He was shortly sent to join his regiment in the south of England ; but he soon found that a soldier's life was not at all suited to him, and he longed to be once more among his native hills, even if he should have to return to the scene of his misfortunes. At length he deserted, and found his way to Perthshire again, where he was concealed for some time up in the hills, although a party of military were in search of him. At last he was found, arrested, and brought back, as I have before related, in the same steamer with myself. I never heard what became of him, but after all his mishaps, I hope the sentence of the court martial was not severe upon the unfortunate dominie.

VIATOR.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

When Lelia stood at Hymen's fane,
Lelia, of Venus' train the flower,
We fondly vowed that ne'er again
Should grief invade our bridal bower.
Vain hope ! alas ! my jealous lip,
Soon envious of our blissful state,
Unguardedly a word let slip,—
Recalled at once—but yet too late !
But, dearest, though in angry mood,
A word escape unkindly spoken,
Let not the blighting thought intrude,
That Love's endearing charm is broken.

Believe me, had not traitor proved
 That tongue I thought so wholly thine.
 Thy sorrow had not thus been moved,
 Nor tears have flowed unmixed with mine,
 When Lelia heard, she raised her head
 (So strong is Love's persuasive power),
 And, smiling thro' her tears, she said,
 " Styphon ! 'tis but an April shower !"

K.

BIOGRAPHY.

Man, like a generous vine, supported lives.
 The strength he gains, is from the embrace he gives.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

" HISTORY," says Bolingbroke, " is Philosophy teaching by example;" and well had it been for mankind, if they had more generally acted upon the experience of their forefathers. The scenes, it is true, are ever shifting, the subject ever changing, yet with all this to dazzle the gaze of the idle beholder, the doctrine of Pythagoras is truer than we think, and the same actors are ever reappearing on the stage under different forms. The eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot discover the same causes still terminating their influence in the same effects, though sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure.

How important, then, must be the task of the biographer. For it is he who initiates us into the mysteries of the Past. The general historian may excite us with the downfall of kingdoms, the revolution of empires; he may exhibit before us all the pageantry of the imperial tragedy; but it is the biographer who can open before us men's minds, display their motives, unfold their actions.

It is this which constitutes the excellence of historical romances. Making the past present, bringing the distant near, placing us in the society of a great man, or on an eminence which overlooks the mighty battle of life, we are hurried back through darkness and uncertainty, and taught to converse with those now gathered to their fathers. We follow them in their walk of life, we catch their thoughts, we hear their very voice, and we forget for the time the existence of the Present in the contemplation of the Past.

It is a trite remark, that whatever makes the Past or Future predominate over the Present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings. And this, methinks, is not untrue. In the hour of trial, when friends are faithless, and fate unkind, how soothing it is to know the true divinity of contemplation, the all-sufficing mightiness of thought. Then only can we retreat into that Holy of Holies in our own souls,—then only can we know and feel how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a Deity.

If such is the fruit we gather, how useful is the study of Biography. After its perusal, we must ever rise with enlarged minds—with fresh ideas. We have gained a new insight into human events, we have reaped a new lesson for our own guidance. Annihilating space and time, we see the Great and Good of all ages ranged before us—as friends and companions, as compatriots, as *men*.

There is no fact which ought so constantly to be insisted on, as the fact that we live for others as well as for ourselves. And Biography, constituting a fresh tie, which unites men of different ages with each other, especially inculcates this lesson. Then only are we worthy of our exalted rank in creation, when, eschewing selfishness and narrow-mindedness, we look abroad on the face of the earth with genuine feelings of sympathy and interest. What says the Poet?

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

“Foot-prints, that perhaps another
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main—
A forlorn, and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.”

Let such be our feelings whilst perusing Biography, and be
assured such reading will not be in vain.

C.

FROM THE “SHAH NAMA.”

There is a garden, hid from human sight,
Source of all pleasure, filling with delight,
Where blooming roses cover all the ground,
And sparkling fountains spread their rainbows round ;
There earth is bright with flowers of varied dye,
And cooling zephyrs breathe a gentle sigh ;
Musk floats upon their wings, and perfume light
Of lovely hyacinth and lily white ;
The stately tree, the young and tender shoot,
Bend down alike beneath their golden fruit ;
The glittering pheasant, moving like a queen,
With varied plumes enriched the lovely scene ;
And far and wide a thrilling music floats
From the dark cypress bough, the bulbul’s notes ;
Damsels, like houris fair, inspiring love,
Move o’er the hill, or rest within the grove,
Their lips with winning smiles the heart subdue,
Their cheeks are lovely with the rose’s hue ;
And in their glances, fit for beauty’s spells,
A dreamy heart-alluring languor dwells.

SULTAN.

THE NEGLECTED WARNING.

WHETHER, as the world has grown older, it has increased in misdoing, or whether the occasions that once required extraordinary interferences no longer exist, are questions scarcely suited to the pages of our *Observer*; neither is it of consequence to our present object that they should receive answers, since whatever those might be, the fact would still remain the same, that no more does the Almighty deign to permit communion with him face to face, no more do his angels visit this world of ours with missions of mercy, and no more are we permitted to gaze into futurity through the medium of men on whom the spirit of prophecy has fallen. But still, though such interference has long since been for the most part withheld, particular incidents do occur at intervals so much out of the order of nature, as to assure us that it is not altogether withdrawn. Of this description Dreams are the most ordinary means by which a merciful Goodness sees fit to manifest its power in warning us miraculously of dangers that are coming; and in occasions such as these we entertain a mixed feeling of gratitude and awe—gratitude for the mercy that prompted the wish to save, and awe at the propinquity of that Spirit, and the confirmation of his title—Omnipresent.

Our scene is D——; our time, A.D. 1811, which two important points being settled, we proceed to our tale.

A small party of three were at dinner, and they seemed to be in the relation of husband, wife, and friend. Mr. Annesley was indeed a friend to the family. Of sufficient years to command their respect, he had talents also that claimed their admiration. Early acquainted with Bennett, he sought to continue a friendship that was fertile in pleasure to both; and when his friend had obtained a rectory and married a wife, the frequent invitations he received, and the welcome—the hearty welcome that ever awaited him, assured the good old man that he was no less loved than loving. His age was a green old age. Intemperance had never visited him, and he had a mind too elevated to care for

what the world vainly calls a life of *pleasure*. And yet he did lead a life of pleasure. Travel and literature were his *pleasure*, and he courted them with an ardour and enthusiasm that richly repaid him. Annesley's heart was a loving heart. Friends therefore were a "*pleasure*;"—not a passing friend;—not a friend of that class who in prosperity courts you, and in adversity taunts you; nor cared he for a friend to pass the time with,—to use one day, and leave the next. Annesley found pleasure in no such friends. The friend he sought was one in whose company he might be improved as well as impart improvement; one whose soul was pure as his own, and who could appreciate those rich stores which his conversation yielded. But Annesley was churlish; he loved not to give and not receive; and, therefore, he wished his friend to have a mind that would for the gold it received pay back gold. As is common in ardent natures, a love, such as Annesley bestowed on the man he honoured with his friendship, needed nourishment. His friend, therefore, must have a heart warm and grateful,—a heart which swelled nigh to bursting with the milk of human kindness, and the strings of which would vibrate when touched by the hand of affection. Woman's love is great; but when the souls of men are knit, the tie is greater, for the materials composing that bond are firmer. And on finding such a man, his soul would respond to the call, and he would lavish on him all that his strong nature was capable of; not that that love blinded him, for prejudice clings only to the weaker mind, and *his* enabled him to see distinctly and clearly into those characters, the secrets of which he wished to penetrate,—and with the aim that true friendship should ever have in view, he sought to eradicate the errors he saw; and where that was not possible, he strove to mitigate the ills he could not cure. Happy that man who gained him as a friend, and proud might be that man whom Annesley loved; it was the warrant of blessing to himself, and a sign of the value of his own character. Such a man was Bennett. No matter where they became friends, no matter when; suffice it that they *were* friends firm and lasting.

The Rectory was a neat and comfortable home; besides the

income it brought in, Bennett had something of his own, and this addition received further supply by his marriage; for his bride had been the only child of a rich widower. The Rectory then was happy, for its inmates were so; the parish acknowledged the good their Pastor had done amongst them; and they lived esteemed throughout the circle of their acquaintance. But, with all this, Bennett could scarcely be called a happy man; one blemish in his character nearly marred the whole, and it was this defect that Annesley had sought for years and years to counteract, but had not succeeded. His Nature was one sensitive to a degree; the fear of ridicule was an overwhelming argument to many an inward call that his excellent heart suggested. In acts of charity, in plans of taste, in parties of amusement, the ruling spirit throughout them all was the desire to act up to what the world required, else "what will Mr. —— say?"

Annesley endeavoured to remedy what he could not eradicate; and often had his gentle wife seen, with inward pleasure, the mild but manly reasoning of the old man raise within her husband's heart a kindred spirit—a flame that, mayhap, to-morrow she would weep to see the breath of scandal and ridicule extinguish; and more than once had she mourned to see the blush of shame rise to his face, when smitten by the just reproaches of his friend, at a pusillanimity that wronged his better nature; and much she wished, though never did she even hint at it, that Annesley had known her husband earlier, when disease was but in the bud; so sure she was that his influence would have served to have nipt it in its immaturity; but regrets were of no avail, and so she learnt to bear what she felt she could not cure.

But despite this, there was no worthier man than Bennett; he had a heart that was sufficient to repay the love his wife and friend evinced for him; to her he was ever gentle—ever kind; he felt that to his wife he was indebted for the greater portion of the happiness he enjoyed; and, if daily attention to her wishes, and the consulting her every want, could testify the fervency of his devotion to her, then had the fond wife no cause to complain of her love being unrequited.

But how I have run on ! did I not begin with describing them at dinner, and have I not left them there yet ? 'Tis true ; and therefore high time to return and see how far they have advanced.

Some change had come over Bennett ; his manner was altered, and though he could not be harsh, yet the answers he gave were abrupt and hurried, and not after the gentle tone habitual to him. He seemed uneasy and restless, and it was not till alone with his friend, that, on being much pressed, he explained the deep-rooted cause of his disquietude.

L. R.

(To be continued).

LAY OF AN EMPTY NOTE-BOOK.

SOME sing of heroes, some of maidens fair,
 These picture laughter, those oppressing care ;
 Be this my theme—not some sequestered nook,
 But unwrit pages of my month's Note-Book.
 A month is past—how short doth seem the space
 Since I returned to study—and this place.
 I say to study ; for with good intent
 My resolutions to my books were bent,—
 I have not kept them—doleful to relate
 My Note-Book's empty—in its pristine state.
 No sleep to-night, nor for some nights to come ;
 To-day no rowing—I must stay at home.
 "Lend me your Law Notes ?"—"I have sent them in."
 "Classic ?"—"I've lent."—"Bad luck ! I can't begin."
 In Orientals.—Bother that Exam.—
 No G's for me ; three P's for all that cram.
 No Mathematics—half my Pol. Econ.—
 Fair hopes for Monthly now, indeed, are gone.
 Ditto for Chapels likewise are no more,
 Marked Absent often, taken at the door
 More often still ; for Lectures ever late.
 But, truce to murmurs ;—Dash it ! 'tis my fate.

BEHIND HAND.

[The author of the "Lay" evidently belongs to a class which we had hoped was long since extinct.—ED. H.O.]

“REST.”

It has occurred to me, that on no subject are men more frequently mistaken, than this. Some, feeling momentary fatigue, perhaps, vote labour to be a bore: and would smile, as at an absurd paradox, to hear it argued that labour is our only rest. That is to say, labour in the right direction, for the good of mankind; no man was ever fatigued by doing good: on the contrary, you may depend that he felt as much cheered and refreshed as his frame by an hour's sleep, when it stood in need of it.

Rest may be two-fold, of the body, and the mind. I shall not deny the efficacy of “nature's best restorer, balmy sleep.” But it must be remembered that the body is a very subordinate affair; that it follows the promptings of the mind, like the blindest machine. Consequently, if the mind is not at rest, old Dan Morpheus will not descend upon us, and steep us in slumberous forgetfulness: he may

“upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.”

* * * * *

“And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king.”

I beg pardon for only giving the pronoun, instead of the noun; it would have spoilt my quotation, and let those who desire it, look up the passage, and make the sense for themselves.

The mind, I say, must be at rest; thus we are told that

“Where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.”

But not to repeat quotations *usque ad nauseam*, let us again proceed to string the pearls of reflection upon the thread of the discourse. It is the unselfish alone who enjoy rest; never the being whose aim is “concentrated all in self.” Though pride may hold him up, though ambition may spur him on, there comes a time when all loses its power.

Now it would be by no means safe to argue that because rest

of mind conduces to rest of body, rest of body can ensure peace and satisfaction to the soul. Yet what more common mistake than this. Does not the story date from the days of Horace, of the capitalist, who retires from the toils of the market, to enjoy the pleasures of a country farm. True, he meets with positive losses, but doubtless also he found the change from a busy life to comparative indolence, a remarkably uncomfortable thing. And this story is revived in those cases of the worthy and wealthy citizens of London. How that certain of them at sundry periods, having toiled and moiled all the best part of their lives, and lived in perfect comfort in all the roar and bustle of the City, resolve not to be contented with good, but to go in search of better. Accordingly they take a house in the country; inscribe on the arbour, "*otium cum, or sine dignitate,*" and after a short experience of it, find that idleness is not a very pleasant thing after all.

But if we turn to different cases—to those of men who feel sensitively all the rude jars of life, and who are even endeavouring to find some sure anchor on which they may ride out the storm, and can find none—to such men, who are often unconsciously the centre of their own systems, and who are forgetting the enormous claims upon them, the thought of

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

They are like the "lotos-eaters"—

Hateful is the dark blue sky
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.
Death is the end of life. Ah; why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast;
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
* * * * *
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence, ripen, fall and cease;
Give us long rest, or death, dark death, or dreamful ease."

True: if in life the only object were for every individual to

secure for himself as large a share of what are called the world's good things as possible, a man might well stop, and refuse to purchase such vanity of vanities at such a cost of labour. But now labour is a privilege, and is the only true rest a man can have. Honest, manly Dr. Johnson, when told of some lady of rank and fortune, whom his informant declared to be dying or dead of a broken heart for the loss of her husband, refused to yield her a tittle of his sympathy; if she had been a washerwoman, he said, with eight or nine children to support, she would have had other things beside sentiment to think of. And it seems extraordinary that a man's efforts in this life should ever be damped, when the same object for his exertions is always before his eyes and at his feet—the same object, viz., his fellow-creatures; and that whatever be his personal losses, his eyes should be so dimmed by them as to lose sight of those.

Sloth is not rest. When the pupil surrenders to his superior the right of private judgment, it is but a false rest. Creation was not made for rest, but for rest in action, and each man is bound conscientiously to battle out his own doubts, and not to make a cowardly and slothful resignation of the keeping of his own conscience into another's hands.

Between rest and unrest every man can make a distinction. That is unrest which relentlessly forces a Macbeth to allow that that death is better

“than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy;”

and which startles a Richard from his dream, with the exclamation—

“Have mercy, Jesu.”

It is, by-the-bye, a curious thing that great criminals even, and not only good men, somewhat at times overworn, should have a notion that for them, also, death is a rest: thus, Macbeth would be with the dead. It was a confused notion, I suppose, of the grave being the entrance to an unknown world, and so, as it were a close to this, with all its cares and crimes; of the notion of unbelievers, that it was not even an introduction to any future scene, and consequently that frame and spirit returned to nothingness;

and thirdly, of the general belief of mankind, that for good men it was, indeed, a resting place.

“Now is done thy long day’s work,
Fold thy palms across thy breast;
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.”

If this *olla podrida* be worth insertion, Mr. Editor, pray (for I am ambitious) let it be handed down to posterity. On reviewing it, indeed, I see that it is amenable to the censure of the *purpurei assuti panni*. Perhaps, however, in such good company, an insignificant scribe like myself may remain unnoticed, and slip in with them.

S.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ADOLPHUS PLANTAGENET CHARLES (MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS JOE) JONES, ESQ.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

THE miseries I suffered in that dreadful *diligence* are almost too awful to contemplate. My companions were a dirty, hairy Frenchman, who took snuff—if there is one thing I hate more than another it is snuff—and a fat old English woman (I had almost written lady), with, of course, an infinity of parcels and packages. And here I would stop one minute to ask why no lady can travel with less than seventeen packages, and, moreover, what they find to put into the aforesaid seventeen packages? If there is anything that can excite pity it is the sight of an unhappy man toiling along with four parcels in each hand, a dog under one arm, and a canary bird, sometimes diversified by a baby, or a parrot, under the other, whilst his wife or sister walks behind him with a mysterious little box, which she calls her dressing case, and which box generally causes more trouble, and requires more looking after than all the other things put together. Yet this may be seen at any terminus, on the arrival of any train, on any day.

Ladies of England, have some mercy ; wives, take compassion on your husbands ; sisters, do not trespass too far on the good-nature of your brothers. I cannot help thinking that Mary-Eliza-Jane would reduce the quantity of her luggage if she knew what trouble I have to get up my multiplication and addition before going on a journey with her ; but, nevertheless, I take this opportunity of giving her warning, that if she has more than ten parcels the next time she travels with me, *there will be a row,—that's all!!* But I am digressing and must get into the “straight running,” or rather the Diligence again, or I shall be getting poetical.

First I sat down on one of the old lady's baskets, and heard, to say nothing of *FEELING*, that something was smashed, and the distressed owner told me it was *eggs*. Just as I recovered from this misfortune, the Frenchman—bad luck to him!—upset his snuff-box, and the consequence was that I sneezed for five-and-twenty minutes without a check. Then the old woman went to sleep, and, waking up with a start, trod on my pet corn. Talking was out of the question, for the old lady had not forgiven the mishap with the eggs ; and I think the best-tempered man in the world would have got into a state of mind if he had heard that wretched Frenchman trying to whistle. For twenty or twenty-two hours I endured all this, and much more, I can't exactly say patiently, for I heard the old lady describe me to a friend who met her at the office, as “such an ill-tempered young man, he spiled all the heggs and swore dreadful,” but still I was as patient as I could be considering the provocation. It was very, very dreadful, and I do not think that even Mark Tapley could have been “jolly” under the circumstances.

On my arrival at the office in Paris, I ran up against an Englishman, who was very civil, cleared my luggage, saw me safe to Dick's habitation, and asked for twenty francs for his trouble, which I was fool enough to give him.

I found Dick hard at work at the brandy's and water's, which had been held out to me as a bait ; he seemed as delighted to see me as I was to see him ; and, on my remarking that I was starved,

he hustled about, and his boy "Bob" hustled about, and, in a quarter of an hour, I was sitting down to a substantial supper, with some real "Bass."

I was too tired to talk after supper, and, as Dick declared that I went to sleep three times whilst he was telling me that I was to ride his favourite mare with the hounds next morning, I thought it was expedient to go to bed.

I was awaked disagreeably in the morning by finding myself swimming, and, on opening my eyes, I saw Dick in a costume between a jockey and a Turk, by which I mean tops and an elaborate dressing-gown, dancing in triumph round the bed with a water-jug in his hand, and that little villain "Bob," grinning from ear to ear, standing behind him. I remonstrated, but all the answer I got was—"Get up, you lazy thief; upon my word, if you are not up before I count ten, you shall have another edition of it; bring another jug, Bob." This was quite enough for me, I was out of bed in a second, and Dick having seen that I was fairly awake, left me to my meditations and myself. Knowing that first appearances go a long way in this world, I paid no small attention to my 'get up,' and it was some time before I took my last look at THE PINK in the glass, and walked down stairs to breakfast.

"What the deuce have you got that thing on for?" roared Dick as I entered the room in all my splendour.

"What thing?" said I, in no small astonishment.

"Why, that coat to be sure," answered Dick, with his mouth full.

This was almost too much for my feelings, and I should have thrown something at him, had I not thought that the man who could call *my coat*—the pride of its owner, the masterpiece of Stichemtight the Stumpemrather tailor, and the admiration of the S. S. F. H.,—*that thing*!! must be either mad or drunk; and accordingly assuming a quiet, patronizing, advice-giving sort of tone, I said—

"'Pon honour, Dick, you should'nt drink so early in the morning, it ruins your constitution, and is expensive; besides—

"What on earth's the fellow talking about now," said Dick,

opening his eyes, "I have not seen anything but coffee this morning."

"Then what are you abusing my coat for?"

"I was not abusing your coat,—the coat's all very well in its way"—

"Bother your impudence."

"Barring the sleeves."

"By Jove, Dick, if you don't hold your tongue, I shall be doing you an injury."

"But you must know," continued he, without paying the slightest regard to my interruption, "that it is not the thing here to ride in a pink, unless you subscribe I don't know how many thousand francs to the hounds."

"Then what am I to do," asked I, rather disconcerted; "a fellow can't ride in a white box coat, can he, Dick?"

"Certainly not."

"And you would call me a confounded fool, if I rode in a dress coat with silk facings, wouldn't you, Dick?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"And you would think me a very considerable ass, if you saw me going across country in my Sunday frock-coat?"

"Not unlikely."

"Then what the deuce am I to do, for I have nothing else?"

"Sit down and eat your breakfast, or else you won't get any; the horses will be round in a minute, and I had sooner you got no breakfast than that they caught cold."

"Very sportsmanlike, but scarcely civil," said I, sitting down and attacking a mysterious looking dish, which Dick said was chicken, and which *might* have been anything: "but seriously speaking, Dick, how about this unhappy coat?"

"Why the best thing you can do is to (take some of this devil, —it's stunning) go as you are, and then very likely (have some pale ale, old boy) there'll be a row, which (where's the corkscrew, Bob?) will be rather a joke. You can't think what fun these fellows are when they're savage."

"Well, but if I tell them that I had nothing else, they can't

say anything, and I am sure such a pink as mine ought to"—
"Oh! of course," said Dick, interrupting me, "we know all about that; but here are the horses, and if you can manage to eat a little bit faster, and finish your breakfast without choking, you will be conferring a favour on me and the cattle."

"I'm ready now," I exclaimed, jumping up; "Here, Bob, just help me on with my spurs; and, by Jove, I've left my cigar-case up stairs,—can you give me something to put in my flask, old fellow."

"That's what you call being ready, is it?" said Dick, in a tone of great contempt, "you ought to have looked to that ages ago. I have a good mind not to give you anything; however, which will you have, Curaçoa or cherry brandy?"

"Oh; Curaçoa is my tap."

"That's right, Joe; I am glad to see you still know what is good for you; I plead guilty also to a failing for Curaçoa. Now then, here we are; now, are you ready?"

"I shall be directly Bob has brought my case down. Cut along, Bob."

Away went Bob, and as soon as he returned with the missing property, we lighted our weeds, and walked down to the court to mount. I don't think I ever saw two finer horses than those which formed Dick's stud at that time. One was a big grey horse, all bone and muscle, and the other a very neat little bay mare, which was destined to carry me.

"Isn't that a slashing little mare?" said Dick, as he saw me admiring her; "you don't see such an animal as that every day, mind you. There's a forehand for you; and talk about going through dirt, just look at her hind quarters, and then where are you? I've had her for a long time, and love her like my own sister; don't I, old lady? (Be quiet, you little fool!) I call her 'Cerito;' and I say, Joe, take care how you go up to her, for she is like her namesake, uncommon handy with her legs. Now you know all about her, and when you have finished looking at your boots, we will start; we have only got four miles to go, and three quarters of an hour to do it in, and I hate hurrying,—so come along."

I was "up" in a second, scientifically dodging a playful little token of affection which "Miss Cerito" offered me with her leg, and turned round to see Dick climbing up to the top of the grey horse, which was a matter of no small difficulty.

"By Jove, Dick, that is a big one; sixteen two, if he's an inch. Recollect you are outside, or you will come to grief some day."

"Come on; none of your chaff, if you please. Are your stirrups all right?"

"Yes; they are just the thing."

"Then, off we go," said Dick, riding out of the yard; "by-the-bye, I call this horse 'Joe,' after you."

"I am sure I am very much honoured."

"I will bet you five to one you can't tell me why, though."

"I confess my ignorance; what is it?"

"Because he has got such a d——d ugly head of his own."

"Upon my word, Dick, if you were not such a great friend of mine, and, moreover, two stone heavier, I would punish you for all this; but as it is, I pocket the affront."

"Very virtuous of you, certainly; and now, if you can keep quiet for ten minutes, I will tell you all about the Paris Hunt, and endeavour to prove to you that your pink is not 'the cheese.'"

"Very well," replied I, "I am all attention, Blaze away."

"All right," said Dick. "Look after the mare, she is apt to shy when she is fresh, and she invariably kicks up a deuce of a bobbery when she meets a soldier; so keep your weather eye open for squalls; and here goes for a fair start."

CHAPTER V.

"In the beginning of last winter every man in Paris went mad."

"The devil they did."

"Yes, I assure you, every man was perfectly insane on the subject of hunting. It was quite dreadful to hear what horrid things they purposed doing to themselves, if they did not get

a pack of hounds, when some praiseworthy individual (nobody knew, by-the-bye, who he was, or where he came from), taking pity on their miserable condition, or perhaps horror-struck at the threats of suicide and murder which he heard on all sides, or, what is more likely, with an eye to the increase of his own personal capital, imported a lot of four-footed things with tails, which he called stag-hounds. The arrival of these animals was hailed with the most frantic delight. A committee was formed, subscriptions were demanded and received, and the brutes were bought for about *ten pounds a-piece*, more than they were worth. The subscribers were divided into three classes. Those who subscribed the largest amount of capital (there is a fixed amount, but I don't know what it is) were called members of the first class, and permitted to wear a red coat, and moreover to carry a great big horn. Those who subscribed less than these fellows were called the second class, and were permitted to wear a pink, but not allowed a horn; whilst smaller subscribers than these were called the third class, and wore blue coats with red collars, like twopenny postmen. Immediately these arrangements were made known, there was a terrific rush to subscribe; the question, "Are you first, second, or third?" rung in one's ears at every yard; whilst one ran up against little men, at the corner of every street, bustling along with delighted countenances, and I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, one could not help *feeling sure* they were tailors. For my own part, I never subscribed anything, and beyond riding over and sending to immortal smash one of the hounds, I don't think that I have ever done anything particular to benefit the hunt. I was only out four times last year, and this is my first appearance this winter; and as a member of the first class told me the other day, that the hounds had passed a very satisfactory winter (which, I supposed, meant that they were fatter and slower than before), I don't look forward to anything particularly exciting to-day. But you have not heard the best part of the thing yet; the second class are not allowed to ride in front of the first class, let the run be ever so good; nor, again, may the third class go before the second.

Ladies (such is the gallantry of these Frenchmen) take precedence of all, whilst non-subscribers, &c., must keep behind everybody. The hounds very seldom, *the men never*, leave the road; there is no huntsman, and *the stag* (for I think they have only one) trots along deliberately, and rather enjoys the fun than otherwise. I did not tell you all this when I wrote to you, for I thought you wouldn't come if I did; but now you are here, there is no reason why you should not know all about it."

"Well, it does *not* seem encouraging, certainly," said I, "but we'll make the best of it."

"Of course we will," said Dick, "but here we are close to the place."

"What on earth's that noise?" asked I, as the most unearthly sounds came to my ears.

"By Jove, they're gone away," cried Dick, putting his horse into a canter, "come on and prepare yourself for a sight you don't often see."

We turned round a corner and came full upon the funniest field I ever saw out with a pack of hounds. First I saw four young ladies cantering down the road, followed by a lot of men in red coats (such coats, too!!) with large horns curling round them like snakes, some more red coats without the horns followed these, and they in their turn were followed by a tremendous lot of men in blue coats with red collars, exactly, as Dick had described, like twopenny postmen. The rear was brought up by the most extraordinary tag-rag and bob-tail, mounted on all sorts of animals from dray-horses down to donkeys; and all, from the ladies down to the donkeys, evidently thought that the correct thing was to make as much noise as possible.

"Well, that is a rum lot, certainly," exclaimed I: "I wonder where they learnt to holloa."

"Can't say, really. By Jove! there's the stag; first time I ever saw him off the road," said Dick, pointing across the field.

"Is that thing all over ribbons the stag?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What is the good of the ribbons?"

"It looks pretty, and pleases the ladies," answered Dick. "I am blessed if the hounds aren't going after the beast."

"Nothing very wonderful in that," was my remark.

"Indeed it is something very wonderful," said Dick, "I never saw it before. I did hear that somebody had told somebody else that they *once* had a run across country, but I can't say I exactly believed it, but now, upon my word, I think there was some truth in the story. At any rate, there is nobody that will follow them."

"Why not?"

"Because they may not, and if they might I don't think there are many that could."

"Oh, bother the mayn't, and, as to the can't, why I don't see a fence to stop a child on a decent donkey. I am going for one," said I, as I turned the mare round with the intention of putting her over a small fence by the side of the road.

"You had better not," said Dick, "there's safe to be a row."

"Oh never mind the row," said I, "come on, old fellow, let us show the French fellows the way we ride in England."

"I've a deuced mind to," said he, hesitatingly, "the grey has not had a gallop for a long time, and"—

"Then over you go," said I, jumping the small fence into the field.

"All right," cried Dick, landing the grey cleverly by my side, "ride the mare on the snaffle, and she will carry you like a bird."

The hounds were by this time running at a very fair pace, two fields ahead of us, and we put on the steam in order to catch them up. The minute the people in the road saw us, they commenced a perfect *tornado* of shouts, which I supposed was the French for "hold hard," but, as Dick kept calling out to "keep going and not look behind," and the mare was pulling my arms off, the pace became too good to stop and enquire. Two minutes hard riding brought us up with the body of the hounds, and, as soon as the mare would let me, I began a close inspection of them. Such a lot of beasts it was never my lot to see before; there were not two the same size; they were a pleasing collection of foxhounds, harriers and beagles, and apparently cast-offs (drafts

is too good a name for them), from the very worst kennels in England; they were all deliciously fat, more like pigs than hounds, and went in such a higgledy-piggledy (is that spelt right, Mr. Editor?) sort of way, that I felt quite ashamed of myself for riding behind such an assortment of brutes. Notwithstanding all this, they went a very respectable pace, almost too good to last long, I was afraid; and as it was not what I should have called a good scenting morning, I could not help asking Dick if he could explain why the hounds were running with the scent breast high.

"All aniseed, my dear fellow, all aniseed," was his answer, I have it on the very best authority that the poor devil of a stag is rubbed over with aniseed every hunting morning."

"What a deuce of a lot of gooseberry bushes," said I, as I found myself crashing through a lot of small trees, to the no small detriment of the same, "the French people must live on gooseberries in the season, don't they?"

"Gooseberries, you muff, those are not gooseberries," said Dick, laughing, "those are vines, this is a vineyard we are going through now."

"A how much! I always thought vines hung out on walls, and in hot-houses, and that sort of thing."

"So they do in England, but they grow naturally here, and I should imagine that we are not particularly improving their growth at this minute."

"So that old lady with the legs seems to think," said I, as I saw an old woman screaming and shaking her fist at us, and looking very much as if she would have liked to smother us both, which she could have done with the greatest ease if she had caught and sat down upon us, for she was big enough to smother an elephant.

"Oh never mind her," said Dick, "she's too fat to do much harm. Holloa! by Jove, Joe, get to the right quick, there's a savage-looking man with a pitchfork behind that tree, and I can assure you, he *won't make no bones* about sticking it into one of us if he gets within reach."

"What an unchristian country, Dick. Isn't it too bad that

an individual cannot have a ride across country without running the risk of a pitchfork in his gizzard?"

"It isn't pleasant, certainly, but then don't you see we can't help it, and as the old lady has not caught us, and the gentleman with the pitchfork is a long way behind, I don't think it much signifies."

The hounds, who for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour had been going very tolerably, now began to show most decided symptoms of distress, and all at once, very much to my astonishment, they all stopped short, laid down, and looked at us.

"What on earth is the matter with the hounds now?" asked I, as soon as I could recover my breath, which was almost taken away by the suddenness of the proceedings; "are they 'took wuss,' or has the aniseed rubbed off, or what is it?"

"Can't say," answered Dick, "think they're blown though. Come, Joe, you know more about hounds than I do, or if you don't, you ought; get up to them, and try and cast them forward."

I rode up to them hat in hand, in the most scientific manner. "Get forrard, hounds, get forrard." Hounds don't even wink, much less move. "What are you looking at, you ugly brutes? If it's me you are admiring I am very much honoured, I am sure; but there will be plenty of time for that when we have circumvented the party with the ribbons. Get up, you beasts, or I will cut some of you in two. I am blowed if they will move. Dick, what's to be done?"

"Why, old fellow, I thought you had more sense; you must hunt them in French; they don't understand English."

"Oh! ah! I never thought of that. Now, then, let's try the French dodge: '*Vous bêtes, voulez-vous*'—what's the French for 'get up,' Dick?"

Dick burst out laughing, and came up to help me. Just as he reached me a great big hare jumped up right under his horse's feet. Away goes the hare, away go the hounds; Dick laughs and I holloa.

"Come back! Ware hare! Stop, you devils! By Jove, they *have* got up now with a vengeance. What are we to do now?" asked I, as the hounds disappeared over the fence.

"Go after them, of course," answered Dick, "the beasts have got second wind now, and they will go like 'old boots' for the next ten minutes."

"But it is hardly fair on the committee, is it?"

"Oh, bother the committee, we are not supposed to know we are hunting a hare. Come on, old fellow, don't be proud," said Dick, jumping the fence, and making strong play across a ploughed field after the hounds. I followed him, and we ran a ring at a great pace to the field where we had seen the gentleman with the pitchfork, whose existence, by-the-bye, we had both forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

"What's on the other side of that fence?" cried I, as we came to a big *bullfinchy* sort of hedge.

"Can't say," said Dick, crashing through it like a shot, and coming, very much to his astonishment, into the middle of about a dozen men headed by the proprietor of the field, who had been lying in wait for him on the other side of the hedge.

I got through the fence a little higher up, and saw Dick lying on his back with three men sitting on him, two more standing over him, and a lot more running after "the grey."

"Cut like fun," roared Dick, "that fence to the right takes you into the Paris road, turn to the left, and go straight; you can't mistake it."

I would have gone to his assistance, had I not seen they were too many for us, and a pitchfork whisking within an inch of my nose, considerably accelerating my movements, I was over the fence in a second and going towards Paris as fast as the mare could lay legs to the ground. I am not fond of hammering along a hard road, but I will undertake to say, that no man or horse ever went such a pace along a road as Cerito and I did on this occasion. Lord bless you, 'The Flying Dutchman' would never have seen us, and there's no denying that *he's* a good horse. I don't think a regiment of infantry would have stopped us, and I am certain that the *gens d'armes* at the *barrière* took me for a courier or something important.

Going down the Champs Elysées, the mare (I did not know

quite so much about the geography of the place as the man in the moon) luckily took the right turning, and I at last found myself, to my great relief, in the courtyard of Dick's 'Hotel.' I was received by Bob, to whose tender mercies I consigned the mare, and rushed upstairs to change my hunting toggery for more sober habiliments, for I could not quite get over the idea that some individual would recognise "the pink," rush up and stick me with a pitchfork. Bob insisted on my having some lunch, as he called it, and as he was laying the cloth I told him the whole story, and asked his advice on the same; but as he merely exclaimed, "My heye, vot a go!" I did not derive much benefit from him. Lunch being finished I lighted a weed, and sat down to await patiently the issue of the row, and make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I was just beginning to recover from the shock which my nerves had sustained when I heard a noise in the street. I rushed to the window, and—can you imagine my horror?—saw Dick walked by in the custody of four or five hairy *gensd'armes* and followed by the parties who had nobbled him and sat down upon him.

This was the finishing stroke to all my misery. I could not stand any more at any price, so having found out from "Bob" that he "rather believed he did" know how to get a passport changed for England, I despatched him to get mine; packed up my things, wrote a note to Dick, to be delivered when he appeared, telling him "he was a devilish good fellow, but I was blessed if I was going to be doubled up in that sort of way;" found a diligence starting for Boulogne, jumped into it, arrived at Boulogne, found a steamer starting for England, got to England; and, finally, to the no small astonishment of my doating parent, ran to ground in the family mansion at Stumpemrather; and the French hounds must be better dogs than I take them for, if they ever unearth me again.

To be continued.

THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

DECEMBER 11, 1850.

“AN INCIDENT,” OR “PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING,”
OR “THE TRAVELLER,” &c.

It is evening. The setting sun, just emerging from a cloud, sheds a dazzling light over the blue waters of the Corinthian gulf, gilds for an instant the summit of Parnassus,—hoary with eternal snow,—and then plunges behind the dark mountains of Lepanto. Changing their hue, they become bluer than before, while the sky assumes that well-known, yet surpassingly beautiful, tint which, almost purple at the horizon, fades away in the cloudless vault above into a pale blue, so pure, so transparent, that it seems to invite the gazing eye to holier and happier realms beyond. On the highest ridge of the Isthmus stands a traveller. He is on foot, and ere he descends to the farther shore, has paused to take a last look on the calm dignity of the scene. He was an ardent lover of Nature and antiquity, and had come thus far to see both in their fairest forms. He had stood on the plain of Waterloo, and visited Imperial Rome; reached the fountains of the Nile, and searched for the traces of Nineveh; drunk

of the Castalian spring, and that day marvelled at the gentle touch which Time had laid on the seven columns of Minerva Chalamatis.* The lengthening shadows reminded him that it was late, and with hasty steps he descended to the little port of Kenchrea, hallowed by the vow of St. Paul. After a short search, he engaged a little felucca, manned by two brothers, to convey him immediately to Athens. As they were about to sail, a number of men offered themselves as passengers. The brothers, loth to lose the additional fare, were for receiving them on board without hesitation. But the traveller, aware of the inconveniences, perhaps dangers, to which compliance would subject him, would not consent to admit the intruders. He insisted that he had engaged the boat for himself alone, and that no one else should be allowed on board. Long and angry was the parley. The oaths and gesticulations of the Greeks formed a curious contrast to the British coolness and determination of the traveller, who at length threw out a hint of the possibility of his going to Athens by land. This at once procured him the victory, and he pushed off from shore amid the ill-concealed murmurs of his crew. "σκίλι" (the dog), said George, the elder of the two; "All English are like him," answered Philip, "He shall rue it," exclaimed both, and lighting their long pipes, they puffed away as if in defiance of him. The traveller, unconscious of the deep resentment which he excited, also lighted his pipe, and reclining on a carpet at the bows, abandoned himself to delicious dreams of the classic past.

The breeze has died away, and now and then a light catpaw, skimming the water as if afraid to touch it, impels the boat a few lengths, and then vanishes as suddenly as it came. The two boatmen, smoking in the stern, are discussing in an under tone the probable contents of the traveller's portmanteau. He himself, unable to sleep, gazes on the fair beauty for the first time revealed to him. What is that white speck in the distance, on which the moonbeams are playing? It is the spotless marble of the elegant

* At Corinth, held to be at least 2,500 years old.

Erectheum, the massive Propylæa, and the stately Parthenon. "Athens!" he exclaims, "I have lived to see thee! At length, O Minerva! shall I mount thy sacred hills, and be shaded by the olive groves of thy Academe. Goddess! once more descend, and be thyself my guide amid thy chosen haunts." From Athens he turns to the surrounding scenery. On his right lies *Ægina*, its form reflected in the waters; behind, the *Acropolis* of Corinth fades in the distance; on the left rises undying *Salamis*, overtopped by the towering masses of *Cithæron*! Lulled by the tranquil repose of nature, the Englishman drops his head upon his breast,—he is asleep.

Presently George rises from the stern, and stealthily approaching him, draws a knife, slowly raises it over his devoted bosom. Something flashes in the moonlight,—a shot rings through the midnight air, and the Greek falls heavily on the deck. Maddened at the sight, and heedless of the second barrel pointed at him, Philip rushes on the traveller; the trigger is drawn, but the cap alone goes off. Shaken by a long day's walk, the powder has deserted the nipple, and left its master at his opponent's mercy. Philip draws a pistol from his belt (a Greek and his pistols are inseparable), and levels it at the traveller; but he suddenly remembers that he has forgotten to cock it, and pauses to do so. Life and death hang on the issue. While the excited Greek hurries to repair his neglect, the Englishman has shaken up the powder, and placed another cap on his pistol,—and the lifeless Philip drops upon the corpse of his brother. Overcome at his miraculous escape, the traveller drops upon his knees and mutters a hearty thanksgiving. Then taking the helm, he calmly guides the boat over the sleeping waves, and in another hour it glides between the blue and red lights of the *Piræus*.

VISARGAH.

THE WERE WOLF.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE (OF COURSE !)

CHILDE ALBERICH was a fair young knight,
 His locks were long and his eyes were bright,—
 Which, in the lays
 Of the good old days,
 Seems to be thought the highest praise.
 Besides his good looks, if you had cast sight on
 The childe, you'd have thought him an out-and-out Crichton.
 He could play on the spinnet,
 And sing like a linnet,
 And knock off a song of six staves in a minute,
 He could handle a lance,
 And couldn't he dance !
 He astonished three teachers imported from France !

Many a dame in sweet surprise,
 Followed the youth with admiring eyes ;
 Whether in hall or in tournament,
 Their gaze was always on Alberich bent :
 The married Fraus
 Repented their vows,
 And wished that they had the child for a spouse.

No wonder that a single maid,
 The fair young lady Adelaide,
 Should have lost her heart, and nightly rest,
 For the thriftless Childe of Falcon's Nest !

A lovely girl was Adelaide,
 Bashful and beautiful ; half afraid ;
 A floweret at a river's brink,
 A violet peeping from a chink
 In some old, grey, ruined wall,
 Where lizards hold their carnival

In every nook and cranny :—
Shrinking from the gazer's eye,
Such was Adelaide, standing by
Her very tough old granny.

Her eyes were of that nameless hue,
That pearly, melting, misty blue—
I can't express the look : can you ?—
You must know what I mean.
She was so young, and fair, and fresh,
Like innocence carved in human flesh ;
Her age was just fifteen.

Fifteen years had Adelaide lived,
Nay, gentle reader, be not grieved,
And pray don't look ferocious.
A woman she was, although fifteen—
And perfect in mind as could be seen.
In this she was precocious.

I spoke of her granny—the stern old dame,
With glittering eyes and a crackjaw name,
Dame Gertrude Girdlesfetter.
Little was known of that ladye dread,
And those who had seen her, always said,
“ The less we know of her, the better.”

She lived in a proud baronial hold,
High were the walls, and blank and cold,
Like her own self, so stately and old—
For she came of a noble line.
Long had her sires, as suzerains,
Levied toll on those broad domains,
And tight had they drawn the feudal reins
Along the banks of Rhine. . .

It was a summer's afternoon,
Suppose we say the month was June,
Or possibly July :
The birds were carolling lazily,
And some were still as still could be,
They were so very dry.
'Twas then that in state,
From the castle gate,
Mid sounding horns and the rabble's din—
Dame Gertrude and her lovely ward
Paced slowly o'er the still green sward
It was so hot within.

They walked along the crowded bank,
'Midst noble knights, and lords of rank,
And ladies gaily drest.
But why, in the midst of all the crush,
Why does the Jung-frau Adelaide blush ?
Is it because that careless churl
Has pushed against the fair young girl ?—
Pushed so hard as to make her reel ?
But what in her mantle does she conceal ?
And why should she find,
The first thought in her mind
To be—the Childe of Falcon's Nest ?

The sun is setting o'er the Rhine,
The sweeping waters gleam and shine,
With rippling streaks of gold.
A fairer sight
Than the landscape bright,
In its copious flood of crimson light
Could never man behold.

Adelaide hied her to her bower ;—
She loved to sit at the sunset hour

Up at the top of the cold grey tower,
 To look on the moat beneath.
 She loved to see the sunbeams play
 On the sullen stream, and the grim array
 Of spikes which girt the drawbridge way—
 Like some huge dragon's teeth.
 But why does her trembling bosom swell,
 And what has she guarded there so well,
 For fear the very wind should tell
 Of her love for the needy youth.
 The throbbing heart and glistening eye,
 That filled with tears, she knew not why—
 Proved, that Adelaide coy and shy,
 Was loved—and loved in truth !

Absorbed alone in her affection,
 Forgetting chances of detection,
 She read three times her letter—
 When, sudden as the lightning flame,
 Over her shoulder a lean arm came,
 'Twas that of a high and noble dame,
 Gertrude of Girdlesfetter,

* * * * *

Why does dame Gertrude mutter and stare,
 And tear
 Her hair,
 And fill the air
 With shrieks so agonizing !
 To see an old lady so stern and grim,
 Go suddenly off in a whining whim,
 I own is quite surprising.

“Falcon's Nest !” she muttered low—
 “Falcon's Nest ;”—but who should know
 How old Count Rudolph died ?

Ah !—had it not been for the father's fat
Two bites would have finished the puny brat,
Alberich !—h'm, I smell a rat—

My caution thus defied !
What she meant by all this say,
Perhaps may appear in the course of the lay,
Then she turned upon Adelaide,
And *such* an abusive oration made,
And got in her own coin quickly paid,

“ You silly young baby,
You dolt-headed gaby,
To encourage this debtor,
This scamp with a letter !”

Quoth the Frau Gertrude Girdlesfetter !

The maiden waxed rampant,

“ He isn't a scamp, Aunt,

(‘ Aunt’ meant ‘ grandmother’ at the time,
Or at all events it comes into rhyme,)

“ He's a nice young man and I couldn't refuse,
And besides, I'll marry whomever I choose,”

“ I won't have a beggar to stand in my shoes,”

Replied the grandam, growing furious.

‘ A purseless churl !—(I believe he's spurious)

I curse thee, girl !—and what is worse

Than the weight of an old woman's curse ?

I cast thee, viper, from my breast,

If thou take Alberich Falcon's nest.

Think on my words—and then refrain,

Or I swear from this—

As I hope for bliss,

I never will look on thy face again !

True were the words of ominous doom,

Which the old dame said as she flounced from the room !

Never again did she behold

The form she had cursed—the vile old scold !

Down in her chamber the old dame sat,
 And as she, reclined on her *wolf-skin* mat,
 New projects arise,
 And her savage eyes,
 Gleam with a fiercer glitter,
 She tinkled a hand bell ; summoned her page,
 (One hundred and two was the mannikin's age,)
 And sent for HANS the RITTER !

Hans the Ritter was burly and big,
 But his eyes were as small as the eyes of a pig,
 He was one of your chaps
 That like hard raps,
 And won't object to a bottle of Schnapps,
 Which would account for the scars on his head,
 And the fact that his nose was so dreadfully red !

' Hans ! are you sober ? ' the lady began :
 ' Sober,' he said, ' as any man.'
 ' Then listen, Hans the Ritter !
 You're not given to singing of psalms,
 Nor are you subject to cowardly qualms—
 In battle and brawl a hard hitter—
I wish you to-night to meet a guest,
Who comes this way from the Falcon's Nest.'

' What ails thee, man ? ' the lady cried,
 As Hans turned pale. The knave replied,
 ' Mein Frau, I dare not go.
 My sword which thirsts in open fight,
 To slay some matched and hostile knight,
 Would scorn a dastard blow !'
 ' Thou lying fool ! I know much better '—
 Quoth Lady Gertrude Girdlesfetter.

'Himmel!' the free-lance cried, in rage,
 'An 'twere not for thy sex and age——'
 'Nay, peace! and throw thy ruffian gage

To those that choose to take it.

Was Gaspardieu le Balafré

O'ercome in fair and open fray?

Was Conrad Hoffman slain by day?

So your account would make it.

We know each other too well, Black Hans:

I, your character; you, my plans.'

At last, by some coaxing,

And wheedling, and hoaxing,

She got from Black Hans a confession,

That the rollicking blade

Was half afraid

Of going by night where his beat was laid,

For awed was the reckless Hessian:

He had ridden by night,

Without affright,

Through an enemy's outer posts.

He had strayed in a fog

To a haunted bog,

Where he said that he jibed some ghosts!

But now he confest,

In tones distrest,

That he was frightened—very!

A *Were-wolf*, he said,

And he scratched his head,

Hung out near Falcon's Ferry.

'One wolf!' cried the dame;

Is thy heart so tame

That thou would'st fear a litter?'—

But though she spoke

As if in joke,

She glared like a fiend upon Hans the Ritter.

Hans is gone ! and all alone
She sat in deep reflection :
She wonder'd whether he would succeed ;
Perhaps he'd drink—and perhaps get fee'd—
And either way would shirk the deed,
And bring upon her detection.
She knew how the sot
Adored a pot,
And the ladye felt disgusted :
She well knew how the knave
For gold could crave—
And then the dame mistrusted.
' I'll watch him myself ! ' at length she cried ;
' I'll follow his track
Behind his back ;
Stealthily creeping *in my hide*,
He'll never know by whom he's spied.'

'Twas a murky night,
Not a chink of light
Was left in the stormy heaven ;
There was cloud on cloud, in a gloomy crowd,
Black, dreadfully black,
As boots in a rack,
Or a nigger at night with no shirt to his back.
And the castle clock
Felt quite a shock
As it stammered out, eleven !

Hans, at his ladye's stern behest,
Stands by the ferry of Falcon's Nest :
The wind and sleet
Against him beat,
But he was well provided
With a bottle of *schnapps* ;
And the thunderclaps
By him were much derided.

Falcon's Nest was a rickety place,
The keep was in a wretched case,
And woefully out of repair :
It sank to decay
From the dismal day
When the old Count died—how ? none could say :
He went to bed all fresh and hale,
The morning found him dead as a nail,
Dead as a nail in the midst of his bed ;
And every one said,
At the sheets so red,
“ Pots tauzend ! how he must have bled ! ”
Since then the owl was the only guest,
With the lizard and rat, at Falcon's Nest :
The only guest,—for the host lived there,
Count Alberich,—so young and fair,
With the sparkling eyes and curly hair.
The walls might be crazy,
But he was too lazy
To put them into repair.
Eleven has struck ! from his island-cliff
Childe Alberich pushed in a cranky skiff.
Though tempests roar,
And torrents pour,
Childe Alberich meant to scull to shore.

The cold was bitter,
And Hans the Ritter,
In spite of the noble Frau,
Had finished his flask,
And forgotten his task,
Being drunk as—David's sow,
He'd swill'd till he could hardly see,
Being drunk as drunk could be,
Inebriate exceedingly.

But why does he swear?
Because he's aware
Of a pair
Of fierce eyes and a deadly stare!
A pair of eyes that hungrily glitter
Out of the gloom upon Hans the Ritter!

‘Donnerhagel Sturmwetter!’
Cried Hans the Schwartz Ritter,
‘If it isn't the Were wolf: bad luck to the critter!
I'll have a shot at you, my swell!’
And Hans has primed his petronel.
A crooked coin in his pocket lay,
And there had been for many a day—
He called the coin a ‘tanner.’
(In England once his bread he gained,
And there this crooked coin obtained,
In an equally crooked manner,)
This tanner, or tizzy—(so called by many)
Equalled twice three times a penny!

Though Hans was so dizzy
Yet straight went the “tizzy.”
(I use the slang because it's in vogue.)
And a cry of despair,
Which rent the air,
Proclaimed the success of the drunken rogue.

Started his steed at the wailing cry,
And a huge she-wolf came rushing by.
Started his steed at the fearsome yell,
Which, with the recoil of the petronel,
Caused the rider to reel in his selle—
And down the drunken ruffian fell.
A clank of arms, a splash, and a groan,
And Hans' grey charger stood alone!

The blushing streaks of early morn
 Fell on the ruins so grey and forlorn—
 On the moss and the damp green slime.
 They fell upon the proud bare cliff—
 And on a carcase, cold and stiff—
 The man of trouble and crime!
 The scourge alike of the poor and rich,—
 Hans the Ritter was dead in a ditch.
 None could say,
 In whose affray,

✱ Though they pondered and wondered for many a day!
 And shone on Girdlesfetter keep—
 So cheerless and cold : so tall and steep!
 The golden ray
 Of the new-born day,
 Through every loop-hole forced its way.
 And tremblingly the dim light came
 Up to the door of the stern old dame,
 It quivered and shook
 At that darksome nook,
 As though it feared on her face to look—
 And slipped through the key-hole
 Which wasn't a wee hole
 Like ours : it fell on table and chair,
 It fell on the couch, it fell on the stair,
 Or rather the steps on which was a dais,
 What a precious inquisitive fellow this ray is !
 It came to the bed, where the wolf-skin lay,
 But over the wolf-skin hopped the ray,
 It peeped through the curtain, it crept on the bed,
 It shrunk in affright at the stains so red,
 And played on the stern white face of the dead !

Dead ! dead ! dead ! dead !
 By the tool she employed had her blood been shed !
 The eye which of late so fiercely blazed,
 The glittering eye was shrunk and glazed !

Her proud bad will
 For working ill,
 And the heart which had plotted, for ever was still.
 When none was near,
 Her soul to cheer,
 To kiss the brow of the dying !
 None to stem the rushing tide
 Of thoughts, which swept on every side,
 Upon her maddened brain.
 Like the life-torrent which had dyed
 The sheets with a purple stain ;
 When no kind ear
 Was bending near,
 To catch her low weak crying—
 Unforgiving and unforgiven,
 Of all her fearful crimes unshriven,
 Her guilty spirit fled.
 Heavy is guilt on an aged head,
 The guilt of a life
 Of trouble and strife,
 Of hardened old age with mischief rife—
 Dead ! dead ! dead !

Breakfast was waited—
 No cause could be stated
 Why she was late—she hated intrusion,
 Till at last they did go
 To the scene of wo ;
 Good heavens, what fright and confusion !
 They went for a leech,
 Who, in a learned speech,
 Explained that suddenly-ruptured vessels
 Had laid the old lady at last on the tressels.

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The funeral o'er, and the sexton paid,
 Alberich and Adelaide
 In the church for a short time stayed ;
 The reason they tarried
 Was to get married.
 And after Alberich paid the Jews,
 Be sure that he minded his P's and Q's.

MORAL.

Reader !—If you like my lay,
 (If you don't, be silent, pray)
 Take in the *Observer*—(mind you pay)—
 And read it through ; for p'raps I may
 Compose another—some fine day !

BACCHE PATER !

IN former times, when barbarism overspread the earth, there dwelt in Tartary a high and mighty Cham, whose snarl was terrible, and whose spear was sharp. Active were the habits of this great Cham, who slew a Chinaman every morning to give him an appetite, and hunted Medes and Persians till dinner time. Much was he beloved by his subjects, who lacked not their favorite horseflesh, nor ever found a scarcity of quass. Great, therefore, was the grief and terror of the land, when a decree was sent round the empire to state officially that the Cham had fallen sick. “Woe is me !” said the populace. “Cannot the blandishments of his chief wife, Scratchima, nor the sportive gambols of his infants on the lawn before the palace, restore the Cham to health and spirits ? Peradventure he hath overindulged in quass, and the vengeance of hot coppers oppress our Lord for his sins—sins ! did we say ? Arrogance were it to suppose that the Cham *can* sin ! (May we escape the knife of vengeance, and the bowstring of treason !)

Then uprose the chief minister, Bágham, and proclaimed to

all the empire (who somehow or other happened to be on the lawn), "Hear me, ye subjects of the great Cham! Your Lord and King, whose arm was mighty, and whose name was cold shivers down the back to the Medes, lieth on the rushes in the celestial palace, oppressed with indigestion. Our Cham, in his anguish, and amid his oaths, ever and anon offereth the hand of his eldest daughter, and the office of dogs'-meat man to the palace, to any Tartarian or Barbarian whatsoever, who will discover a cure for the cause of grief to the nation. Our Lord hath found beer ineffective! (cries of astonishment from the populace, and publicans in particular) and justly concludeth his case to be desperate. Go then, my sons, and render yourselves famous in history; and (*sotto voce*, for Heaven's sake, either kill or cure this infernal Cham, I hope he'll die, he hath twice kicked me with the boot of reproach).

Such was the eloquence of the prime minister, who hated the Cham like fun, and hoped no cure would be found. But the wishes of iniquity were frustrated. A youth, a gallant youth, of high renown in the army of the Cham—a youth, named Whalapim, had already cast the saddle on the back of his favourite hunter Cesarewitch, and started on his pilgrimage of charity, sternly resolved to cure the Cham or die in the noble enterprise. Now, Whalapim knew two sages in the desert, for he had dealt with them and owed them ticks.

For weeks did the hunter's feet rattle on the desert—for weeks the noble Whalapim was not known to turn at a fence, and hundreds of leagues had he overcome regardless of fatigue, when the hermitage of the two old sages loomed welcome in the desert. Karthynne was the holy name they bore, renowned in the desert for skill in herbs and veterinary practices; seldom was complaint made against the brothers Karthynne, whose patients died happy, and whom their heirs regarded with gratitude. Then spake Whalapim from the door of the hut: "O sages, high and mighty! our Cham, lord of Tartary, drank too much quass, and hath the indigestion; his oaths are terrible, and his wrath intense, and four of his wives have been decapitated for overboiling

the medicine at the kitchen-fire. Give me, I pray, a cure for his malady, and fanams in plenty shall enrich your 'hermitage.' Then uprose the most ancient sage, with tottering footsteps, and produced, from under the counter, a tube of cherry stick terminated with a bowl of clay, fair as the full moon, filled it with a herb of passing strange flavour, and handed it to Whalapim, observing laconically "two pun ten": then did Whalapim with sighs and drooping countenance (for fanams were scarce with the followers of the Great Cham, and he had intended to bilk the sages of the desert) disburse the tin, and fly with the hoof of lightning to the palace of the Great Cham, And the Cham SMOKED and was happy; and only Whalapim, besides the Great Cham, could reap the benefits of the precious weed; (the prime minister tried from jealousy but speedily waxed sick) and Whalapim married Miss Cham Maxima, and was made dogs'-meat-man by appointment, amid the blowing of trumpets and "hurrahs" of the empire; and, when he died, bequeathed the pipe to his descendants, having previously issued an edict that it should be called the *Great Cham*.

TO WINTER.

WHY, Winter, drawest thou near,
 To close the flying year,
 That all too quickly guides his eager steed,
 (Our duties left undone);
 And bid'st another sun
 Move on from cold to heat, and back to cold recede?

Why leave thy gloomy reign
 Beyond the frozen main,
 Where murky clouds brood dark'ning o'er thy head;
 Where heav'n's artillery
 Is silent in the sky,
 Before thine awful majesty entranced with dread?

Vast icebergs round thee spread,
Encanopy thine head,

That ne'er hath felt the sun-ray from afar ;
While em'rald and sapphire
Vie with the ruby's fire,
From all their million points shot back irregular.

Yet genial light of day,
Or warmth of torches' ray,

Ne'er shone reflected through those chambers high ;
But meteors, dim and drear,
Came circling round them near,
And gleams of sprites that still wage combat in the sky.

There stands thine ancient throne,
In islands never known,

For ages unvisited by human sight :
Thou reignest there sublime,
Unmoved by age or time,
Or lapse of seasons past, or change from day to night.

Crests of the mountain wave !
O'er you his chariot drave,

With ice-wheels gleaming in the sunbeam cold ;
And stilled was ev'ry storm
When that mysterious form
Above their foam-crowned tops his magic wand did hold.

The north winds, bleak and chill,
Swept o'er the surface still,

That to their king they might a shade afford ;
Yet locked in chains of rest,
Remained the ocean's breast :
Within its bosom they touched no responsive chord.

Their yellow leaves the trees
Flung on the passing breeze,
 When thou did'st move beneath with noiseless tread :
And Spring and gentle May
Fled southward far away,
 Till from the strengthened sun thy train had homeward sped.

The rivers, struck with awe,
Grew silent as they saw,
 And ceased their murmurs deep, unchecked before :
The wondrous form to greet
They spread before his feet
 A path of firmest ice that stretched from shore to shore.

But we will bar the door,
And heap on fagots more,
 Soon as thy ling'ring step without we know,
Till at the threshold down
Thou cast thine icy crown,
 And wreath thine aged brows with holly's cheerful glow.

Then art thou welcome here,
To hail the new-born year
 With songs of thankfulness and sober mirth ;
And bid the Christmas bell
Its God-sent tidings tell
 Of mercy gentle-eyed come down to dwell on earth.

A.C.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ADOLPHUS PLANTAGENET CHARLES (MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS JOE) JONES, ESQ.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VI.

(Concluded from page 36).

FINDING that I was not cut out for an author, I had intended the preceding chapter to have been my last; but a piece of news has just come to my ears, and I think it only fair, Mr. Editor, that you should be informed of it.

Stobbs has been and done it !!

On an unlucky or lucky day (as the case may be) he was beguiled into taking a country walk with the fair Mary-Eliza-Jane. All of a sudden it came on to rain, and they were obliged to take shelter under a hay-stack. Stobbs covers her with his great coat, and very proper of him too. Mary-Eliza-Jane gets sentimental, calls him her protector, and that sort of thing, and the consequence was, that (to use the words of the young lady herself) "the dear fellow declared himself." Now, I don't know whether you have ever observed it, Mr. Editor, but it is a fact that half the marriages that take place now-a-days are brought about by the weather. For instance, there is Charley Mainwarring, a first flight man with the Pytchley, married the other day. Why, he had about as much idea of marrying, as he had of drowning himself, and yet there he is tied up for life, and all because of a week's frost. Now I will just tell you how it happened, and I think you will agree with me that he deserves to be pitied.

One day Charley gets an invitation from an uncle to take himself and horses into Leicestershire, for a fortnight's hunting. Now the old uncle lived in the middle of the 'Quorn' country, had a very good cook, and wonderful port, so master Charley

snaps at the invitation, puts himself and horses into the train, and is there in no time. Unfortunately, the day he arrives, his old uncle gets the gout, and a frost sets in. The only inmates of the house, besides himself, are his aunt, and a very pretty little party, aged twenty, who had come down to cheer the solitude of the establishment, and recover from the fatigues of a London season.

Charley, not shining in ladies' society, betook himself to the billiard-room, and played with his right hand against his left all day. This he found rather slow, and, by way of a change, he spent the next day in the stables, swearing at his groom and the frost. This was not very edifying, so the third day found him sitting in the drawing-room with the young lady, and feeling very much like a fool. The young lady (with an eye to business, I suppose) made herself particularly agreeable; Charley, very much to his astonishment, came out wonderfully in the talking line, and by dinner time they were quite thick.

The next day is passed very much in the same sort of way, the young lady rising miles in his good opinion, by telling him what won the Derby in '42.

On the fifth day he begins to think she is a *very nice girl*, and that bachelors are miserable beings; and, on the sixth day—the frost being worse than ever—the poor fellow proposes, and is nobbled immediately.

If match-making mammas would only believe it, I can assure them that one frost in the country is better than three seasons in London. Only let them take a house in a good hunting country, watch their opportunity and the glass, ask marriageable men down on the slightest symptoms of a frost, and if their daughters don't go off *then*, it's my firm belief they *never* will. I can also recommend a rainy week in Brighton as a certain receipt for match-making, always providing that the victim does not cut his throat before the expiration of that time.

Now I am on the subject of matrimony, I would ask one question, which I have asked all my married friends, and to which I have never yet got a satisfactory answer. *What is the fun of it?*

Look at Fred Leicester—How that man used to ride to hounds, straight as a line, never turned an inch, and had a head like a Senior Wrangler; and now he is married, his hunters have been sold, and carriage-horses purchased; he never hunts, and they say his wife licks him with her parasol. Then there is Bob Dickenson, who never missed a shot at partridges in his life. I saw him last 1st of September, carrying a baby instead of a gun; his wife won't hear of such a thing as a gun in the house, for fear the children should kill *themselves*; and he may not take the field now, for fear he should kill *himself*. Rather jolly that, considering shooting is the only thing in the world he ever cared for.

Then, again, there is Bob Smithers, who never had a thought for anything beyond prize-fighting. He has married a woman six-foot two in her shoes, and as he is about five-foot nothing, it stands to reason he must be afraid of her. I can't help thinking, though, that he married her with an eye to business; and I fully expect to hear some day that she is gone into training, and is matched against the "Windsor Pet" for £500 a side.

But the saddest thing of all is to think of Jack St. Leger being caught. What books that fellow used to make, to be sure! He named the winner of the Derby for I don't know how many years running; was intimately acquainted with every trainer, jockey, and tout in England; and was never yet known to be wrong on any matter connected with the turf. He is the very last man I should have expected to have made such a mistake as falling in love; and yet I had a letter from him the other day, which, instead of telling me what was going to win "the Leger," or putting me up to a good thing for "the Cæsarewitch," was all about "a certain houri," "brilliant orbs," &c. &c., and was signed, "your heart-broken and spoony" Jack St. Leger. Ah! poor Jack! I am afraid you are a gone 'coon.

When I write in this strain, I don't by any means intend to say that I am (to use a poetical expression) impervious to the darts of love. Quite the contrary.

I was desperately smitten at the early age of sixteen; but one day received a "knock-down blow," in the shape of an invite to

the wedding of the young woman, and I have been in love on and off ever since ; but, by Jove, sir, I rather flatter myself I am too wide-awake to get married just yet. There is nobody in this world so great an admirer of the fair sex as I am ; but still there is a great deal more of the world to see before I am ready to be " turned off." By-the-bye, I have an idea of advertising in the papers when I *do* think of getting married, in order that I may get a nice lot together to pick from. What do you say to something like this, for instance ?

"MATRIMONY.

A. P. C. J., a young gentleman of independent property, and pleasing exterior, (ahem !) wishes to meet with a lady who would be willing to-join her lot with his. (Call that nothing, old fellow !) She must be excessively pretty (N.B., No. 1, A. P. C. J. flatters himself he is rather a judge) ; blue eyes are indispensable, and curls are preferred to bands. Her mouth must be small, round, red and kissable (don't you call that a slashing expression ? I picked it up in a novel). [" What the deuce do you mean by putting such an expression as that in a respectable publication like our *Observer*," says a friend who has just come into the room, and who is an immense stickler for propriety. Propriety, indeed ! Blow that word ; I wish there was not such a word in the dictionary ; and, if such was the case, how much happier people would be. Some time ago I got up a small crusade against propriety on my own account, but I can't exactly say I was eminently successful. I was engaged to be married twice in less than a week, and by all accounts there was another young woman that I *ought to have married*, all because I sat in a corner for a whole evening, endeavouring to impress upon her mind the advantages of the Exhibition of 1851. Now, Sir, is this not shameful ? Still being informed that *kissable* is not a correct word, I sat to work to invent another ; but, after immense labour, I am obliged to confess that I have drawn my vocabulary blank. If it is not right, it is *expressive*, to say the least of it ; and as I know of no other word so good, it must remain, and I am necessarily sorry if

anybody's feelings are outraged]. She must stand about fifteen two—I beg pardon—five-feet two. (N.B., N. 2, A. P. C. J. can't stand great, big, strapping women, because if they *should* by any chance come to blows, he might find it serious). She must sing and play well (N.B., No. 3, A. P. C. J. is very fond of music, and has his eye on a stunning piano), and must not be above sewing on shirt buttons. She must be warranted good-tempered; not a fly-about, all-over-the-place sort of young woman, that wants a curb; but a good, snaffle-bridle, easy-going kind of creature; peppery young ladies won't do at any price. She must be young—not more than twenty-two—and must not object to tobacco. She must ride well, and if accustomed to go across country, will be considered a sort of angel. She will be expected to order dinner, because A. P. C. J. is blessed if he *can* do such a thing. She must be of a domestic turn of mind; and, in case of a family, the only thing that A. P. C. J. begs is, that he may never, on any pretence whatever, be requested to hold the baby. Money is no great object, as A. P. C. J. *rayther* expects his governor will come down handsomely on the occasion; *at the same time* a few odd thousands are not objected to. All applicants are requested to attend personally, on any non-hunting morning, between the hours of ten and two, when they shall be “trotted out,” and the greatest attention paid to their respective claims. And if, among the number, any young lady shall be found possessed of so much perfection, A. P. C. J. is prepared to marry her out of hand; and if he does not make a good husband, he, without the smallest hesitation, gives her free leave to eat him. N.B., No. 4,—last and very particular,—no damsels from Scotland, or young ladies with *red hair*, or a squint, need apply.”

I think an advertisement like that ought to bring a very promising lot of young ones to the post; and I am sure, although I say it that ought n't, I should make a treasure of a husband.

However, that is neither here nor there; I have not the smallest idea of committing matrimony just yet; but when I have I think seriously of putting the above advertisement into all the papers.

Now, I am sure I have detained you quite long enough with my thoughts on matrimony ; and knowing how valuable the time of such a public individual as yourself is, I will pull up as short as possible.

Therefore, thanking you for your kindness in inserting this my first and last attempt at authorship, and with a sincere wish for the success of the *Haileybury Observer*, I beg to sign myself,

My dear fellow,

Your's very truly,

JOE.

HYMN OF SPARTAN MATRONS.

By the adoration paid thee
 In thy great Ephesian fane ;
 By the sacrifices made thee
 Far beyond the Tauric main ;

Where thou saved'st the Argolic maiden
 From her father's fatal knife ;
 That Orestes, sorrow-laden,
 She might bring again to life ;

Hear us ! hear us !—we adore thee
 By thy three-fold name divine ;
 Hear us, as we bow before thee,
 Luna, Cynthia, Proserpine !

Who, with silver-footed horses,
 Luna ! thou of gentle light,
 Guid'st the planets' wand'ring courses,
 Rulest o'er the orbs of light :

Cynthia ! with thy darts uprousing—
Tall amidst thy buskin'd maids—
Boar, or stag, the thickets browsing,
In the deep Arcadian glades :

Proserpine ! o'er Hades swaying,
Consort of thine uncle's throne,
Who, in Enna's meadows playing,
Saw and seized thee for his own.

By thy dear Endymion's beauty ;
By thy Virbius, ever found
Faithful to the path of duty :
By Adonis' yearly wound ;

Let the kings, from Jove descended,
In the unwall'd city bred,
Conquer now, by thee defended,
Who before thy shrine have bled.

But let fall, as fell Actæon ;
As fell Pirithous, so fall they ;
Argive false, or Mantinean,
Who shall dare to bar their way ?

Let no sight of evil omen
Fill our hearts with sad mistrust ;
Let us live to see our foemen
Humbled lowly in the dust.

But if, our entreaties spurning,
Thou refusest victory ;
Even then, in anger turning,
Grant our sons may bravely die !

Or if,—woe on woe repeated,
(Ne'er saw Sparta such a day !—)
If our troops return defeated,
And their shields be cast away,

One request thou'lt not withhold us :
With thy kind and gentle dart—
Ere the fatal news be told us—
Smite, O smite us, to the heart !

Hear us ! hear us !—we implore thee
By thy three-fold name divine ;
Hear us, as we bow before thee,
Luna, Cynthia, Proserpine !

A. C.

“REFLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.”—No. IV. of this series had already been written, when the author's manuscript was accidentally burnt.

NOTE.—We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the truth of the above piece of information, but as it was communicated to us by our veracious friend, Mr. H. Walker, it is no doubt in the main correct.

THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

FEBRUARY 19, 1851.

THE TALE OF THE IDLE DERVISHES AND THEIR
WISE SHEIKH.

O MEN, who delight in wondrous things!—ye who would pluck the apple of information from the tree of knowledge!—hearken to the Tale of the Idle Dervishes of Hail-i-Bahouri.

On the great Roumani road, by which came the northern caravans into the city of Damascus,—the road of the victorious Rustam, Kaisar Khan Juhooli* (whose deeds are recorded in the Zafar-náma, the Chronicle of Victories) —there stood a caravanserai of Dervishes.

Here did many men come to learn shlokas and beer, and to worship the Fire-god, weeds.

Hard is it for the offspring of the goose† to describe the

* The name and victories of Juhooli Kaisar are applied, by the Dervish to whom we are indebted for this narrative, to any of the Roman generals who succeeded him.

† By this the narrator means his pen, and not an allusion to himself. Ma-bada!—very far from it!

place of their abode. The walls were fairer than those which the Jinn of the Lamp erected for Alla-ad-deen. Grass is green, and gravel is grateful to the eye ; but the grass of their gardens was a grandfather of grasses, and their gravel was most shereefian gravel.

Pleasant was the music which called them to the mosque, and the song-birds echoed back its cry. For opposite to the mosque were clustering bushes where the bulbul fixed his nest, and the rose-garden resounded to his songs of love !

When the Dervishes came from their mosque, they thronged to the abode of those fair houris,* by whom are curried fish and eggs dispensed. Then did they eat the mysterious food called "cômmoonz ;" and the freshmauns, the fathers of new gowns, gave to each other feasts of tea.†

Now the time was drawing near for the great Tijârati-Jehan Tamâsha, the spectacle of the world's traffic, which Cobourga Khan, the Prince of the Jirmauns, who married Nourmahal, the Sultana of the Ingleez, had ordered to be prepared in Damascus.

The black wing of Azrael (from whose shadows may Allah, to whom be praise, preserve us) had swept over the fiftieth year of the nineteenth hundred of years of Issa ; and the ports of Inglistân were filled with fathers of merchandise. Then became the Dervishes weary of smoking the pipe of industry (Inshallah ! but their pipefuls were very small), and they longed to see the Halls of Crystal.

"For," said they, "many of us are going to the land of the

* A tap at the grating before their temple, was the ceremony by which these beneficent jinn were invoked.

† On the whole these Dervishes seem to have been a class of Epicureans. Abounding, as their residence did, with the beauties of nature, they pursued all the gratifications of an unruffled existence. Curried fish and cômmons were their greatest treats. The "Freshmauns," mentioned in the text, must have been persons of distinction, if we may judge from the expensiveness of their costume. Mention is made by other writers of their *green* appearance, this was another mark of elevated rank.

"An emir by his garb of green."—BYRON.

Infidel, the followers of Zindaka, who worship Eblis and Shaitan (to whom be execration instead of praise, and may the tombs of those burnt fathers be dishonoured !), and the leisure of those about to depart is measured to them in the globule of homœopathy. Therefore, by us, must a firman be obtained to travel to the mighty city."

For this cause did the Dervishes meet; for on the ring of Naushírwán the Just was inscribed "Make no beginning in your undertaking without the counsel of the wise."

When the majestic Lover of the Water-lotus had cast aside the counterpane of darkness, and had bound his turban with a silver cloud, they flocked to the Pavilion of Words, in numbers like to the honey-seekers of the Gulistán.*

First was there much talk among the Dancing Dervishes, who wished to abolish the old rite of the "Jooj-and-Jahouri," and, instead, to have much dancing. But the sunshine of decision did not clear off the shadow of doubt, so the Reis-al-Ulemah called on the wise Soleiman to speak.

And Soleiman, whose words chinked like new sequins, from his lips, spoke and said thus—"May the Macassar Oil of Wisdom be poured upon our heads this night. May our feet walk in the Slippers of Discretion, and may the Kibaub of Good Sense be extracted by the Fork of Disputation! Sight-seeing is the harvest-wagon of the intellect, whereby are conveyed the crops of information, and gathered in the granary of memory. Let us, then, leave this spot on the approaching Bairam, for wonderful things will then be seen. Let us petition the Dizees, our fathers, to allow us to open the doors of our eyes with the skeleton-key of novelty." And with these words Soleiman sat down, and the applause was great.

* Here the narrative assumes an Homeric strain, in the speeches of the various leaders. This simile of their mustering resembles that in the second book :—

Ἦντε ἔθνεα εἰσι μελισσῶν ἀδινάων,
Πέτρης ἐκ γλαφύρης αἰοὶ νέον ἐρχομένων.

Then spoke the Reis-al-Ulemah, saying—"The words of a wise man are good, but the hand of choice must be raised, to give to them the seal of confirmation." And when the Dervishes had raised their hands* for Soleiman, the Reis continued and said—"It is requisite to obtain the carriage of permission to ride to the caravaserai of our wishes. Let us then speak to our wise Sheikh, the Vicegerent of the Dizees (may his shadow never be less!), for the word of a king is the king of words; and the aid of those high in authority is requisite for the attainment of our object."

Then was there a great murmur of joy among the Dervishes, for, said they, "The good will of the Sheikh is already gained, and the shadow of his wakíl, Bouklej-ad-Deen,† is upon us."

But there arose a great Reading Dervish, who had examined the Kholegee Statutes, and knew the Dizée laws: thus spoke Thámuz—"Can we do impossibilities?—Inshallah, no!—are not our laws those that alter not? By the horns of Mohammed's cow! the Dizees cannot turn what the Muftis and Viziers, and Imaams of Damascus, and of all our land have made."

And Thámuz explained, with much talk, what might be done instead; but they turned the ear of deafness upon him, and those who had eaten "hatchiz" and drank the forbidden liquor of Petreis,‡ the Afrit, became fathers of clamour.

Then spoke the big Mahmoud, whose limbs were like those of Sohrab the son of Tahimínah, who was ample of chest as the elephant-bodied Rustam Zál, and he uttered words of scorn:

"Is this great Tamásha like the meat of Kolmaun Trapejez, that it will not keep in summer? Will it depart like 'cómmoonz'

* Compare the Greek *χειροτονία*. Could the writer of this tale have studied or heard of Homer? The conference and the interruption of Hassan (the Dherites of our narrator), seem taken from the Iliad.

† Bouklej-ad-Deen was the successor of Jhérémi Deen, who had recently been elected as an Imaam.

‡ A dark and deceitful apparition, somewhat akin to the "Bottle Imp" of European mythology.

which the Bed-makîr* devours? Or is it not, like the barley-water of Hassan Paj,† doubly grateful when the toil is long? What is this that we should give up our manly exercises for?—The Dizées will laugh in our beards, and will cast dirt at us. And our names will become small.”

Then Soleiman answered him, but there was much clamour; and Hassan the Giber accused Soleiman of saying small things. And the Reis silenced Hassan the Giber, and caused him to be fined one sequin. And the darts of laughter assailed him, for he was giped. And the Dervishes went against Mahmoud, as they had opposed Thámuz, and the shadow of Soleiman’s glory became very long.

And they made him head of an embassy; and with him were Buhattein, and Sinbad, and the great spectacled Pandit. And Soleiman, and Buhattein, and Sinbad, and the great spectacled Pandit (whose beard was beginning to sweep the ground), went and bowed themselves before the Sheikh, and cried—

“Commander of the Industrious! O great hakím! and descendant of hakíms (over whose tombs may the bulbul sing notes of paradise!) we prostrate ourselves before thy most shereefian footstool.”

Then was the pomegranate juice of satisfaction instilled into the Sheikh’s heart, and he asked why they kissed his slippers?

But when he heard their wish, he became as one who has beheld the faces of Monkir and Nekkir, for he seemed very troubled. And he rent his gown and heaped ashes on his head, and cried that they had asked him what he could not grant.

Then were they afraid that Mahmoud had uttered the coin of truth, and that, instead of the pilau of good success, the Dizées would make them eat the pie of discomfiture.

Therefore did the Dervishes of Hail-i-Bahouri remain content with what is good, nor did they again ask the Sheikh for a favour which he could not grant.

* Female ghoules which devoured confiding Freshmauns.

† A retailer of dirty buns, who lived on the bank of the Lhí.

Here ends the tale of the Dervishes, which I, Mírza al Sa'wa, have written. For I, Mírza al Sa'wa, (may my shadow never be less ! Bis-millah ! it is not possible) saw this meeting with my own eyes.

Let us not, then, be idle Dervishes, but rather let us pursue wisdom, and be obedient to our Sheikh, and the hakíms who are over us. *Hamchunán !*—Even so !

THE HILL OF LIFE.

Our life is like a lofty hill,
Whose hoary top is crowned with snow,
Rugged and rocky are its sides,
But all is peace and joy below.

Bright are the fields that gird its base,
Lovely the flowers that blossom there ;
Whilst angels breathings, soft and sweet,
Murmur like zephyrs through the air.

And in those fields of light and love
We pass our childish years ;
Our heads are troubled with no cares,
Our eyes but seldom dimmed with tears.

For ever seeking something new,
We now pursue the painted fly ;
Or, turning, sail our mimic fleets
In the clear brook that bubbles by.

Or, wand'ring through the dewy fields,
We pluck the flow'rets on our way,
And, wanton, strew them on the stream,
Or weave them into garlands gay ;

Till wearied with our sport, we lie
And sleep upon the mossy beds,
Whilst guardian angels, hov'ring near,
Watch careful o'er our infant heads ;

And, whisper gently in our ears,
Sweet words of joy, and peace, and love,—
Whilst pleasing visions haunt our sleep,
Of happy, happy homes above.

Alas ! awaking, we return
To sport, as careless as before,
Till passing years destroy our joys—
Joys which they never can restore.

Such are the days our childhood saw,—
Days ever fresh on memory's page—
Days which will be remembered long,—
Till latest life's declining years.

But rugged is that mountain high,
And man must climb the rocky side,
For in those meadows of delight,
He may not evermore abide.

Many, and various, are the roads
Which men pursue, the end to gain ;
Some follow paths of ease and sloth,
And others paths of grief and pain.

Many there are who follow close
The paths which lead to wealth and fame ;
Hoping to pass a happy life,
And, dying, leave a nobler name.

But, as they stretch their eager hands
To grasp what may their lives adorn,
It cheats their hopes, and leaves them there
To perish, hapless and forlorn.

Still further up, with low'ring front,
A crag hangs midway in the air ;
A mighty barrier, hard to pass,—
The frowning crag of dark Despair.

And from that cliff full many a one,
Those who of life have weary grown,
Who cannot battle with its storms,
Have hopeless cast their bodies down.

But many, plodding patient on,
Pursue their toilsome, weary way,
Whilst, ever and anon, their path
Is cheered by Hope's refulgent ray.

What though the wild winds buffet sore,
Though stormy tempests rave around,
Against him all in vain they beat,
They bear no terror in their sound.

For well he knows it cannot last,
That the wild storm will soon be o'er,
And Hope's bright sun around his soul
Its cheering influence will pour.

And thus he will pursue his way,
His onward way, without a stop,
Till, struggling midst the wintry storms,
He nears the lofty snow-crowned top.

Then, glancing down the mountain side,
He views the way which he has come ;
And turning, fresh inspired, he longs
With earnest longing for his home.

And thoughts, bright thoughts, delight his mind,
Thoughts of his earlier, happier years ;
Bright visions gild his fading eye,
Seraphic sounds ring in his ears ;

Till as he sinks, by age o'erpowered,
A cloud by gentle zephyrs driven,
Gilded by Hope's last fading ray,
Bears his wrapt spirit up to heaven.

Λ.

THE NEGLECTED WARNING.

(Continued).

WE left our friend Bennett with Annesley, endeavouring to obtain peace of mind by informing him of the cause of his uneasiness. Bennett's thoughts were completely wrapped up in his friend, and being of a highly susceptible temperament, the idea of the death of Annesley—who was now an old man, though still strong and active—had so worked on his mind, as to cause him to dream, or imagine that he dreamt, of the death of his friend by some violent cause or misfortune. This, then, was the origin of that change which we have seen come over, in so short a time, this excellent man. His fear of ridicule had prevented him laying his thoughts before Annesley; but carried on till he could no longer conceal his feelings, his actions and conduct showed both to Annesley and his wife that something unknown to either of them had taken firm hold of his mind, and had destroyed his former tranquillity and manner of life. At length, being persuaded by Annesley, and hoping to regain his self-possession, he, as we have seen, informed his friend of his dream. Annesley, though somewhat startled at the idea at first, determined not to let Bennett see that it had made the slightest impression upon him, and after some time, through the great influence he had acquired over the mind and actions of his friend, managed by various arguments to restore, to a certain degree, the equanimity Bennett possessed before his unlucky dream.

Bennett never fully regained his former serenity; he was still restless and uneasy, but he concealed it as much as possible from

his wife and Annesley; fits of absence would come upon him, and being roused from these, he would utter exclamations of fear and surprise at first, and quickly sink into a kind of lethargy, from which his friends thought it advisable not to rouse him. Time flew by, and Bennett continued still the same; not even the entreaties of his wife, nor the mild and gentler remonstrances of his friend could alter him. One morning his wife observed ~~something~~ wilder and more haggard in his appearance, and wisely guessing the subject of his restlessness had come stronger upon him, forbore to question him, but imparted her suspicions in secret to Annesley. The good old man was greatly distressed as to the course to be pursued; he saw clearly that Bennett's fears had been again excited, and he guessed, by the same means. He plainly asked him what was the cause, and at last Bennett told him he had had the same dream as before, and had seen Annesley murdered. This time his friend tried the same means of persuasion, but without the slightest success, and Bennett gradually grew into a complete state of mental and almost bodily torpor. He seemed to do everything as if by mere mechanism, he showed no wish one way or another; he seemed to have lost all power of observation, and would remain all day wrapped in thought; all his energy was gone, and he was unable to exert himself to do any one thing. His wife and friend saw this with alarm, and the latter, as a last resource, proposed a tour through North Britain. No arguments were needed to make Bennett agree; the proposition was made, and an assent was given without knowing what was the question discussed, or the reason for the proposal.

It was in the summer of the following year in which our story commenced that the party left D—— for the Lakes. Annesley directed all their movements, for Bennett was still in the lamentable state in which we saw him at the Rectory. Our little party first took up their abode at K——, a town in the northern district of the Lakes, among one of the most rough and rugged parts of the mountain district. They had continued there a week, when one morning Bennett was missing, nor did any one know what had become of him. In the course of the day he

made his appearance, but there was nothing unusual in his manner. They both forebore to question him, and the day passed as usual.

They left K—— next morning, and went to the Highlands to a part of the country where Annesley had some small possessions, and was generally well known in the neighbourhood. He thought this a good opportunity for rousing Bennett from his fears and lethargy, and took him all over the country and acquainted him with all the manners and customs of the surrounding peasantry, hoping the novelty of a country and people he was unacquainted with might give him new life and spirit, and make him in the end the happy man he was before. Late one evening a message was brought to Annesley requiring his attendance on some important proceeding, in which he was greatly interested. The place was some distance off Annesley's house, and the road was through the mountains,—a rough and rugged pathway for a person to choose at night. Bennett, tried to persuade him not to go; his fears came doubly upon him, but in vain, Annesley would not refuse, and in spite of his friend's remonstrance and entreaty, he went. Bennett then informed his wife he had had a third dream, which he had not imparted to Annesley, and determined to follow him. His wife, finding remonstrances in vain, at length desisted, and Bennett went alone. He had gone half way in pursuit of Annesley, when he heard shouts and the report of a gun; he rushed on till he stumbled over something lying in the road, and to his dismay, he found it to be the body of a man. With an energy hitherto unknown to him, he procured assistance, and found to his horror his friend Annesley murdered. A steady calmness now took the place of his former lethargy, and having obtained burial for his friend, he returned with his wife to the Rectory, now no longer the happy home it had been. The supernatural calmness which had taken possession of his mind at length gave way, and he sunk rapidly under the conviction that his friend's death was caused by his having neglected the Warning.

L.R.

THE GRAND CHAM OF TARTARY AND THE
HUMBLE BEE.

The Grand Tartar chief on a festival day,
Gave a spread to his court and resolved to be gay ;
But just in the midst of their music and glee,
The mirth was upset by a Humble Bee.

The riotous Bee was so wanting in sense,
As to fly at the Cham with malice prepense ;
Said his Highness, " My fate will be *felo de se*
If I'm thus to be bored by a Humble Bee."

The troops in attendance, with sabre and spear,
Were ordered to harass the enemy's rear ;
But the brave body-guards were forced to flee,
They all fought shy of the Humble Bee.

The Solicitor-General thought there was reason,
For indicting the scamp on the charge of high treason ;
While the Chancellor doubted if any decree
From the woolsack, would frighten the Humble Bee.

The Cham from his seat in an agony rose,
While the insect was buzzing close under his nose,
" Was ever a potentate plagued like to me,
So worried to death by a Humble Bee ?"

He said to a page, nearly choking with grief,
Bring hither my valiant Commander-in-Chief ;
And say that I'll give him a liberal fee,
If he will but settle this Humble Bee."

The Generalissimo came at the summons,
And cursing the courtiers as cowardly rum 'uns,
" My liege," cried he, "'tis all fiddle-de-dee,
To make such a fuss for a Humble Bee."

The veteran rushed, sword in hand, on the foe,
 And cut him in half with a desperate blow ;
 His master exclaimed, "I'm delighted to see
 You've so soon put an end to the Humble Bee."

Seditious disturbers ! beware what you're arter,
 Lest, humming a prince, you may chance catch a tartar ;
 Consider, when planning an impudent spree,
 You may get the same end as the Humble Bee !

C.

TRAVELLING AND TRAVELLERS.

Who is he that has not travelled ? Let him no longer defer the delightful duty. Let him forsake for a time his home, his friends, his country, and go forth gathering wisdom and information at every step.—Whether he penetrate into the pathless recesses of the west, or tread with awe and veneration the classic and sacred soil, hallowed from time immemorial by every association on which the mind delights to dwell.—Whether he look up with admiration at the progress of that vast experiment—the United States, or gaze with regret upon the mouldering decay of the time-honoured institutions of the East ; whether his intention be

"To visit Paynim shores, and cross earth's central line,"

or to mix in the courts, the cities, and the civilization of Europe,—each is full of passing interest ; all of them teem with rich instruction. Objects which at home were deemed unworthy his attention, are there surrounded by a halo which confers a charm on everything ; the most trivial matters impress themselves on his mind, and are as it were the links by which more important events are connected in the chain of memory.

Another peculiar charm of travelling is, that while on the one hand, all its pleasures are trebly enjoyed in the anticipation ; the actual reality, and more than all, perhaps, in the after contemplation, all its *désagréments*, however keenly felt at the time, tend afterwards but to heighten the relish with which we look

back on the past, even as the lighter parts of a picture are thrown out by the darker in more vivid and agreeable contrast. And every pleasure is thus enhanced. Who, for example, has not experienced in this country the pleasures of solitude, and the charms of society? There have been, and are, moments in the lives of all of us, when the mind instinctively retires into itself, and irrespective of the body, buries itself in contemplation. To be alone, a man need not shut himself up in his closet. If he be master of himself, he may equally find the desired solitude in the midst of what is called society. Can any solitude be more intense than in the crowded streets of a great city?

There are, again, on the universal principle of re-action, seasons when the mind, oppressed by its own weight, and longing to be relieved, hastens to throw off a part of its burthen by returning again to the ranks, for man is a gregarious being. But there are moments, though they may be few, when personal, no less than mental, solitude is desirable. Who could wish for society when standing by moonlight amongst the ruins of the Hundred-gated City, as grand, and far more impressive in the vastness of her desolation than in the summit of her pride,—where the death-like silence of the Tomb of Ages is only broken by the dismal hooting of the owl, and the echoes of palaces, which were wont to be waked with the shout of mirth and triumph, are now only mocked by the jackal's unearthly scream. Few and far between are such scenes as this; seldom do such moments occur in the life-time of a man, but they do not the sooner fade from his recollection. There they remain, treasured in the deep recesses of Memory's holiest shrine; whence nevertheless, they may be evoked by a gentle effort, and will cause a thrill by the very vividness of their presence. But while the pleasures of solitude are deep and heartfelt, it is society which smooths the ruggedness, and shortens the tedium of the long day's march; it is friendship which cheers and consoles in the occasional hour of sickness or distress, and which affords mutual encouragement in the time of danger. In such circumstances, it is wonderful to see in how short a time mere companionship ripens into intimacy, and how speedily the wide difference between

acquaintance and friendship disappears; and no friendships are more lasting than those so formed,—none more likely to afford rich and constant gratification.

The reminiscences connected with persons, no less than with objects, abroad, are interesting. What variety of character will a *table d'hôte* not occasionally present?

It was our lot, on a certain occasion, to fall in with a batch of civil and military cadets, who halted for a day at Cairo, *en route*, for the first time, to the country which was to be the scene of their future labours. They were, most of them, in the highest spirits, vociferous and frequent in their demands upon the bewildered landlord for chibouques and “Bass,” and talking wildly of a projected expedition to the Pyramids at three next morning. Some few, however, were widely different; and on the brow of one a deep look of melancholy was settled. Separated for the first time from home and friends, and with the prospect of a long and perilous campaign* before him, there was little cause for wonder that he should be so;—but the cause of his grief was beyond that; for besides the separation from home and relations, which all might feel in common with him, in his case a still more tender attachment had been torn asunder, and far from the busy scene around him his thoughts reverted unconsciously to her who had been the dream of his early years,—now the idol of his maturer affections. It was only natural that an Englishman in so distant a land should have some fellow-feeling with those whose fate was, as he believed, the foreshadowing of his own, and it was, therefore, with some interest that we watched their departure for Suez, across the only part of the route which can with any propriety be termed “over *Land*.” A few other English travellers had collected to see them start. “Hurrah! they are off,—well—stars and garters,” exclaimed a happy-minded lady, as she waved her handkerchief to them; “Humph! food for powder, food for

* This was in March, 1849, after the battle of Chilian-Wallah, when an order was issued to all officers on leave, to join their respective regiments.

powder," retorted an eccentric, but matter-of-fact Bengal chaplain. Between these two exaggerated views of the case, we then humbly drew our own conclusion, which might best express the truth,—*In mediis tutissimus*—a little of both.

And now to conclude;—As we commenced by treating of the pleasures of travel, it might, perhaps, be expected that we should throw out some hints as to the best mode of securing those pleasures. But such an undertaking, even were we inclined to attempt it, is far above our province. We may only, perhaps, be allowed to say, in the quaint words of one of our great statesmen and authors—“When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him ;.....let his travel appear rather in his discourse, than in his apparel or gesture ;..... and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts ; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.”

VIATOR.

LINES BY कश्चित्

There is a smile I dearly prize,
 Tho' many a frown is near me ;
 There is a light in beaming eyes,
 That 'mid life's gloom can cheer me ;
 For, though a cold world still should scorn,
 And friends forsake me ever,
 I feel I ne'er can be forlorn,
 Till love shall from me sever.

There is a sigh that says, "I'm thine"—
 A sigh that speaks sincerely ;
 Warm from a heart that's only mine,
 A heart I love most dearly.
 And till our loving bosoms cease
 Their answering throb for ever ;
 I feel that our's are joy and peace,
 Nor love shall from us sever.

STYLO-PHILUS HAVING BROKEN HIS GOLDEN PEN,
INDULGETH IN THE FOLLOWING STRAIN:—

"Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes." HOR. *Carm.* ii. 2. 7.

Thou art gone, joy of my hand and heart! Yesternight thou wert flying with liquid velocity over the gladdened page,—but now thou art still for ever. How shall I describe thy merits? Thy ribs, like the twin Parnassean peaks, treasuring up their streams of Heliconian ink! The fine up-stroke, the bold and manly down-stroke, alike were thine. Nor wert thou ever guilty of the fault imputed to thy race by the virtuous Jeanie Deans. Was a letter to be indited to my ladye-love?—full well didst thou know how to perform thy task with decorous neatness. Was the linear anathema of my incensed preceptor hanging over my head?—then thou, "*arte careas*," didst speed over the papyrean plain,

Ποτάμῳ πλήθοντι εἰσιχὼς
Χειμαῖρῳ.

A dramatist of no mean power wert thou. Foolscap was thy stage; ink, thy scenery; tragic or comic thy muse, at will. Promising was thy scholarship. Not only wert thou versed in thy native tongue—the language of City-road, Finsbury*—but thou hadst expatiated in the wide fields of classic lore, and hadst thyself constructed the labyrinths of the Tatpurusha. Thou too hadst made the passage of the Pons Asinorum; and wert wont, in those hours of trial, to guide me, free from unseemly blots and purblind e's, straight to the Q. E. D.

Truly thou wert the scion of a noble race—a prince of the aristocracy of pens. The democratic steel, the pauper quill, were thy inferiors, no less in birth than merit. Thy creator—Samuel Mordan—formed thee of no baser "*stuff*"† than gold; and gold—if the poets‡ are to be believed—great Jove himself deemed no unworthy garb for his imperial majesty.

* The site of Mr. Mordan's manufactory.

† Here used in the Shaksperian sense; not in the usual nursery acceptation of the term.

‡ Horace, *Carm.* iii., 16.

Short and fleeting are the powers of thy would-be rivals. Ephemeral is the quill,—the steel endureth but a little longer. But *thy* beauty, *thy* worth, remaineth unimpaired by the destroying hand of Time. Thousands of thy weaker brethren have fallen victims to the fell demon, Rust. Such was not thy fate. Thy native virtue was armour-proof against his most malignant efforts; against thee in vain he blunted his finest tooth. Rude violence alone hath wrought thy untimely ruin.

Full well did I know thy worth. For twelve long months I encased thee in silver, cap-à-pie. When thy labours were o'er, I granted thee during the day a secure retreat, close to my heart, in the left pocket of my double-breasted waistcoat; and at night thou didst repose in the snuggest nook of my mantle-piece, under the protecting care of the ever-wakeful clock. Nay, more; had not the law (ignorant oppressor) negatived the possibility of my testamentary wishes, doubtless a special codicil should have consecrated thee an heir-loom in the future family of Stylo-philus.

Yet not even in thy death art thou altogether unprofitable to thy master! It may be that some compassionate pawnbroker, some disinterested jeweller, may give him a price for thy mangled remains. Then shalt thou receive the honour, that was wont to be paid, in ancient days, to the departed good and great—a sarcophagus of fire.

Who shall supply thy place? Shall the Magnum-Bonum—the greatest lie of a lying age? Shall the fallacious quill—the designing Gillott—the Ne-plus-ultra Perryian? Shall the miserable plumie stolen from the injured goose? Shall the pen framed of the base iron vie with the child of the California mine?

None other shall be thy successor, save one of thine own princely lineage. Haply he may somewhat repair the void left in my heart by thy unhappy loss. Haply, in his most pleasing moments, he may call up thy dear form to the memory of thy sorrowing master,

STYLO-PHILUS.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

MR. OBSERVER,—

Will you be so obliging as to enlighten me on the following points:—

1. Pray what is the use of that great black iron-box, with a handle, that stands by the fire-place in the apartment contiguous to my own? Is it to throw down the stairs at one o'clock in the morning, or for the purpose of replenishing the fire with coals, for I have seen it used quite as often for the one purpose as the other?

2. Am I justified in supposing that the long, and otherwise unaccountable, absence of the gown that used to hang on a peg in my cupboard, is in any way connected with the circumstance that, at precisely eight-and-twenty minutes after eight, a.m., on the morning of the third inst., the denizen of the opposite apartment was sadly put to it, as to how and where he could *borrow* a gown?

3. If you can point out any effectual remedy for the following melancholy case of indisposition, you will greatly oblige me, and, still more my poor friend C——, who is the unhappy sufferer in question. Poor fellow, he is greatly to be pitied! Although he has always been careful of his constitution, and takes care that it shall not suffer by even a very moderate application to his studies, the symptoms of his malady present a most alarming and unusual appearance. When I say *unusual* appearance, I wish to be understood as speaking from my experience of indisposition in general, previous to my defeat of the literary triple-headed Cerberus which guards the entrance to this abode of Letters; for I have been assured that the disease under which my friend labours, is of daily occurrence at Haileybury. He has gone through a great deal of suffering, occasioned, no doubt, by a state of the most perfect circulation of the blood, the keenness of his appetite, and the excellent condition of his digestive organs. Moreover, the clearness of his complexion is unrivalled. This is not the worst of my

Ægrotat, however. He is oppressed with an extraordinary flow of animal spirits, and a pair of the most stentorian lungs I ever had the pleasure of coming across, as I had a good opportunity of judging last evening, for he favoured a party of us, at the top of his voice, with the comical adventures of a highly respectable old couple, who, with the intention of making a day of it, had very wisely come to the determination of taking a trip to Brighton in a one-horse shay. Poor C——'s suffering, unlike his understanding, is acute beyond measure, and, in order to alleviate it, he spent the day with the hounds, in compliance, of course, with the doctor's recommendation to 'take plenty of exercise.' I am sorry to add, however, that he did not attend to another of his injunctions, but was most unscrupulous in throwing physic to the dogs.

4. May I ask whether the following arrangement of the furniture of a Freshman's room, is in accordance with your notions of order and good taste?—A table, three feet long by two wide, groaning under the weight, not of a sumptuous banquet, but of two or three cane-bottom chairs, a *few* articles of bedding, a coal-skuttle, poker, shovel, and tongs, and a pair of brass-candlesticks, the whole surmounted by a basin and jug, the latter being full of the 'limpid element.'

5. Will you inform me to what natural phenomena (since in an enlightened age like the present, it is altogether inadmissible to ascribe what we are unable to account for, to supernatural agency,) I am to attribute the circumstance that, having retired to rest the other evening, rather earlier than is my wont, I started out of my sleep, in a cold perspiration (it is ungenteel to use another word), for I had been dreaming pleasantly, a few moments before, that I was standing by my dear Letty Prettyface, just as she had sat down to the piano, to comply with my request that she would favour with that lovely serenade—

'O meet me by moonlight alone.'

when, *horresco referens*, I heard, a great deal more distinctly than I do now, the voice of the learned Professor, who is endeavouring

to familiarize us with the mysteries of Sanskrit, the last word articulated by a hoarse, gruff voice, as unlike that of my sweet Let, as a pretty English girl is to a thick-lipped Ojibbeway damsel. Mr. Editor, I am totally at a loss to account for this strange occurrence, and shall feel much obliged if you will, by return of post, favour me with a solution of the mystery, as well as with answers to the other queries. The knowledge that I am nearly related to the celebrated Paul Pry, and that, moreover, I am a Freshman, will, perhaps, serve to dispel any little astonishment you may have experienced on finding yourself thus interrogated with regard to matters of which you are, possibly, as profoundly ignorant as your correspondent.

Hoping I don't intrude, I beg leave to sign myself, your humble servant,

LAUDABLE CURIOSITY.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CROSS.

COMORN, 1243.

Oh ! list to the tale of the Infidel Fight,
Of the charge of the Tartar against the bold Knight ;
And perhaps ye may wish, that ye lived in their days,
To fight for such glory, and well-deserved praise.

I'll sing you the tale of the bold and the free,
As they fought for their Cross and their noble countrie ;
Where the lances were broken, the banner was torn,
For the rush of the Tartars 'gainst lofty Comorn.

For the Tartars had come like the blast of the wind ;
A hurricane, leaving destruction behind ;
Uprooting the trees, and destroying the corn,
As they wasted the country and lands of Comorn.

The Tartars had come like a wide-spreading fire,
Whose broad tongues of flame shoot up higher and higher ;
The smoke of the night marked the ruin of morn,
As they burnt to the ground all the towns of Comorn.

The Tartars had come as a loud roaring sea,
Which hath broken its bounds, and is once again free ;
The fatherless children and widows forlorn,
Had marked out the path that they came to Comorn.

From the north to the south their sole empire they see,
From the ice coast of Russia to Araby's sea ;
From the east to the west had their banners been borne,
From the sea coast of China to distant Comorn.

The King of the Slaves, the noble and brave,
King Bela had struggled his kingdom to save ;
But his army was routed at Sajo's sad fight,
And he fled to Comorn from the infidel might.

Weep not for the brave and the wise Koloman ;
For the nobles laid low by the lance of the Khân ;
Nor weep for his daughter, the fair Cécilie,
Though Batou hath fixed that his lot she shall be.

But upraise your lament that the infidel sword,
Hath drank of the blood of the priests of the Lord ;
And let all other grief be absorbed by the loss
Of the shrine, and its relic, a piece of the Cross.

For the priest hath declared that the city shall rue
The loss of the Cross, the holy and true ;
That the town shall be sacked, and the citizens slain,
The country laid waste, till it come back again.

King Bela hath said that his daughter, so fair,
Gotliebte (whose blue eyes and long flowing hair
Have been sung by the minstrels of every countrie,)
In return for the Cross, a knight's guerdon should be.

To the knight who shall claim the fair maid as his own,
He agrees to surrender his sceptre and throne ;
Then 'haste ye, each noble,' and 'haste ye, each knight,'
To recover the spoil of the infidel might.

But Gotliebte hath loved well, that bravest of men,
Who has lost his right hand in the infidel's den ;
When he tried to set free e'er he breathed his last gasp,
The brave Koloman, from the infidel's grasp.

Lord Arthur was willing, left-handed, to try
To rescue the Cross from the Tartars, or die,
Whene'er he was free from the sage leech's hands,
Or his arm was released from its tight-fastened bands.

But meanwhile a bold knight, Count Albert the brave,
Hath announced himself willing the city to save—
Now Lord Arthur was ill—he was equalled by none,
When Lord Arthur was well—he was equalled by one.

But Count Albert distrusted the power of the Cross,
And thought that no harm would arise from its loss ;
For where was its power, the bold army to save,
From the rush of the Tartar, at Sajo's sad wave.

Count Albert was pledged to the fair Cäcilie,
And a lover both truthful and noble was he ;
Why then should he wish Gotliebte to wed ?
To wed Bela's daughter, and reign in his stead.

Yet glad was Lord Arthur the Count's name to hear,
And glad gave Gotliebte the flag for his spear :
And glad did she praise him and call him her knight,
Though she knew that the Cross would be won by his might.

For they well knew Count Albert, the gentle and brave,
That he perilled his life, fair Gotliebte to save ;
That no other might claim the fair maid as his own,
But that Arthur should have both the damsel and throne.

Gotliebte had prayed him, while Arthur was nigh,
 To stay, lest his blood be on them, should he die;
 But Count Albert replied, now my Cécilie's gone,
 I care not for life, nor for maiden, nor throne.

“VERA CRUX.”

MY DEAR SIR,—When I was last in Rome (as your correspondents say), a certain Cardinal, to whom I had an introduction, was obliging enough to conduct me through the Vatican Library. Whilst engaged in turning over some of the manuscripts, of which there is there a large collection, we came upon a loose leaf, which, on inspection, proved to be a palimpsest, having originally formed the first leaf of a copy of Horace. Only part of the first Ode was contained in it; and, as it differs in many respects from the ordinary editions, the fragment may, perhaps, be deemed worthy of notice by some of the learned critics who peruse your work.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

G. A.

AD SPECTATOREM HAILEYBURIENSEM.

SPECTATOR, sociis edite tu tribus,
 (O quàm desidias increpitant meas!)
 Sunt, quos naviculâ flumina limpida
 Perrupisse juvat, ripaque fervidis
 Proculcata viris, palmaque poculi
 Undarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
 Hunc, si raucisonûm turba forensium
 Certant unanimes dicere præsulem:
 Illum, si propriâ mente recondidit
 Quas linguas Oriens cunque creaverit.
 Gaudentem magico fallere “dormiat”
 Templum, fluminibus strata rigantibus
 Nunquam demoveas, ut requiê die?
 Fungatur gravibus manè laboribus.

Præfecti rabies et "moneo" *Celer*
 "Te sollemne" timens, ordine menstruo
 Quærit signa "Boni:" mox repetit vias
 Notas, nil adhibens experientiam.
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
 Nec partem solido demere de die
 Spernit, nunc viridem membra per aream
 Stratus, nunc homines sollicitans novos.
 Multos plectra juvant, et lituo tubos
 Permistus sonitus voxque legentibus
 Detestata manet sub Jove frigidus.
 **Rostratus* triplici conspicuus sago,
 Seu carbonarium vas sonitum dedit.
 Seu rupit vehemens grex speculario.

T. L.

* Vid. Annot. ad T. Livii Pugnam Amwellensem sub voce "rostra."

CLINTON HALL.

Few mementos of days gone-by are totally devoid of interest, much less those of the ancient times of merrie England; and of these, the most likely to excite curiosity, is the real old English castle, specimens of which are now rare.

Lately, however, I was treated with a close inspection of one of these: it was, without doubt, by far the most curious I ever saw—its moat, draw-bridge, etc., were in perfect keeping with the antiquated look of the whole building, the windows of the hall were tastefully ornamented with the coats of arms of the different knights who once lorded it at Clinton Hall. Under each of these coats of arms were the names of the owners thereof, and, by means of them, I found out that the castle, and its lands, once appertained to a family whose name was Brome, but had eventually passed to another, named Ferrers, whose lineal descendant is the present master. The circumstances under which the property thus changed hands, were detailed to me by

a friend who was residing at the castle at the same time with myself, and were as follows :—

The last of the once-powerful and noble race of Brome, when a youth, was travelling on the Continent; whilst in Italy, he did what every one does once, if not oftener, in his life, viz., he fell in love, and that, too, with a most lovely Italian, who, unfortunately for him, did not reciprocate his flame. He soon discovered that he had a rival, in the person of a young Englishman, who had repaired to the German universities, in order to complete his ecclesiastical education; and to recruit his health, which was much impaired from hard study, had visited Italy. This young man's name was Lorrison, and it was reported to Nicholas Brome (who had, by some strange chance, never seen him) that he felt not the slightest affection for the pining fair one, who was in exactly the same state with regard to him that Brome himself was with regard to her.

Brome was naturally of a vindictive and revengeful temper; he made an attempt, by bribing one of Lorrison's servants, to poison him, which failed; and would, most likely, have proceeded further in his diabolical schemes, but that the departure of Lorrison, for Germany, and the death (through grief) of the lady, removed, at one and the same time, the objects both of his love and hatred. Brome returned to England an altered man; he found, on his arrival, that, by the death of his father, he was now the last of his race, and owner of the title and lands of his ancestors; but this did not work any alteration in his now gloomy and abstracted demeanour; a perpetual cloud rested on his brow; and, for some years after he came into the property, he never went beyond the precincts of his own demesne.

After a time, however, he married; but it was not for love; some said, it was at the instigation of a certain priest, whom he brought with him from the Continent, and who had acquired a great ascendancy over him, none knew how. The bride was the very opposite to her husband—gay, good-tempered, amiable, and witty, she wrought an entire change in the house, so far as she was concerned; but, with her husband, matters stood as they

had before he was married ; he still continued reserved, and even repulsive, in his manner ; and the death of his confessor did not tend to diminish this. By the recommendation of his wife's relations (the Moretons, of Moreton Castle), a new confessor was engaged, very different to the one lately deceased ; he was not more than five-and-thirty, and, though not positively handsome, had an expression which made up for any deficiencies on the score of good looks. He did not chime in with all the austerities that Nicholas de Brome (now a religious enthusiast) had adopted, and thus forfeited, at the onset, much of his lord's favour. But, in addition to this, Nicholas soon saw that the confessor was always more ready to confess his wife than was proper ; he also remarked, that the lady confessed rather often ; that her confessions were lengthy ; and, at last, he began to put it down as certain, that the priest was the paramour of his mistress ; he often endeavoured to obtain proof, but failed, until, as he was one night passing the door of his wife's chamber, returning from his own private oratory, he heard the voice of the two suspected ones, in earnest conversation. He paused, listened ; but, owing to the whistling of the wind, now rising to a gale, it was long ere he could understand the nature of their discourse. He, at length, heard sobs, and efforts at condolence on the part of the priest ; and, presently, Constance's voice was audible, pronouncing vows of eternal love to " the only being in the world that was aught to her." This was enough ; Nicholas bounded into the room, and saw the confessor supporting in his arms the weeping lady, her hair flowing over her shoulders in showers of ringlets, and beautiful in its disorder. Nicholas sought his too ready dagger, stabbed the unhappy man to the heart. With a piercing scream, the unfortunate wife threw herself, insensible, upon the lifeless body, and the murderer, horror-struck, gazed for some minutes in silence at his bloody victim. Then, raising the lady in his arms, he placed her on a couch, and, as he did so, her consciousness returned ; but it was only to see the dead body thrown, by her blood-stained husband, into the moat which flowed under the window of the room ; she rushed to the casement, saw the water

still agitated by the heavy splash, and, ere she could be prevented, had also precipitated herself, a maniac, from the window !

The first act of Nicholas was to examine the letters in his wife's writing-case, if, by so doing, he could find any document which could throw any light upon the conduct of either ; and, the first thing he saw was a miniature of his first love—the beautiful Italian!—beside it, were letters from his wife, previous to her marriage, addressed to his rival, Lorrison, by which, he found out that he was her brother, travelling in Italy under a feigned name — his real name he concealed, from private motives ; and, on the death of the former confessor, he had, by the help of his family, procured himself a situation whence he could better associate with that sister whom he loved better than life. He was obliged to proceed with caution, from the fact that his brother-in-law had once made an attempt upon his life, and would do so again, had he known his old enemy was within his reach.

Nicholas de Brome perished by his own hand, shortly after ; and his infant daughter, brought up by her mother's relatives, married one of the Lords of Ferrers ; and thus ended the tragical history of the extinction of the first family who were owners of Clinton Hall.

S. W.

REFLECTIONS ON ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*" Sed neque Medorum, silvæ ditissima, terra
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent."* * * *

Mark well yon coast, whose wide expanse we view,
Beneath th' ethereal canopy of blue !

How grand the cliffs that scale the Eastern sky,
All verdure-clad in emerald's deepest dye.
How bright the lawn and wood-sequestered groves,
Where still the shepherd worships as he roves ;

His the glad task, as Silence reigns around,
To wander with his flocks on classic ground ;
Not undelighted—to rehearse once more,
What time the night-fires gleamed along the shore,
How warrior-tribes retreated when repelled,
And foes on foes heroic deeds beheld.

Hail, antique towers, that guard yon sunny strand !
Proud portals of Italia's favoured land !
Age has but marked ye with her signet, Time,
Age has but stamped the beautiful—sublime.

How sweet the scene—as through the gleaming spray
Our gallant bark sails proudly on her way.

No threatening storm-cloud broods upon the deep,
No white-wing'd sea-bird quits her craggy steep,
To chafe the boist'rous billow's angry foam
And skim the topmost wave—far, far from home.
No wintry blast ploughs up the troubled main,
No whirlwind sweeps its fury o'er the plain—
All, all, is still—e'en Nature loves to rest.
What tho' the noontide sun's majestic crest—
Not dimmed by fleecy clouds, obscurely bright,
But pouring forth one blaze of living light—
As on the deep her radiant splendour throws—
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it flows.

What gorgeous scenes the golden East unveils !
Luxuriant foliage creeps along the dales,
Bright uncultured blossoms from the laughing flowers
Yield their rich perfume in the sultry hours.
Sweetly the skylark sings her matin lay,
Thrice honoured harbinger of spring-tide day,
Sweetly the murmur of industrious bees
Inviting slumber, haunts the shady trees.
Blithe by refreshing rills to linger long,
Where trills the nightingale her vesper song.
What time dark Twilight in her dusky car
Moves briskly on to meet the Evening star.

But, oh ! what charms historic scenes unfold—
Scenes of ancestral deeds, perhaps, untold,
That rouse Reflection from her trance-like dream
To quaff refreshing draughts from Memory's stream.
'Tis ever thus, in solitude profound
Man loves to tread on Time's thrice-hallowed ground,
Where slumber now the ashes of the great
Doomed to fulfil the destinies of fate.

But hark ! e'en now the solemn midnight-hour
Sounds from the convent clock on yonder tower ;
There would we pause—no more upon the deep,
Our unfurl'd sails their Evening vigil keep.

POWERS OF THE MIND.

CHAPTER III.—ON IMAGINATION.

(Concluded)

AND that is building up airy visions with materials from the store-house of memory, and arranging them in fantastic order by the all-pervading power of thought. Imagination exercises itself solely in thought, creating things which have never happened, and filling up the voids of memory with pictures of its own fabrication : imparting a vivid colour to the sketch, and making scenes of long-past times present to our mind. Imagination aids the force of thought ; it depicts coming events in the brightest colouring, or clouds them with the same dark gloom which holds the ill-foreboding mind. Like a seed sown in the ground, it soon increases to the waving tree ; like the bud about to burst, it soon becomes a flower in all beauty and fragrance : with all its beauty, in a short time its leaves fall to the ground, and it is known no more among the things that are. The brightest pictures of the mind must fade in time : the spirit cannot always wander in an imaginary creation of its own. Imagination has produced the poet, and without its aid we could

not realise his pictures ; it directs the pencil of the painter, and forms the life-like scenes of his canvass ; it assists the chisel of the sculptor, creating human forms, that want but breath to be alive, out of Parian stone. Imagination is the garden of the mind ; here it wanders where it lists, in search of rest or seeking amusement. What exercise is to the body, such is imagination to the mind : as in all things, so in this, excess may make it worthless and fraught with harm and destruction, incapacitating and leading away the mind from other subjects more fit for the exercise of its powers. But still its exercise is sweet. By imagination we fill the flowers around us with invisible beings ; by the same power, we convert the shadow of the night into objects of dread and wonder.

Here we have all we wish ; it is a place of perfect content ; no sooner is a want perceived than it is accomplished. Exert the power of imagination to call up the First Paradise—the Garden of sinless beings ; the gentle breeze, filled with sweetest perfumes ; the wide-extended plains, adorned with flowers of every hue ; the graceful trees, waving in the breeze ; the birds, rejoicing in the presence of man ; the beasts, who know their lord, and answer to his names ; the graceful pair, the sole human inhabitants of the scene ; and the stream, clearer than earthly water, reflecting the light of the sun, and studded by night with the stars, as the gems of a royal diadem. Moreover, who loves not to create a paradise of his own ? The slave wishes for one of perfect freedom. The weary man longs for rest. Each statesman has his own Utopia. Each one has a plan of his own, which would be a paradise on earth, and render the globe what it was before the fall. But, until men love one another—until each shall love the other so perfectly that no thought of trouble or danger to himself enters his mind, in comparison to the good of others—until all be one brotherhood of love, no man will attain the wish of his imagination. Exert this power to imagine a state of love ; the calmest sea too rough for its composure ; the softest couch is far from its comfort ; the most brilliant sun is not so bright as this picture ; the fragrance of the rose is forgotten, in its excellence ;

an imagination can but create it; while this world lasts it cannot exist; but we may do all in our power to help it. Let us all try the impossibility, and remember my final words, "Let us all love."

A. T. E. D.

THE VETERAN'S FAREWELL.

THE Editors of the *Observer* have had a difficult question to decide. A letter, purporting to come from a late member of College, has been placed in their hands. Now, it has always been an acknowledged rule, that contributions to our magazine should be written by men still resident among us. However, considering that the writer of the said letter had always, whilst here, liberally contributed, and had only just left, the Editors have taken upon themselves to insert the composition; which, if it have no other merit, seems to regard with interest all that is going on amongst us.

DEAR MR. OBSERVER,—

You well know I have your interests at heart; and really I could not tear myself from England, without, even now at the eleventh hour, wishing you a last farewell, and volunteering, moreover, a little advice and gossip.

It was, I can assure you, a great disappointment not to visit you before I left; I fully intended it, and had gone so far as to draw up in my mind a plan for the disposal of my time. I should have breakfasted with that fine fellow Soker (pray tell him so), and helped him to dispose of some of that inimitable Bass, which he boasts unites the wholesome and agreeable in such rare proportions, and which he feels sure none can offer, down to the very cork-drawing, in such perfection as himself. Next, doubtless, there would be a general rush of men, and it would be one's duty to shake hands with every man jack down to the simple Lambkin, who would skulk off at first, but, finally, summon courage enough to address a real live member of the Madras Civil Service.

Well, to jump over a few hours, I suppose about five, p.m., I should have found myself on the professorial bench (I think only the Sanskrit Professors have chairs), listening in raptures to a lucid and interesting theory on the heavenly bodies, or, perhaps, the latest received news of our learned Oriental Visitor, from the lips of him whose duty it was to unveil before us the mysteries of Sanskrit literature. Oh dear! what a chance thrown away, never to return. However, all I can now do is to advise you not to be such donkeys as to follow my example.

But I must, by no means, forget my friend Candy, who, indeed, made me promise, if ever I came down, to devote part of the evening to him, and actually volunteered to lay in an extra quantity of *jam* against my arrival. In his room, doubtless, I should have had many visitors, from the sporting and jocular Timkins to Brandram, with the lists of the last examination sticking out of his pocket.

But a truce to conjecture. Let me think what has been going on lately among you. Ah, I remember—let me tell you how I heard of the said *Ball*. Vague rumours had only reached me till I met the worthy Swiggleton one day in town. “So,” says I, “a strange report has got about; is it true? Are you Haileybury Gents going to give a Bachelor’s Ball?”

“Yes, *sir*,” said Swiggleton, with great emphasis, “Yes, *sir*, the idea is perfectly *monstrous*. In an enlightened age, in the nineteenth century, in the year of the Exhibition, they want a Ball; monstrous, *sir*, monstrous.”

Well, Mr. Observer, as you may suppose, I was rather staggered. Swiggleton, thought I, is a sensible man—a man of great discernment—a man of great moderation, and by no means fond of his own opinion. So perhaps Swiggleton *is* right, and, doubtless, only one among many. However, I begin to fancy that Swiggleton has too many dealings with the firm—Enlightenment, Exhibition and Co., to be a fair judge. I cannot help thinking that he has fallen into the clutches of that painfully enthusiastic individual Jonas, who actually went so far as to talk of pitching a tent (not much need of a tent there, I should think,

but that was his expression), and dwelling a month in the Crystal Palace. Very likely, I should think, Swig has joined him, and the proposition will end in a joint-stock business. But, be this as it may, I must say my faith was much shaken when I heard that he was only one of the forlorn hope led on in fierce opposition by the veteran Shanks an old friend of mine (by the way, pray remember me to him),

For my part, Mr. Observer, I am sorry it did not take place. But my motto always is, "What can't be cured, must be endured;" so as I hear the idea was veto'd by our worthy Principal and the Di's. in solemn conclave, why I suppose you must let it drop.

How gets on the Debating Society? You know what a staunch supporter of that institution I was in my time. Montes, I hear, as usual, is too fantastic and fond of sounding words (you'll be glad to hear I have privately sent him a little advice on that head); yet they tell me a rival of Pitt and Fox, in the persons of Sparrowe and Codlin, still rear their heads among you, ready to bite off the heads, noses—not to say words, or anything else—of one another. What a pity, dear Observer, it is, that they will not keep more to the subject, and care less about one another. But, between you and me, some allowance must be made for youthful ardour;—when they are as old as we are, they will soon cool down, I guess.

Can you believe me, that I hear some people comparing us, and our house, to the House of Commons. Commons, indeed! If we did all they do there, we had better go to the dogs at once. Yankeism—Toadyism—"Flunkeyism"—"*et omne quod exit in ism*," as my old pedagogue would say, may be found in plenty there. Heaven preserve us! not quite so bad, old girl, are we? "Haileberica."

"Well, Mr. Observer, I'm quite ashamed of myself, growing quite sentimental; but, you see, leaving for good and all, one can't help feeling a little. The life, too, there, was not so bad on the whole; though I remember when I was there, I used to complain that nothing went on but Chapels and Extra. Just

now I keep feeling the force of Mr. Pope's motto (was n't he the lucky man ?),

• " England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

A devilish good Essay that, Mr. Observer ;—do you know I met a young lady the other day, who, like Miss Blimber, would have died happy, could she but have seen it's author. Now, Mr. Pope, if that is not a compliment, I hardly know what is.

Beyond what I have noticed, all goes on, I suppose, as usual. Jacks, Jones and Co., in a high state of preservation, the one evidently trying hard to carry his head under his arm, the other having added another poker to the large stock which he seems already to have swallowed ; the Freshmen tolerably cheeky ; and that baby Cornwith, working, as of old, in a drawer, with a novel a'top, so as to be ready at any moment to close the drawer and pretend to read the novel.

And now, as I am just starting, let me say a few words on myself. My three travelling companions, as you know, are Dandle, Spoonie, and Pompo. I hope we shall all pull well together. Well, if Dandle won't show any of his confounded airs, and Spoonie does n't run too much after the ladies, we shall get on capitally. The only thing I fear of Pompo is lest he should quarrel with some cadet or other about precedence at table, or some such *bosh*. I can only say for my part, if he gets into any scrape, I cannot promise to be his friend on any such foolish occasion.

Farewell, Mr. Observer, we are off,—I am already on the broad seas,—Ah ! I feel rather giddy. (I hope I shall not be ill.)—This by the pilot.

Yours, &c. &c.

N.B.—Remember me to all friends. Be good fellows, take high places, and all that sort of thing, and sometimes think of your old and faithful friend

THE VETERAN.

[The date is by some oversight omitted ; however, we were obliged to take it as we found it.]—E.H.O.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"All Smoke" has gone up the chimney, as he ought, in the shape of tinder.

Before "Wet Blanket" favours us again, we beg him to consult some standard Treatise on the Art of Spelling.

"Murderer's" style is certainly επωνομος, considering the manner he murders his rhyme.

Why did "Blank" so mistake his title, as to soil, to no purpose, a sheet of clean paper.

"The Trial" "Proposal for the Exhibition," and "Mother's Love" are reserved for consideration.

Rumours of a violation of the secrecy always preserved in the publication of the Observer, both on the part of the Publisher and Students, have come to the knowledge of the Editors. The Publisher is warned, and the Students requested, for the future, to abstain from such, to say the least, questionable conduct.

We hope to complete another No. before the Easter vacation. With thanks for their strenuous efforts, and trust in their future support, we take leave, for the present, of our Contributors and Fellow-Students.

THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

MAY 14, 1851.

HISTORY.

“Stop! for thy tread is on an empire’s dust!”

PEOPLE are in the habit of thinking that at a certain period of their lives they will “get up their History.” “We are rather backward in it at present,” say they “but we intend to read very hard on the voyage to India, and learn it all up.” They think that studying history consists in reading, it may be with attention, some ten or fifteen volumes of standard works, and they fancy that when they shall have perused these, and shall be able to recognise readily the names of distinguished men,—to point out the sites of empires and victories, and to speak with tolerable accuracy of dates and events, they will have acquired an adequate knowledge of the subject. Little do they know the real state of the case, nor the vastness of the subject of which they speak so lightly! Little do they dream that when they have done all this, they have only prepared themselves to begin the real study of the subject, and have only laid a ground-work on which to raise the superstructure of their historical knowledge.

VOL. VII.—NO. IV.

Q

The value of historical study cannot be too highly estimated. There is no pursuit so well calculated as History to expand the mind, to remove prejudices, to call out the powers of discrimination and reflection, and to fit a man at once for the higher occupations of public life, and the unostentatious performance of private duty. Without its assistance we should be unable to lay down rules for our guidance in the most ordinary affairs of life. We should be without laws to regulate our civil government, and political economy to carry it on, without ethics for our moral guidance, and religion to afford us sanctions; we should wander in the wilderness of our own imaginations till we fell unconscious victims to the same errors which overwhelmed our forefathers.

But from the page of History light shines in on every part of our path. While judging of the actions of others, we insensibly discover great principles for our own guidance. While tracing the beginning of evil, and the progress in crime of historical characters, we learn to detect the same errors in ourselves, and we are enabled to shun the precipice over which others have been hurled. By its aid we can test the truth, or expose the fallacy, of the political principles which are brought before us, we can see their tendency and proclaim their result; and we can thus earn, at the expense of the past, that experience which in daily life can be purchased only at an enormous cost of failure, and which, in most cases, is not acquired till it is too late to be really serviceable.

Nor are the pleasures of History inferior to its more solid advantages, since to it we owe every hallowed feeling of association. It gives a *prestige* to names and localities, teaching us that

“Where’er we tread ’tis haunted, holy ground;”—

sending us to Persia with more pleasure than to America; making us tread the plain of Marathon with other feelings than we do the grass of our own lawns; and investing the heights of Sion and of Horeb with an awful sublimity, which is sought in vain amid the grander peaks of the Cordilleras and Himalayas.

The study of Biography is closely allied to that of History;

much, however, has been said in its favour which belongs more properly to History. In order to turn Biography to proper account it must be remembered that its chief value lies in its filling up the details of the historic picture, of which the outline has been drawn from other sources. It must therefore be treated as the hand-maid of History, and studied only after we have acquired such a general knowledge of History as will enable us to fit each biography into its proper place, and view it in its true relations. Thus, however much we may be charmed with the tone of simple devotion and conjugal affection which breathes through the memoir of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson and the letters of Lady Rachel Russell, their chief value lies in the deep moral and political problem which they propound. While we pass lightly over the details which portray the woman and the wife, we search eagerly to unravel the peculiar development of mind which could enable men, whose honesty never has been doubted, to act as hypocrites and knaves alone could be expected to act; we long to discover on what principles the religious man could justify his acts of rebellion, and the patriot his hireling dependance upon liberty's bitterest foe.

Biography is too often studied alone, and then is too disjointed to be really profitable. It resembles the stones of a tessellated pavement, each bright and beautiful indeed in itself, but useless and valueless until combined with its fellows into a symmetrical whole. With the majority of those who would raise it into the place of History, it is merely a superior species of novel-reading. While they imagine that they are employing their time to advantage, they are only gratifying a morbid craving for novelty; and while they think that they are examining the minds and motives of others, they are in fact indulging in that most flattering yet most injurious of delusions, self-contemplation. Such men love to revel in the thought of the Poet:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

They read and read and read until, lulled by the delicious dream, they persuade themselves that the task is already accomplished. Like some miss in her teens, who reads of chivalry and romance till she fancies herself a heroine and a beauty, and every man whom she encounters a knight-errant and devoted lover.

It may perhaps hereafter be permitted us to speak of a few of the many points, which demand consideration in connexion with the profitable study of History; but at present we must limit ourselves to one remark. Let not him who enters in good earnest on this study delude himself with the hope that a few weeks, or months, or even years, will suffice for its pursuit,—nay, a whole life's length is too short for the accomplishment of the task which lies before him. We have read of mischievous sprites who have pursued a doomed family through successive generations, marring their hopes and plans by the repetition of the same magic spell. He who would shake off the dust of ages and decipher the records of the past is the victim of such an evil genius. Early and late, with the first grey twilight and the evening star, through the heat of noon and the silent dead of night, the student of History struggles to overtake the mocking fiend, who, always running before him, turns ever and anon to jeer him with the cry, "There is no time." It is only as he approaches what appears to him the summit of his wishes, that the real vastness of the subject opens before him. Then

"Hills on hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise."

Then the more he learns, the more he finds there is to learn. Vain is the hope to escape the spell which binds his fated race. "There is no time" must ever be his destined wail, and never shall he be liberated from its magic sway until death close his weary eyes, or till that day arrives when the Mighty Angel, with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, shall proclaim to rejoicing worlds, "There shall be time no longer!"

VISARGAH.

JUDÆA CAPTA.

OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream.
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the Godless dwell.

BYRON.

Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
 And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there :
 Love, strong as death, retained his love no more ;
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

HEBER.

SAD are my thoughts of her that whilome fell,
 The sacred fort of God-led Israel.
 Lone Zion's rock—ah ! dost thou know that name,
 So sadly changèd now, Jerusalem ?
 Say, why thou mourn'st thy sons and daughters slain.
 Why mourn so vainly ?—for no more again
 Thy turrets rise—thy towers kiss the sky,
 Glitters thy Temple, wakes thy minstrelsy.
 No, no—a heathen band, a despot-sway
 Tore down her battlements in bygone day,
 And now in vain she strives her bonds to sever ;
 Her lot is cast, and she is lost for ever.

And yet her prophet-bards have long foretold
 A day approaching, when her Lord of old
 Shall stretch his arm, and vex that recreant band
 That dared insult Judæa's fallen land.
 Then, changed the scene, shall yonder City claim,
 Her meet inheritance, her Saviour's name.
 Delicious land, where erst the palm-tree waved
 O'er verdant gardens, and old Jordan laved
 His em'rald banks.—Sweet land of fruits and flow'rs,
 Where blooms the myrtle, where the cedar tow'rs.
 Where buds and blossoms, golden fruits appear,
 Whose bright succession crowns the varied year.

While sea-born gales their scented wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land,
 Say, didst thou see in those bright days of yore,
 Ere murder's crimson wing had stained thy shore,
 Fair Sion's daughter pray on Olives' height—
 Drink in ecstatic visions of delight—
 Soar, spirit-like, thro' azure fields above,
 And hold communion with her God of love ?
 Yes—ere from far the Roman legion came
 To quench in night Judæa's ancient name—
 Lone on that Mount, Jerusalem's fair maid
 To raise her quiv'ring voice in prayer essay'd ;
 Hope thrilled her accents—waft, ye winds, her strain ;
 Seldom, I ween, ye'll hear such hope again.

Quickly come, O great Redeemer,
 Hasten from Thy throne on high !
 E'en than life or freedom dearer,
 Hasten on to victory.

Long our waiting eyes have hail'd Thee—
 Messenger of joy and peace—
 Let these eyes at length behold Thee,
 Let Thy triumph never cease.

She paused. The echo thro' the dark groves flew,
 Still purled the stream, and still the zephyr blew.
 No answering voice to her appeal was given,
 No messenger divine was sent from heaven.

A few short years have passed, and now once more,
 View that lone Mount, so beautiful before.
 Ah ! changed the scene, no gentle breezes fann'd
 The scorched face of that devoted land.
 No longer streamlet, clad in vesture green,
 Still tinkling ran the verdant vales between—
 No longer sweetest fruit and fairest flower
 Could tempt the traveller at noon-tide hour—

No more when evening's grateful shades came round,
And dews celestial bless'd the parchèd ground,
Awoke the songster's trill thro' brake and dale—
Nor milk and honey flow'd along the vale.

From Pisgah's Mount when Israel's Seer surveys
Lands still unknown—yet homes of future days;
Sees he the hour when Judah's lion bends—
His glory fades—and dreary fate descends?
When, not as yon, in triumph's happiest hours,
Jehovah's banners float from Salem's tow'rs—
When heathen bands, that sacred land along,
Victorious, round sad Sion's temple throng—
Ah! joyless then his fleeting moments close,
Ah! joyless then death's silent—last repose.

Or had that prophet-bard whose plaintive lyre
Was touched with sacred—with ethereal fire—
Had he beheld this frightful day of woe
With gaze prophetic—with no kindling glow
Of holy ardour, had his harp forth-given
The praises of his land, beloved of heaven.

The night-wind moans thro' towers and turrets old,
Ghastly the scenes the moon-beams pale unfold,
Piled are the lurid corpses heap on heap—
No mourning relatives around them weep—
No busy hum of human voice is there,
All—all around breathe nought but mute despair.
The stifled sigh—the gasping dying groan,
Shows Azrael hath marked them as his own—
And yet amid that desolation dread,
Where hopeless Famine proudly rears her head,
Mark—mark that form—'tis her's—I know that brow
Tho' calmed by grief—though paled by horror now—
The same the prayer—the same the accents fall,
Thro' native vista and time-honoured hall—

So soft—so still—so beautifully fair,
 You scarce could deem that aught but soul was there.
 Ah! hapless maid—that mournful night-wind sigh
 Proclaims destruction to thy City nigh.
 E'en now that brand, that cruel-fated brand
 Is blazing fiercely in the Roman's hand.
 E'en now within thy Temple's sacred walls—
 Within her Courts—the Pagan war-fire falls.
 Her day is o'er—her Lord hath left His shrine,
 No longer Land remains—nor Freedom, thine.
 In cold despair, when not a hope was left,
 Of Saviour, country, dearest ties bereft,
 The maiden sank—aye, sank beneath that blow
 Which laid the Temple and its votary low :
 Her lips breathed forth one solitary prayer,
 Faint accents quivered through the startled air—
 “Thy wearied daughter, bid, O Lord, be blest”—
 She sank, she fell, her spirit was at rest.

C.

ON NICKNAMES.

THE invention and appropriation of Nicknames has, of late years, sadly decayed as an art ;—and this decay has increased in consequence of an absence of cultivation of the study by competent professors. That bugbear, Slang, has so terrified the refined members of society as to banish from Fashion's Court the harmless jest in which a remote connection with the source of their fears could just be traced, and to substitute for the warm, familiar Nickname, the cold, formal, and ambiguous Surname.

And yet, by a strange contradiction, these same men are the first to join in the cry for “the good old times” and “the good old customs,” little considering that in those good old times, when

brave old Homer lived and sung, heroes addressed each other by their Nicknames, and neither God nor Goddess could be found so poor as not to own sufficient of these useful appellations to suit their suppliants, and grace their names in every metre. And this brings us to the different species of nicknames.

These may be divided, independently of their interminable sub-divisions, into four principal classes, which have been named respectively the nickname direct, the nickname oblique, the nickname *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, and that *κατ' ἀντίφρασιν*; all other classes will, if carefully analyzed, be found to resolve themselves into one or other of these four heads.

The nickname *direct* has been with propriety subdivided into two heads, according to the sources from which it takes its rise. These are some peculiarity or deformity of body, whence arises the nickname personal; or some excellence or infirmity of mind, giving birth to the nickname descriptive.

To this nickname *direct*, the most ancient and most venerable progenitor of all others, allusion has already been made. Homer, in his Epics, by his constant use of it, most indubitably complies unconsciously with the custom of his age. *Ξανθὸς Μενέλαος, πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς, Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης* are familiar to all who have studied the works of the blind old bard; and what are they but splendid specimens of the nickname direct?

Still later this partiality for nicknames is shown in the Roman character. Who has not smiled at the pertinacity with which Virgil styles his hero *pious* Æneas under the most incongruous circumstances, nor admired the fond fidelity of *fidus* Achates? Asiaticus, Africanus, Numantinus, honourable distinctions as they were, are with Cocles, Scaurus, and Cicero, only the offspring of the same love for nicknames which now prompts the English schoolboy to designate his playmates as *Cockeye*, *Shanks*, or *Nosey*.

History, indeed, affords us innumerable instances of this love for nicknames; have we not among our English kings both personal and descriptive epithets? The voice of the people has stamped with *personal* nicknames, Rufus and Longshanks; with

descriptive, Beauclerc, Cœur de Lion, the Black, the Bloody, and the Good; whilst France, still less respectful to her monarchs, hesitates not to perpetuate their qualities in the nicknames of the Fat, the Bald, the Sluggard, and the Cruel.

This class, inasmuch as it is the most natural, requiring neither ingenuity, nor any very great powers of invention to produce it, is, as we have seen, at the same time, the most ancient and the most common; whilst from its nature, it is the class most liable to abuse, and most mischievous.

The next class that we have to consider is the nickname *oblique*; springing often from the same sources with the *direct*, but flowing through so many and such intricate channels, as frequently to bid defiance to all attempts to trace the stream to its fountain-head. Like the far-famed Nile, with each winding, the stream turns so much from the straight course of its original channel, that many a bold investigator, who has recognised the same idea in each of its seven mouths, labours in vain to gain one sip from the head-spring. This is the class of nickname to which we more particularly direct the attention of our readers, as being one in which there is most room for improvement, and the freest scope for the exercise of ingenuity and invention; always reminding them that two things are necessary to perfection, viz., perspicuity and simplicity; in the apt introduction of these, lies the beauty and strength of the *oblique* nickname.

Perhaps the most perfect illustration of the far-fetched in this class is to be found in the nickname applied to our worthy friend Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, commonly known as "*Fried Soles*," a name in every respect unintelligible to all who are ignorant that his grandfather was notorious as the most violent Methodist Preacher in the metropolis. Of this class also are the nicknames applied to all schoolboys, rejoicing in the appellation of T—r, a name which sooner or later is sure to be metamorphosed into "Snip," or decorated with sundry facetious allusions to "a Goose."

The third class of this important subject is the nickname

κατ' ἐξοχήν, and is formed by the simple addition of the word "the" to a word denoting the possession of any quality ; as, "The Poet," "The Giber." It implies particular excellence in that one art, as, "The Whistler," in "Tales of my Landlord," is so called from his having excelled all others in the polished and fashionable art of whistling. When we call Messrs. Merewood and Soapless "The Giber," and "The Dirty," we are far from implying that our worthy friends are the *only* jester and the *only* unclean man among our well-beloved companions, but merely that they hold that title from undisputed superlative merit.

The fourth is κατ' ἀντίφρασιν, derived from any source, but applied to its object, as '*lucus a non lucendo*,' not from qualities he possesses, but the contrary ; not from actions he has performed, but from those he has not : contrariety its character, absurdity its merit. The strongest weapon of sarcasm, the most concise delineation of character, it has in all ages been a favourite resort of the weak against the strong. Ptolemy killed his brother, and was nicknamed "Philadelphus ;" the Furies, the most malignant of all old maids, were styled "the Benevolent ;" the Chairman of our House of Commons is not allowed to join in the debate, and is called "the Speaker ;" a person having no ear for music, is called "a Nightingale ;" whilst even places formerly most dangerous to all who approached, were called "the Cape of Good Hope," and "the Euxine Sea."

I will not dilate on the nickname *clerical*, the nickname *military*, the nickname *imperial*, nor the coarser but favourite nickname *bargee* ; the nickname *general* differs in this only ; its object is a class, and not an individual ; it lashes not with its censure an isolated absurdity, but wounds thousands in a minute, and holds up to ridicule a holocaust of victims. Familiar instances of the nickname *Gèneral* are the *Saps*, the *Fast*, the *Slow*, &c.

Having seen the importance of the art, are we not justified in regretting its downfall ? Christian names in England are too limited in number to be used as a distinguishing address ;

surnames are all too cold and formal for the confidential intercourse of friends ; a nickname avoids ambiguity on the one hand, formality on the other ; it saves a million of inquiries, an hour of explanation ; only deprive it of its sting, and we may yet see the day when kings shall feel a pride in being addressed as the " Swift-footed," and dames of high degree in being worshipped as the " Ox-eyed."

K.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

In former strains, but all too weak,
My feeble muse essayed to speak,
Of that pure love which, like the flame
On Vesta's hearth, burns aye the same ;
Which, rising in a woman's heart,
Enables her to bear her part
In all the struggles, and the strife,
Which man must undergo in life.
But purest far of all these loves,
Soft as the gentle summer dove's,
Yet stronger far than he of yore,
Who Gaza's massive portals bore ;
Purer than silv'ry moonbeams fair,
Yet stronger than the sun's full glare,
Is that pure, holy, constant love,
Which does a mother's bosom move ;—
Which, with a fetter firm, yet mild,
Binds the fond mother to her child.
Yes ! tis a love, surpassing strong,
A love which suffers patient long—
A gift by kindly Nature giv'n,—
A priceless boon from gracious Heaven,
To guard our helpless infant years—
To soothe our many childish fears—

Careful to watch our growing days,
Rightly to guide our erring ways,
To ease the head with pain oppress,
To share the troubles of our breast,
To teach our infant lips to pray,
To lead the child in wisdom's way.
These toils, and other troubles prove,
How pure, how strong is mother's love.
O! who can think, much less can tell,
The thoughts a mother's heart that swell,
When seasons of departure come,
When those she loves must leave their home,
When those she watched with tender care,
For whom she poured the frequent prayer,
From 'neath her watchful eye depart,
On this world's stage to act their part.
Or who can tell the pains which sear
A mother's heart, when o'er the bier
Of some poor withered bud she weeps,
Yet, gazing, fancies that it sleeps.
So sweet the ling'ring smiles which streak
The dimpled, plump, but ashy cheek,
So softly hath Death's kindly hand
In her short hour-glass stayed the sand,
The smiles that on that cheek would sit,
Their lovely dwelling could not quit;
And beauty lingers in the bier,
Bedewed by many a mother's tear.
When first the youth begins his life,
But half prepared to meet the strife,
A mother's voice points out the way,
He should pursue from day to day,
Fills him with energy and power;
And then, when disappointments low'r,
Cheers his sad soul, and steels his heart,
And makes him nobly act his part.

How sad is he through many years,
A mother's voice who never hears,
Who never had a mother's care
To soothe his grief, his joys to share,
Whose aching head could never rest,
Pillowed upon a mother's breast,
Who never shared a mother's love,
And never could its sweetness prove.
How strong and pure must be that love
Which does a mother's bosom move,
Which loves us at our earliest breath,
And loves us ever—until Death
Places his iron hand between,
And carries one to lands unseen ;
And should the mother go before,
And first should gain th' opposing shore,
Yet, even from those seats above,
She downward looks, with looks of love,
Where those she loved so long and well,
Are destined yet some years to dwell ;
And then, as each is called away,
To realms above of purer day,
Expectant standing at the gates
Of Paradise, she patient waits,
And welcomes them to joys above,
Where all is happiness and love.
No ! nothing human is so pure
As mother's love ; nor yet so sure
A father loves, for still we find
E'en in his love the rougher mind ;
But brighter shines a mother's love,
Soft, pure, and gentle as the dove ;
Yet having all the eagle's power
To conquer in the needful hour.

λ.

THE OCEAN - FLOWER.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

WINTER ! depart ! I fear thee not. Child of the North ! thy reign is o'er. Fiction, upon her Protean wings, bears me to more genial climes. Unhonoured art thou there, O stormy King ! Thy chariot sinks beneath the dancing waves, which tower rebellious o'er thy slighted crown. For thee no trees spread carpets in the path ; thy winds breathe only warmth, and powerless is thy frost.

But draw thou near, O glorious southern Sun. Let flow my pent-up thoughts, unbind my brain, and teach my stiffened hand to write thy praise. Nature herself lays down her glories at thy feet, and, stripped of light and shade and all her varying tints, she mourns thy nightly absence in her sable dress. We see thee daily, yet we know thee not. What art thou ? Hast thou life ? An intellect ? A soul ? Filled with benevolence, like some fair being from another sphere, thou seem'st to gaze upon our toil and sin, but yet restrained by higher laws beyond our ken, hast only power to smile, and not to aid.

Brightly looks down the morning sun upon the gardens of Tangier ; brightly it is reflected from the glittering roofs ; brightly it glances from the golden sands across the western waves, till all around becomes a sea of light. Softly the land-breeze murmurs among the lofty palms ; gently it rustles amid the long green leaves and dark-brown fringes of the banana, till the last ripe orange sounds its knell, falling from its fragrant home.

Fiercely the noon-tide sun beats down upon Tangier ; fiercely are its burning rays reflected from each roof and tower, and streams of blazing light pour upon the dazzled gaze. Woe to the hapless merchant whom business tempts into the fatal glare. Woe to the weary kine who struggle up the rocky street ; woe to the toil-worn slaves who labour in the gardens of Abdallah. The delicate Italian and the noble Spaniard, the puny Frenchman

and the stalwart Greek, the swarthy Portuguese and the fair-haired Englishman, toil side by side beneath the scorching rays of liquid fire. The gardens, beautiful as those of Paradise, are moulded by the hands of Nature and of Art for refreshment and repose; but those who dress them may not for a moment rest their weary limbs. The fragrant orange-groves and the blooming citron afford shade and perfume, but not to them. The long corridors of vines are pleasant to those who walk there; but such is not their lot. Beneath the arching tamarisk and the leafy fig, fountains pour forth ambrosial streams, but not to slake their thirst. Hour by hour, and day by day, they waste their sinews and exhaust their strength, to enrich the haughty Moor, to whom their names and country are alike unknown; and who views with calm indifference, if not with content, the sufferings of the infidel in the service of the green-robed son of the Prophet.

Bland is the gaze of the evening sun upon the gardens of Tangier; exhausted nature rears again her drooping head; and while a dew-like coolness rises from the ground, Flora blooms second morn on every side.

The welcome bell, hurrying its words of mercy to his ear, proclaims that, for one day at least, the labours of the slave are o'er. With look almost too weary to be pleased, each quits his task, and betakes himself to his scanty meal. But who is he who, as he flings his tools upon the ground, mutters, in despairing tone, "It is the last time"? It is Bertram, the fair-haired Englishman, whose unsteady step and glazed eye, tells that life's race is well nigh run. The good-natured Pedro hurries to his side, and whispering words of comfort, assists him to his wretched pallet. "Pedro," he faintly murmurs, "it is the last time." "Say not so, *Amigo*, we shall soon be able to escape, and all will then be well." "No, no," he murmurs again, "it is the last time! it is the last time! Pedro, I never was one to pause before an evil deed, or to regret it after it was done. But one act ever haunts my mind; and when I would put it from

me, a fair form, with hands clasped in anguish rises before me, fixes on me a look of terrible reproach, and then fades away in the distance. Come nearer; before I die I must relieve my conscience of the dreadful secret." Nearer and nearer Pedro drew, lower and lower he bent him down, while fainter and fainter became the accents of the dying man as he rapidly poured forth the tale of crime.

While the lingering accents are trembling on the lips of the departing, the sun seems to pause for a moment, as if to give the sinner one last chance of mercy; then plunges headlong below the dark horizon, and is seen no more! The muezzin's call rises from the mosque of Omar! It is repeated from dome to minaret through the evening air, and while the Moslem lowly bows before the Prophet's shrine, the Christian's soul is wafted from its earthly home.

Calmly the moon looks down upon the threshold of the unknown world. The Pillars of Hercules towering into space, are surmounted by the arched roof of heaven; while beneath, the mighty stream, with its uptossed sheets of foam, rushes eddying and roaring through the narrow strait. With rapid strokes a little skiff quits the African coast, and approaches the well-marked line where the main current pours past the stiller waters near the shore. Pedro is in it alone, and he pauses for a moment before trusting himself to the angry stream. But it is only for a moment. A bright flash, the booming of a gun, the gleam of a sail in the moonlight, tell that his escape has been detected, and that he is pursued. In another instant he is whirled rapidly along towards his native land. By the help of sail and oar the skiff gradually crosses the stream, and passing again the foam-capped barriers on the other side, shoots between the Spanish shoals—and Pedro is safe. A few miles further bring him to a little port, where he embarks in a vessel on the point of sailing for Lisbon. In due time they pass Cape Espiciel, and the stately rock of Lisbon, and sailing between the yellow shores and blooming banks of the Tagus, drop anchor near the tower of Belem.

When Pedro arrived at Lisbon he found that a fleet of five ships under the brave captain Don Gonçalves Zargo, was about to sail on a voyage of discovery. His plan was quickly formed, and hurrying through the busy crowd which thronged the Custom-house and quay, he made his way to the house of Don Gonçalves. Introducing himself as an old acquaintance who had formerly sailed under Gonçalves flag, Pedro briefly related the details of his escape, together with the confession and death of the Englishman. He told the oft-repeated tale of love and adventure, coupled with the still more common one of perfidy and crime. The affections of the fair Anna d'Arfet had been sought and won by Robert Machin, a youth of English blood as noble as her own. Old and deep-rooted family animosities rendering the prospect of their union, with their parents' consent, hopeless; they resolved in company to leave a land which could offer them nothing but a protracted existence saddened by blighted prospects and vain regrets. They embarked in a little vessel commanded by the captive Bertram, intending merely to cross the channel, and land somewhere on the coast of France; but a north-east gale arose. Their galley, unable to make head against it, was driven out to sea, and as morning after morning dawned upon them, they saw themselves scudding before the storm far out into the great Atlantic. On the twentieth day they descried, rising like a mermaid from the deep, a lovely island, the dark green forests and rich verdant slopes of which promised rest and refreshment to the storm-tossed crew. They made for a small bay, where after anchoring, they landed in search of water and provision. The island, on a nearer approach, did not belie its first appearance. It proved to be, indeed, an ocean gem, well worthy to be deemed the ancient Hesperides—the paradise of the world; while the absence of all human inhabitants, and its not being found on the chart, shewed that they were its first discoverers. Disappointed in their search for gold, the lawless Bertram and his crew soon formed buccaneering schemes, and Robert and his bride being an obstacle to their plans, they determined to abandon

them on the island. This they soon found the means of doing, in spite of the entreaties of Robert, and the shrieks of Anna, whose lovely form, with hands lifted in the agony of despair as they sailed away in the distance, long haunted the imagination of the guilty Bertram. The traitors soon reaped their due reward. Ere long they were captured by a Corsair, and carried to Morocco, where, after languishing in slavery, they had died one by one, Bertram being the last survivor.

Having finished his tale, Pedro pointed out how advantageous it would be to re-discover the island, and annex it to the possessions which the Portuguese had already gained in those seas. In an age of adventure it required few words to convince Gonçalves. He promised to give the matter his consideration, and dismissed Pedro with a handsome present to engage his future services.

VISARGAH.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF HAILEBURIE.

'Twas a chamber near the earth,
 'Twas a vault above the ground;
 Where heaven's bright ray and the light of day
 Have a feeble entrance found.
 Yet though that caverned vault
 Doth murky and dark appear,
 The sound of glee and revelry,
 Salutes the listener's ear.
 Yes, a merry band is there.
 I' faith 'tis a frolicsome rout.
 And the sound of all, as for food they call,
 From the portal is ringing out.
 Yet one there stands alone,
 Who raiseth his upturn'd hands.
 With an anxious stare and an eager glare
 At the mystic grate he stands.

He thrust his quivering hand
 'Neath his toga's dusky fold ;
He withdraws it again, for the search was in vain,—
 “ Oh, heavens ! for a piece of gold ! ”
He besought that wondrous man,
 Who stood in the inmost cave,
“ Oh ! list to the groan of a starving one ;
 Have pity, a morsel I crave.”
Then I heard a solemn voice—
 'Twas the cry of that ancient man—
And my heart stood still, as he told his will,
 And the blood to my vitals ran.
'Twas the stern and solemn voice
 Of Coleman at his door,
And he cried, “ Your debt is five pounds as yet,
 And you mustn't go tick no more.”
 “ HARD-UP.”

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF FRESHMEN.

MR. EDITOR,—I have of late been observing minutely the manners and customs of Freshmen, which I will now endeavour to commit to paper, trusting that I do not intrude on your attention, when I bring before you so hackneyed a subject. The fast Freshman, upon entering college, brings a gown in shreds, which he takes a great delight in displaying before every one ; and at once makes every one of his fellow-students aware that he is not going to open a book the whole term. He attempts to ‘ come it ’ in the “ Demmoi ” line ; and, after a short residence in college, regards himself quite as an old term man. In the evening he sallies forth, and does what he considers ‘ a most daring and fast trick ’—he actually smashes the lamps, and puts a stone through his neighbour's window when he knows he is not seen. He has always a great deal to say upon the subject of dogs, though he

scarcely knows the difference between a bull-terrier and a greyhound, and thinks himself a capital judge of a thorough-bred horse—in fact, he fancies himself possessed with something of the ‘knowing.’ He looks down upon slow-men as if they were of an inferior caste to himself; forces himself upon the old term men; and, under the supposition that his company is everywhere very agreeable—nay, even requisite,—makes his way into wine-parties, where he is anything but wanted. He despises the idea of pulling in anything else but an out-rigger, though he cannot row, and, consequently, is upset in a twinkling. He cuts lectures and chapels in order that he may appear fast; smokes, although it makes him ill (just for bravado); assumes what he considers fast attitudes in quad., and occupies the centre of every group after hall. As for cutting gates, that is of frequent occurrence with him, and impositions he gets and does with cheerfulness, on purpose to be thought fast. In a word, there is no inconvenience whatsoever that he will not put up with, provided that by so doing he may be looked upon as deserving the title of ‘a fast-man;’ but his ardent desire is frustrated by his own absurd conduct, which has the effect of causing him to appear ridiculous in the estimation of every sensible individual.—I am, your’s,

A. B.

THERE was an old man of the isles,
 Whose face was pervaded with smiles.
 He sang “Hei dum diddle!” and played on the fiddle,
 This amiable man of the isles.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Cuidam senili quem tenet insula
 Vultus repletur risibus et jocis.
 Hic voce clamabat benignâ
 “Hei didulum,” et fidibus canebat.

QUISQUILLÆ HAILEYBURIENSES.

ROBESPIERRE.

"Robespierre was a great, nay, in many respects a *good* man ; but he was a sanguinary bigot, a merciless fanatic."—*Alison's History*, chap. vii.

"The evil which men do lives after them."—SHAKESPEARE.

It is a proverbial custom, and one based on the mutability of human opinion, to praise in one age what the preceding age has stigmatized. This tendency, of such universal yet unflattering extent, seems to grow from the innate desire of novelty in the human mind, which, wearying of historic scenes long familiar, would find some new aspect in them, as well as in the passing events of every-day life. Be this tendency good or bad, it has grown into a trite expression amongst us, "That few men are so bad as to find no admirers."

It were useless to multiply examples. Turn from Socrates with the hemlock-cup, a condemned criminal, to Socrates, a demi-god, the glory and praise of Athens. Turn from Cromwell, hung in chains, the very off-scouring of creation, to the Carlyle-bepraised and bespattered *Noll*, and we find exemplification enough.

Nor, on the other hand, are detractors wanting. In fact, so uncertain and unaccountable are the opinions of mankind, that we may congratulate ourselves on the truth of the lines,—

"Go, vexed spirit, sleep in trust,
The right ear that is fill'd with dust,
Hears little of the false or just."

Yet, despite this perversity of the human character, despite the excessive craving for novelty, some must stand barred, as it were, from all sympathy of kind. The human mind, subtle and versatile though it be, still retains in a great measure the elements of its original excellence, and must shrink with abhorrence from some natures, which seem not to betray one trace of humanity, and from which seems effaced even the shadow of a being originally created perfect in its faculties, and spotless in its actions. Such a man is usually reckoned Maximilien Robespierre.

The sentence which we have placed at the head of our paper

seems to convey a strange paradox. It needs clearly some explanation. Mr. Alison assures us that Robespierre was formed by the age in which he lived,—that his natural bent of mind would have led him far otherwise than into the course along which he was so madly hurried. Born in want, nursed by affliction, tutored by excitement, the future hero of the Reign of Terror was formed to be a remarkable man. His intellect—his perseverance—would have made an opening for him under any circumstances. How much more so, then, in an age fertile in adventurers, when all Government was pulled down, and men only were needed to build another in its place.

The Reformation is the only other event in history to which we can compare the French Revolution. There is no other other period in ancient or modern history, not even the days of Alaric and Odoacer, which can present a parallel to those times. Never before and never since, do we believe, were men's men's minds in such turmoil and chaotic confusion. Advancing, receding, repelling, intermingling, the various masses of faction presented a picture of unrivalled inconsistency. For centuries the Popes had been undisputed masters of Europe. They had found what the Syracusan alone wanted—a place wherefrom to move the world, and they moved it at their pleasure.

“ Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free, immortal spirit,—Were they not
Mighty magicians ?”

And yet after a few distant murmurs, the storm broke upon them. They felt their throne tottering beneath them. They saw their thunder-bolts defied, their anathemas hurled back. They saw the empire of the world slipping from their hands. They stood appalled. And yet no time was to be lost. Every instant the prospect became darker and darker. Luther and his devoted band pressed on, and threatened to reach the very gates of the Imperial City. Then awoke the Roman Pontiffs. They perceived the desperate game they had to play. They left no means untried, no energy unexerted. Old abuses were abolished.

Young and vigorous orders of the clergy were placed in the foremost of the fight. The whole artillery of force and stratagem, human and divine, which the Roman Church can so well handle, was called into the field. Nor were they wholly unsuccessful. They regained a great portion of their possessions, but they lost half the world.

Nor was the French Revolution less sudden, less violent. But a few years before that awful explosion, men had deplored that the age of liberty and excitement had passed away for ever. Yet the treacherous calm which preceded the outburst, indicated only its coming fury. Through ages the people of France had been oppressed and ground down to the dust—their complaints stifled or disregarded—their representatives treated as ciphers—their personal liberty violated. An absolute and despotic monarchy was established. But this was to last no longer. The disaffection of the populace, goaded to desperation, at length burst forth. The burning stream poured down with irresistible fury—king and nobles, order and government, fled, scared before it. "The people," said Robespierre, "will as soon revolt without oppression, as the ocean will heave in billows without wind." "True," replied Vergniaud, "but wave after wave will roll upon the shore, after the rage of the winds is stilled." The event painfully shows the truth of this speech. The liberty of the people was regained—the violators of their rights lay at their mercy. But this was not enough. The fury of the populace was kindled; men were wrought up to madness; the voice of reason was drowned in the tumult of anarchy; on—on rushed the resistless tide; every moment fresh victims were swept away; the law was set at defiance; the rights of property were utterly disregarded; the Sovereign was dragged from a prison to death; the streets were deluged with blood; men's hearts failed them, in looking on the horrors daily enacted before them.

It was in the midst of this volcanic chaos that the lot of Robespierre was cast. It was in these same scenes that he was destined to play so conspicuous a part. The circumstances in

which he was placed, we will readily allow, were most trying. But we can hardly conceive on what grounds Mr. Alison ventures to style him "in some respects a *good* man." His argument is the following:—Robespierre was a pure man of theory. His theory was this, that the people are the source of all power. Furthermore he put this theory into practice by butchering all whom he suspected of contravening it. If such was the case, undoubtedly Robespierre must have been a *good* man. Undoubtedly it is the part of a *good* man to murder his fellow-citizens by thousands for theory's sake; to throw the whole constitution into confusion, whilst clamouring for liberty;—to cry down tyrants,—and at the same time to render himself supreme;—and to screen all this by the very meaning expression, "I am a pure man of theory." If such were allowable, we fear that Caligula, Nero, and all the other monsters, ancient and modern, might each find a suitable *theory*.

If Mr. Alison does not mean this, he means absolutely nothing. If, however, by the expression, "in some respects," he means that Robespierre was not a villain in every minute particular, we will grant this to his hero, as well as to villains in general, but we can hardly conceive how any such admission can justify the epithet, "a good man." Subsequently Mr. Alison dwells on his integrity and uprightness in money matters. Be it so. Let him be the veriest Fabricius in this respect, yet we must confess ourselves blind enough not to see that he therefore necessarily merits Mr. Alison's partial eulogy.

The only remaining explanation is, that Mr. Alison has indulged in an unmeaning and wordy paradox. This certainly is the only reasonable explanation which occurs to us. Still we cannot help regretting that a man of Mr. Alison's powers should give way to such absurdities.

Perhaps it may appear, that by selecting a detached passage, we are acting rather harshly towards Mr. Alison. If so, we are sorry for it. With his work in general we have nothing to do. The life of Robespierre was the only subject towards which we turned our attention. For that purpose alone we consulted Mr.

Alison's work. Meeting with such a sentence at the very outset, we were naturally disappointed and disgusted.

But although we cannot say that Robespierre was in *any respect* a good man, yet we certainly think that he was a *great* man, —a man whose history must be highly interesting and instructive. The position which he held in the stirring age in which he lived would ensure us thus much; yet we are told that "he was a poor sea-green (*verdâtre*) atrabiliar formula of a man, without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucy, diseased vigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp: really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles, meant by nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to chop fruitless shrill logic, to contend, and suspect and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) nothing: this was he who, the sport of wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to command *la première nation de l'univers*, and all men shouting long life to him; one of the most lamentable tragic, sea-green objects, ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction, and the world's long wonder!"

A FRAGMENT.

(FROM A COLLEGE SKETCH BOOK.)

LEAVE to the cloud-compellers,
 Their pipes and wreathing fumes;
 Leave to the rapid set of men,
 Their cues and billiard rooms;
 Leave to the race aquatic,
 The rudder and the oar;
 Leave to the "Turf" their "great events,"
 And books of betting lore.
 Thine, Slowman! is the stylum,
 Slowman! the desk is thine.
 The Sanscrit tests, the well-kept notes,
 The book-shelf's ordered line.
 And thine the eyes of triumph,
 Which, on thy day of fame,
 Gaze fondly on the hard-earned P.
 Which decorates thy name.

QUIS?

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL.

SIR,—I was working away steadily last Monday, as is my wont, at my Sanscrit, when my bed-maker, worthy woman, rushed into my room in a state of great excitement. Whilst waging a more cruel war, than is customary here, with the spiders, who locate themselves usually in perfect peace in various corners of the room, she had stumbled on a kind of inscription on the wall. But the good woman, either having left her spectacles at home, or having forgotten her letters since she was at school, found herself unable to decipher it; yet such was her curiosity, that she begged me to act the part of interpreter between her and the wall. I did so—and have sent you a copy of the lines I found there, thinking, perhaps, for the benefit of the curious and speculating, you will find a place for them in your pages.

Far o'er the waters there is a land, a land of pleasant aspect.
 But they who go thither seldom return, a hopeful and joyous lot.
 For either death meets them on the ocean or the sandy steppes,
 Or Pestilence with her crimson wing marks them as her own.
 And thus the place they called their own finds no owner and
 inhabitant,

For lamentation ever waits on, and sorrow for aye attends
 Those hapless ones who leave, never to re-seek, their native shores.
 Thus in the night time has superstition warned me, and with dark
 vision

Evoked to perplex my sight, has she never ceased to torture me—
 Oft would I in vain strive to banish her, destroyer of my slumber,
 Yet ever would she return with twofold energy to my couch,
 And the melancholy cadence of her words could I hear vibrating
 In the night breeze, as it alternated between blast and calm,
 Doubting, as it seemed, whether by one effort to o'erwhelm my
 soul,

Or by the slower but surer grasp of melancholy to destroy my
 spirit—

Each night, as I heard her afar off, I gathered courage,

But e'en as her approaching footsteps echoed through the vistas
of my soul—

Helpless and hopeless the potent temptress took me captive,
And with words suffused with poison urged me to dreadful deeds,
Dreadful as the mind can picture, dreadful as the tongue can tell,
E'en now she is coming, I hear her mournful notes,
E'en now must I fulfil her mandate.

Here the manuscript breaks off, we are left to conclude the result. If Mr. Martin Tupper had ever been in this College (and I know not to the contrary) I should conjecture that his "Proverbial Philosophy" was borrowed from this passage.

N.B.—42, B is the room where the discovery was made.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ ΤΑΡΑΓΡΟΤ ΑΝΕΚΔΟΤΟΝ.

Ἄλακτρυὼν ὁ πρῶτ' κοκκύζων ὄδε,
Ἴρῃ τ' ἐγείρων τὸν κεκαρμένον πάντ'
Αὐτὸς μὲν ἀνδρὶ γάμον ἔθηκε ῥακοδύτῳ,
Τῷ τὴν ἐρήμον καταφιλοῦντι παρθένον
Ἢ δ' ἔλκεα βοῦν ἡμελγεν ἢ κερῶν ἄπο
Ἐρριψε τὸν δεδήχοντ' αἴλουρον κύνα.
Ἄλλ' αἰέλουρος μῦν τὸν ἐν Ἰάκχου δόμοις
Βύνην φάγοντα κειμένην κατέκτανεν.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

ECCE ! canens clarè gallus qui manè levare
Presbyterum è lecto solet omni crine resecto ;
Pannis vestiti sunt à quo facta mariti
Conjugia ; hic bellæ dedit oscula multa puellæ,
Soli, mœrenti, lac de bove dulce trahenti :
Cornibus ista canem tortis jaciebat, inanem
Exagitatore felis, quæ callida murem,
Quippe domo tostum vorat hordium in hacce repòstum,
Cepit ; at erectum Jacchi ex hortamine tectum.

A REMONSTRANCE.

PROFESSORS, were you ever young? I doubt it!
 You take no pity on our youthful follies,
 And seem to me as you were born old men,
 In whose cold veins young blood did never leap.
 Surely *you* never felt the strong temptation
 Planted in every youthful breast, to burst
 Those bonds which are imposed by masters.
 If students, sure *you* never cut a lecture,
 Nor missed a chapel, nor came late for gates,
 Nor gave a party, sung a song, nor smoked,
 Nor other crime committed, which you now
 Visit so heavily, on us less pure.
 If 'tis not so, and you of flesh and blood
 Were made like other mortals, then,
 Then take pity on us! Remember you were young.
 And ere you set an imposition, pause!
 And think! whether, without a breach of trust,
 You cannot overlook the fault committed.

A VICTIM.

Rejected Contributions.

GENTLEMEN,

The Editors are certainly a hardly-used race. From the time of election to the time of resignation, they hear little else but complaints. Their pertinacious enemies are divided into two classes, both equally uproarious, and both so, equally, I think, without a reason. The one party complains of the amount of *trash*, the other of the paucity of articles selected for insertion in our *Observer*. To the former we can only say, that when they write themselves, doubtless the *trash* will greatly diminish. To the latter, however, we can give more solid satisfaction, by inserting some of the articles rejected by the Editors, and putting it to the College whether the rejection was just or otherwise.

First, then, we come to a ditty entitled "The Skylark's Love"—decent enough in its way—but a subject not likely to excite

much interest amongst us. We insert the whole for the benefit of our readers.

THE SKYLARK'S LOVE.

The sun was shining bright above,
 The sun was bright below,
 The mountains east and west began
 With purple light to glow.
 The lark awoke—a song of love
 Came pouring from his bill;
 And brake and vale, and earth and air,
 Are teeming with his trill.
 Ah! firm as rock—ah! pure as snow—
 Was that sweet skylark's love:
 As honey sweet—as moon-beams soft
 It quivered thro' the grove.
 And now 'twas clear, as when the moon
 Thro' murky dark-clouds winks;
 And now 'twas faint, as when the sun
 'Neath ocean's waters sinks.
 And now it rang thro' brake and dale—
 That lovely skylark's song—
 And made one think how sweet to hear
 Such music all day long.
 And never—never I'll forget
 That kindling skylark's love—
 As now it sang, yon grove below,
 And now it sang above.

Esto perpetua!! It certainly deserves immortal fame. We feel sure that if the identical lark heard of it he would pay his respects in person to the author.

Next we have a treatise on the "*Powers of Mug*"—*Part I*. However, after this, we may reasonably hope *both to part*.

"And that is that dark, deep, thrilling, unaccountable stream, which pouring out of the time-honoured scroll and hallowed manuscript, and running into the reservoir of the impenetrable mind of man, and there fulfilling its secret, yet destined work of happiness and bliss, hurries the blessed mortal through scenes

Elysian, where bright and ever brighter hang the prizes of content to gratify the heart of the panter after glory. In vain to such do the fairest] Houris of Paradise, whose black bewitching glances make mortal souls to dance like peas of the oven, and wriggle from excitement, as if saturated with the liquor which man mentions not without emotion, shine in the most captivating shades of the rainbow of desire."

In such style it runs on for several pages, uniting an inconceivable amount of nonsense, wordiness, and complexity.—At last, in the exuberance of imagination, the author soars to such a height, as to transform his subject into a lovely damsel, and concludes with these lines:—

"O could I as Harlequin frisk,
And thou be my Columbine fair,
My wand should with one magic whisk
Transport us to Hanover Square:
St. George's should lend us its shrine;
The parson his shoulders might shrug,
But a licence should force him to join
My hand in the hand of my *Mugg*.*

The metre of these concluding lines is certainly quite congenial with the grandiloquency of the effusion.

The last we shall quote is ushered in with all the paraphernalia of quotation, describing the *importance, wisdom, and bravery* of the author's subject, or perhaps he may imply his own importance, wisdom, and bravery. ¶ We leave our readers to decide that knotty point.

"Write the *good*, the *wise*, the *brave*,
For lessons for the multitudes unborn."

SIR,—It is with the deepest affliction that I inform you that my shoe-string has just broken. I send you the earliest news of the fatal disaster, that thus my friends may become aware of my overwhelming loss, and not intrude unbidden upon my mournful privacy. And thou, O shoe-string, tune my heart to sing thy

* The extra *g*, it seems, is added to denote increased respect, and to give more weight to the name.

praises; for a shoe-string of shoe-strings thou hast been to me, and never shall I behold thy peer again. But thou art gone, joy of my heart! pearl of my days! decorator of my person! No more, stooping down shall I behold thy thin and delicate form, emaciated by thy faithful and diligent service,—no more shall I see thee, each morning at thy post, encouraging thy fond and devoted master. Whither, oh, whither shall I bear thy dust, or rather thy threads, for the earth is too common for thy form, and the shovel of the bedmaker is too polluted for thy corpse. I will e'en consign thee to the living flames, and will watch thy sacred incrementation.

"Thy day is o'er, and so is mine,
I melt away in seas of brine."

But hold, life is not yet extinct. Thou mayst yet be spared to me, O beloved one, and be my ornament and glory—

"O et præsidium et dulce decus meum."

With a needle and thread will I sew thee together, and thus, restored to life, thou shalt shine with undiminished vigour, and perchance accompany thy master to the grave.

Θάνατος ἀθάνατος.

The meaning of the signature, as well as most of the production, lies buried in the profoundest mystery.

Besides what we have inserted, we may mention, exclusive of those mentioned on the cover, "The days we went a tipsying," rendered in Latin Hexameters, a disquisition concerning the origin, nature, &c., of curiosities termed جنس and جکس "A Tale of the last Century," signed "Haycock," and "A Tale of Love," supposed to have been written by a Freshman.

Space forbids the insertion of these at present; but if the College is not yet satisfied, and still doubts the discrimination of the Editors, it will be their painful office, in their own defence, to proceed to the last extremity.

If the authors of the pieces feel themselves aggrieved by their insertion, we can only remind them that they have brought the evil upon themselves, by constant complaints and unjust accusations, and must therefore swallow, as best they can, this potion of their own mixing.

TRIUMVIR.

THE
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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JUNE 4, 1851.

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LONDON, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A SKETCH.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO  
THE REV. THE DEAN.\*

SCENE—*Fleet-street. In the back-ground, Temple Bar, with heads bleaching on it. The Fleet-ditch appealing to a variety of senses—carts jostling—shopmen touting—mountebanks bawling, &c. The reader will be pleased to observe the TEMPLAR and the SWASH-BUCKLER, who are contending for the wall.*

SWASH.—Stand off the pavement, base *bisognio* churl,  
And give thy betters room.

TEMP.— Thou saucy knave,  
Dost want a broken cock's-comb?

SWASH.— Blood of Mavors!  
Thou mighty god of weapons! hear the *schelm*!  
This base off-scouring of a tapster's cask,

\* The author of this article being of a soaring imagination, but of a modest and retiring disposition, has thrown into the dramatic form a subject which the mercenary pens of place-hunters have embodied in more lengthened prose, while their success is blazoned together with their names.

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U

Beer-valorantly confronting me whose prowess  
The Indies know ; the force of whose *Toledo*  
*España's* caballeros know full well.

TEMP.—The weight of crab-tree shall inform thy costard  
The risk of jeering at a gentleman.  
Stand off, or thou shalt taste my boot, I trow.

SWASH.—Heavens and earth ! O bones of Santiago !\*  
Corpo di Bacco ! Shade of Alexander !  
Tremble, ye spheres ! cold steel shall 'venge that kick !

PRENTICE.—A ring ! a ring !

SWASH.— Stand by, I pray ye, gentles !  
For I affect not vulgar fisticuff—  
(So base villagios spill their puddle-blood —  
But, an it comes to fighting of duello—  
Such as beseemeth proper martialists—  
Then, by the honour of a right soldado,  
Right willing am I for the like dependance,  
With dagger, falchion, rapier, pistolet,  
Small-sword or back-sword, as your Frencher hath it,  
Or eke with——

TEMP.— Crab-tree to thy rapier, cur !  
Dost think we gentle gallants of the Temple,  
Would deign to cross a blade with blustering churls,  
And braggart bullies from Alsatia's dens ? [him,

SWASH.—'Sdeath thou hast said the word ! out fox, and pink  
Now, by my bilboes, thou shalt eat thy words !

[*A variety of passes (in the air) are made.* TEMPLAR  
forces SWASHBUCKLER to retreat.

PRENT.—Room—room—the jolly club will win the day—  
Now, Tyke, hie at him—'ware his toasting-fork.

SWASH.—Yield ! by mine hilts, I would not have thy death  
Upon my mind—(Maldetto ! I feel faint)—

\* For the polyglot imprecations and phrases of this cavalier of fortune, we refer the reader to Major Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, and of the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

Yield ! or I'll chop thee to a carbonado,  
 And cast thee piecemeal to the elements.  
 Sa ! sa ! wilt yield ?—My knuckles ! O my knuckles !

[*Dropping sword.*]

Good Sir ! I yield me to your clemency.

TEMP.—Go home, and boast no more, thou greasy knave.

CONSTABLE (*to TEMPLAR*).—Thou malapert, designing, trait'rous  
 custrel,

Thou tipsy brawler in the public streets,—

I seize thee in the name——

TEMP.—

Ho ! Temple ! ho !——

PRENT.—Prentices ! clubs ! let go the jolly Templar. [beg.

SHOPMAN (*nervously*).—Gentles, good gentles ! fight not here, I

Such wares as mine all London cannot show ;

Such well-cut glasses, and such handsome vases.

O ! cock and pye ! that drunken blood hath fallen

Right in the midst of all my Venice goblets

(The newest batch, this day from Birmingham).

BARBER (*from over the way*).—Well fought, I trow ! well hit,  
 my gallant 'prentice !

Adzooks ! the tipstaff hath it in the mouth.

[*To TEMPLAR.*]

Fair sir, your head is cut—dost want a plaister ?

Or eke the lancet's point may ease your bruises.

TEMP.—Lancet or plaister—what are they to me ?

My last clean ruff is dabbled o'er with blood,

And ere the bells of Bow have chimed the hour

Of five, I wend me to my ladye love,

With her to row to distant Chelsea's meads ;

Or, 'scaping from the busy town, to stroll

Through the fair fields of rustic Islington.

MOUNTBANK (*at stall*).—Fair sir, I have a condiment so costly,

(For myrrh and amaranth and colocynth

Are kneaded in't), that 't will remove the stain

Of blood, or beer, of acids, fruit, or mud,

And leave your linen spotless as your honour :  
 'Tis called the Tetracoskokentraddon !  
 I have an herb would make an Hottentot  
 Or swart Morisco white as alabaster.  
 Look at my wares, kind sir.

TEMP.— I see them well,  
 Nor need I glasses for the scrutiny.

MOUNT.—Here is the famous *Aqua Poscula*,  
 Which the great Calmuck Kaiser—Prester John—  
 Takes in by tankfuls.

TEMP.— Varlet, irk me not.  
 Dost think a jolly student of the Temple—  
 A Fleet-street blood, whom all Alsatia knows ;  
 To whom the Mint\* affords a resting place,  
 And the remotest windings of the Maze,  
 And fair Bermuda's isle ; dost think that I,  
 A roystering ding-boy, and a prince of pavours,  
 Would trust to thee ? thou lie-stuffed cormorant,  
 Thou wretched monger of fallacious wares ?  
 Out, bungling trickster, or I cudgel thee !

BARB.—Right worthy Sir, that stark escheating knave,  
 That foul empyric—well wot I his wares.

TEMP.—Good-man of fleams, I thank thee for the word.  
 Be thou my Courtesy once more, I pri'thee,  
 And lead me wherewithal to prank myself  
 Bravely, as best befitteth Cupid's knights,  
 And I will e'er remain, thy Gratitude.

BARB.—Sir Gratitude, good cloaths would spoil, methinks,  
 In the rude clutch of yonder rascal catch-pole,  
 Who yet, I trow, will be thine Apprehension.

\* The Mint and the Maze formed the parlious of Southwark, and were "cities of refuge" for debtors, as also was the island of Bermuda, or Bermondsey. The Maze is now chiefly inhabited by students of medicine, of cheerful habits, and of a convivial turn. The constables in the neighbourhood are of bland demeanour, and evince signs of thorough domestication.

*[Shouts from the populace — burst of Beef-eaters through Temple Bar. Flourish of trumpets, and approach of the QUEEN, surrounded by her sagest Statesmen and her pet Fool.]*

CONSTABLE.—Come, comrades, seize him, that Her Majesty  
Herself may doom this most pernicious knave.

*[They seize the TEMPLAR, who struggles con amore.]*

Zooks! how the varlet fights—In sooth, I trow,  
A proper naughty knave to use his limbs.

QUEEN ELIZ.—What have our loving subjects for our ear?  
'Sdeath, knave speak out! what beery braggadocio,  
What tapster's cullion bring ye to our presence?

CONST.—So please your Majesty (long live your Grace),  
We caught this ruffian in the very act.

ELIZ.—What act, my man?

CONST.— Now, by the mass, I know not.

TEMP.—So please your Grace, I am a gentleman,  
And scholar of some credit (an you look  
Into the scores of half these rascal tapsters),  
It happed that, early in the afternoon,  
A grievous knave, of hairy countenance,  
A foul-mouthed minion of St. Nicholas,  
With blustering fury, pushed me from the wall;  
I kicked him; he drew fox on me; whereat,  
I trounced the swashing churl, incontinent.  
At this the watch, with grievous imprecations,  
Bedizened me with blows, and rent my cloak—  
My Genoa cloak, and thrice piled taffeta.

ELIZ.—Out, sordid hound, to fret about thy cloak!  
Here is a gallant in our retinue  
Who, but an hour gone by, did soil his cloak  
To save our royal sole, which was arrested  
By a grim puddle.

TEMP.— Fair my Condescension!  
Tis not the cloak that vexes me; such trinkets

Fret not the souls of men of gentle blood ;  
 I grieve to hurry to this royal presence  
 In such rude gear. But, had my fortune been  
 To have the royal foot upon my cloak,  
 Then would I cry, " Ho varlet ! brush no more."  
 Like yon trim gallant whom I do perceive,  
 With all his muddy honours thick upon him.

ELIZ. (*to CONST.*)—Release this gentleman ; and, sir, beware  
 (*to TEMP.*)

How thou again disturb the public peace.

TEMP.—Your Majesty's most gracious will right gladly  
 Shall I perform, save when some trait'rous tongue  
 Too freely speaks of England's Sovereign dame ;  
 Then loyalty will render me unloyal,  
 And, with my rapier's point, I'll make the knave  
 Right lustily cry out, " God save the Queen ! "

[*Grand Tableau ; TEMPLAR kneels and kisses the  
 hand of ELIZABETH ; populace toss up their hats, and  
 BURLEIGH nods voluminously over the whole scene.*]

## LONDON IN 1851.

A LAY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY T. B. MICAWBER.

THE reader is requested to suppose himself safely protected by the lamp-post which stands between Hyde Park Corner and Constitution Hill, upon the event of the opening of the Exhibition of Industry, on the first of May. He will behold the roof of St. George's Hospital crowded with spectators ; a crowd tossing and swaying to and fro on the *trottoir*, below,—whilst the arms of policemen are seen rising and falling in quick accompaniment to the undulation of the multitude. Sallow Frenchmen are seen peering restlessly at the sleek officers of the peace who keep the road ; whilst stout Teutons gaze in stolid envy at the shade afforded by the arch of Constitution Hill, and pine for a glass of

beer-wine. In the interval before the arrival of the royal cortège, a peripatetic bard stands forward from the crowd, and, inspired by the scene and its associations, bursts into the following strains :—

God save the Queen! our sovereign liege; God save the noble  
prince!

And all the stock of Royalty! Ho! Chartists, do ye wince?  
Long live the Lords Commissioners! Sir Paxton, long live he!  
And long live Fox and Henderson! the glass-work companie.

Hurra for the constructors of the great glass pavilion!  
Hurra for eighteen fifty-one, with free-trade for the million!  
Hurra for all the world, I say! hurra for competition!  
Hurra for Industry!—hurra, for this its Exhibition!

Ho! band strike up your music!  
Ho! tipstaves clear the way;  
The Queen will pass to the Hall of Glass,  
On this glad First of May.  
Roofs, doors, and attic windows  
Are crowded, one and all,  
From Apsley's ducal mansion,  
To Soyer's house of call.

His coat has each policeman  
With a broad girdle bound;  
Each has his hat—his well-brushed hat,  
With gleaming oilskin crowned.  
While looms the Duke's great Statue  
O'er Constitution Hill,  
The first of May, so bright and gay,  
Shall be a feast-day still.

Glad is the mass of Michael,  
Right glad is Christmas day;  
But our gracious Queen and Jack-in-the-Green  
Love best the First of May,

\* \* \* \* \*

Soon, where the Crystal Palace  
 Glitters so bright and sheen,  
 Will nought but dusty gravel,  
 And trampled grass be seen.  
 Will wait the nurse, expectant  
 For her red-coated knight,  
 And, where the gay flags flutter,  
 Will soar some youngster's kite.

And there to play chuck-farthing  
 Will thoughtless chummies go;—  
 Little they'll think that by those rails  
 Once stood the world's great show,  
 What time a hundred nations  
 Were met beneath its dome,  
 And men came o'er from every shore  
 Through its vast halls to roam.

But, Cockney, when thou seest it,  
 Mark well the hallowed spot;  
 Be not one single blade of grass  
 By thee or thine forgot.  
 When friendships fail and totter,  
 When hopes have passed away,  
 Think yet what happened on that spot  
 Upon the First of May.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark to the loud huzzaing,  
 Hark to the joyous hum !  
 To the fanfare of the trumpet  
 And the clang of the kettle-drum.  
 All round are fluttering 'kerchiefs,  
 And hats uplifted seen ;  
 While, from a thousand lusty throats,  
 Rings out—God save the Queen !

From street—from roof and window,  
The cheers peal long and loud;  
Aye may her gracious Majesty  
See such a loyal crowd!  
Ho! false alarmists, whither  
Have the Red Caps ta'en flight?  
Ho! bearded Propagandists,  
What think ye of this sight?  
What think ye of this greeting?  
Are those Rebellion's cries?  
Or think ye that Britannia's sons  
With ye would fraternize?  
Think ye for hungry Frenchmen  
Yon sturdy wights would strike?  
Think ye the hands that wave those hats  
Would grasp the rebel pike?  
Hence, hence, foul spawn of faction,  
To Danube, Seine, or Rhine;  
Hence, ere we drown sedition's voice  
In yon green Serpentine!  
Right seldom have the bearded knaves  
Beheld by Rhine or Seine,  
The wealth and comfort which abound  
In thy dense streets, Cockaigne!  
Let blue-eyed\* Burschen carol  
Of their dear Faderland;  
Let Gaul plant trees of liberty—  
Each branch a fiery brand!  
Let the West boast her freedom  
Of grinding helpless slaves!—  
Britannia boasts her commerce,  
Her empire o'er the waves!

\* "Cerulea . . Germania pube."—HOR. Ep. xvi.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurra for the importation  
Of foreign merchandize ;  
Hurra for Java's spices,  
And China's puppy pies ;—  
Such pies do famished bargemen,  
Consumed by hunger's flames,  
Eat by the bridge of Marlow,  
That girds old Father Thames.

Hurra for crooked Knightsbridge,  
All thronged with carts and wains ;  
Hurra for penny steamboats,  
Hurra for special trains !  
Hurra for the long procession  
From Thames-street to the Park ;  
From many a gasping steamer,  
From many a laden bark ;

From where the gaslights glimmer  
In the dark stream beneath,  
Where, 'neath the sweeping paddles,  
The waters flash and seethe ;  
To where irate Achilles  
*Al fresco* dares the town,  
And the gigantic warrior Duke  
On his own roof looks down.

Hurra for the manufactures  
Which through the broad streets teem !  
Hurra for our great engines,  
Hurra for rail and steam !  
Hurra for the rich curtains,  
The bracelets, chains, and rings,  
The monster mass of adamant,  
The pride of Indian kings.

The dazzling Crystal Fountain,  
 The pictures stained in glass,  
 The sculptures, which no ancient craft  
 Of Athens could surpass.  
 The oil from Greenland's\* ice-fields,  
 Containing many a feast  
 Of the fat and the blubber  
 Of the huge wave-stemming beast.

Hurra for Joseph Paxton,  
 Who built the crystal dome,  
 Who found for Art a resting place,  
 For Industry a home !  
 Give, give to Joseph Paxton  
 All glory and renown ;  
 Let Hansom's patents carry him  
 Round the admiring town.  
 Raise, raise for him a statue,  
 Where stands the world's great show ;  
 And let John Bull, sight-seeing Bull,  
 The great glass-genie know.

Thrice lucky art thou, Cockney,  
 That seest the bright array  
 Crowd to the Crystal Palace,  
 On this glad First of May ;  
 Where, midst the shouting hundreds,  
 That jostle, throng, and shove,  
 Rides on Britannia's gentle Queen,—  
 The Queen whom Britons love.

\* Greenland not being a very prominent spot among the exhibiting nations, the poet must refer to the oil used to lubricate the specimens of machinery. So far, then, from presenting a sordid image to our minds, he elevates our country's reputation by this artful allusion to our superiority in the useful arts, and, at the same time, brings his description to a noble climax.—Observation by *Diabolical Observer*.

Then, where o'er two fair kingdoms  
 Unconquered Freedom reigns ;  
 Where hapless Erin binds herself  
 With Faction's iron chains ;  
 Where o'er the towers of Notre Dame  
 Floats wide the tricolor ;  
 Where Spain's dark damsels smile upon  
 The hard-prest matador ;  
 Where rolls the yellow Tiber  
 By Rome's eternal hills ;  
 Where Alpine gorges echo back  
 The flash of countless rills ;  
 Where from the Hadrian waters  
 Rise up proud colonnades ;  
 Where through the sand of evening land  
 The worn gold-seeker wades ;  
 Where leaps the swift St. Lawrence  
 In cataracts of foam ;—  
 Let firm good-will be lasting still,  
 And Peace aye find a home.

---

## THE OCEAN FLOWER.

*(Continued from page 119).*

" Oh ! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;  
 But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom."—BYRON.

FAIR is thy bay, O Naples ! daughter of the tideless sea ; clear  
 are the skies which gaze upon thy nymph-like form bathing in  
 the deep-blue waves. And thou, Parthenope, dost still preside  
 o'er the destinies of thy foster-child ; and though thy syren voice

is hushed for aye, thou dost still entrance us with thy magic glance, and bind us to thyself. Far off thou rearest thy fairly-formed head amid Vesuvius' peaks, in whose dark wreaths of smoke we view thy raven locks, parted by the gentle breeze; Naples and Castel-à-mare, Baia and Sorrento are thy snowy arms extended o'er thy favoured shores, Ischia and Capri are thy hands, their ocean-caves thy rose-tipped fingers.

Yes! fair thou wilt ever be; but when we stand upon the threshold of Paradise all earthly beauty fades lustreless from the view. Hide thy face then for envy, fair Naples, in the presence of thy twin sister, Porto Santo—the glowing Paradise of the South. She floats, like Delos of old, upon the bosom of the great Atlantic, and the mighty waves, lured by the perfume from the land, pause in their resistless course, and hushed into silence, flow swiftly o'er the beach. The yellow sand stretches in one bold sweep for nine miles along the shore; the mountain peaks tower behind the Praya, their pointed cones standing out in bold relief against the cloudless sky; two islands, whose frowning cliffs are broken into the boldest outline, and glowing with every variety of shade and colour, stand sentinels at each extremity of the bay; while waving corn-fields and rich vines, bending with the golden grape, grow luxuriantly even to the water's edge.

The sun, sinking behind the Ilha de Cal, casts one warm, farewell glance upon this isle of Paradise. The adventurous sportsman hurries homeward along the dizzy rocks; the oxen, freed from the rude wagon, or from treading out the corn, "wind slowly o'er the lea," while far out to sea appears many a snowy sail wafting the weary fisher and his well-filled nets to the expectant market. Along the beach are scattered groups of persons, some chattering and gesticulating with their national impetuosity, others lounging idly on the sand, but all more or less eagerly watching the animated race between the returning fishing boats.

One group stood apart from the rest. The lordly bearing of those who composed it, and the respectful reverence of those around, bespoke their superior rank. It consisted of the Gover-

nor, Dom Sebastiao; the Administrador, and the other Portuguese *fidalgos*, who held office or property in the island. "Is it true," asked one, "that Dom Gonçalves Zargo is to touch here on his great voyage of discovery?" "My letters mention his intention to do so, unless adverse winds prevent him," answered Dom Sebastiao.

"What a glorious sight it will be to see his gallant fleet in this bay!" rejoined the first speaker.

"May he have a prosperous voyage," added a third, "for we stand in need of his visit."

"Indeed we do," observed the Administrador. "It is a twelve-month since we had news from Lisbon, and our supply of foreign luxuries is getting low."

After a pause, Sebastiao resumed. "When he comes, I shall get him to sail round the island and to explore the west."

"He must be a bold man, then," muttered the Administrador.

The Governor had touched on a tender subject, one on which he could never find sympathy from his less adventurous associates. Casting a look of scorn on the timid Administrador, he walked a few paces apart, and was soon lost in thought, musing on the hidden treasures of the West, penetrating in imagination the mystery which concealed them, and ever and anon casting an anxious glance seaward in hopes of descrying the long-wished-for fleet of Dom Gonçalves.

Meanwhile his companions, emboldened by his absence, drew together in closer conclave, and, in lower tones, gave utterance to their fear and awe, and recited, for the hundredth time, the wild stories, and still wilder conjectures, connected with the mysterious West.

"It looks clearer and clearer to-night," said the Administrador, pointing to a black mass, resembling a dark bank of cloud, which fringed the horizon, and on which all eyes were fixed.

"What can it be?" said one.

"A great monster, of course! probably a Leviathan," answered another.

"Or the great Sea Serpent, more likely."

"I think it must be a rock of adamant."

"I am sure it is the end of the World," interposed the Administrador, a pompous little man, who never failed to claim great respect, on the ground of his office and superior education.

"Nay," exclaimed another, "have you not heard that Antonio of the Arêas has been there, and he says it is the mouth of hell!"

"Antonio!" exclaimed the Administrador, "he is an impudent fellow, and would not care how many lies he told to get a cup of wine."

"But, indeed it is true, for he told me all about it before he went to the back of the island," interposed the other; and while all the party, not excepting even the Administrador, whose curiosity got the better of his dignity, bent eagerly forward to hear the wondrous tale of horror, the speaker proceeded.

"Antonio had gone a-fishing to the westward, and, being carried too far by the current, he was overtaken by a tremendous squall. Although it was quite fine here, it thundered and lightened there, and the whole sea boiled and foamed as if they were upon breakers. Suddenly, in the midst of a cloud, he saw the great thing quite close to him, and in it there was an opening, out of which came lightning and fire and smoke, and figures like demons were going in and out."

"Heaven protect us!" exclaimed the bystanders, breathless, and crossing themselves.

"Antonio and his comrades gave themselves up for lost, and besought the intercession of our Lady of the Strand, and their prayer was heard,—and the cloud closed,—and the lightning ceased,—and it was calm."

There is something peculiarly sublime in the sunset of the South. No long pale rays, shooting faintly from behind a bank of clouds across the darkening earth, apprise us of the lingering departure of the gentle day; but silent and resistless night, creeping stealthily from the gloomy mansions where she has erst been lurking, seems to seize the mighty Lord of Light in the

undimmed radiance of his glory, and to hurl him to a living tomb. Such was the scene on the evening of which we have been speaking.

With the last expiring glance of day, a sail appeared in the distance. A booming gun at midnight told of an arrival in the harbour, and the morning light dawned upon the fleet of Dom Gonçalves anchored in the bay. All was bustle in the little island of Porto Santo. Every topic of interest was discussed, every bale examined, nor did the wondrous Western Bank remain unnoticed. The tales of the trembling fishermen, added to the narrative of Pedro, served only to stir the spirit and excite the curiosity of the captain, who, fit compatriot of Vasco de Gama, defied danger and hardship, nay, life itself, in the pursuit of honour and adventure. He therefore determined to explore the mysterious West, while his fleet were refreshing themselves and completing their provisioning. Accordingly he sailed the following morning in his own ship, taking along with him Pedro and the adventurous Don Sebastiao. The wind was easterly, and brought with it the weather peculiar to itself. Before sunrise the air was perfectly clear and cloudless, but, as the sun rose fiery and red, the atmosphere seemed almost dazzled by its brightness, and, unable to stand the test of its piercing rays, formed round the horizon a circle of thick yellow clouds, which deepened almost to brown near the sea, and faded away into a hazy white as they approached the sun. As the day advanced the haziness increased more and more till it obscured the sun itself; and, as the enemy of mankind, in search of unknown worlds, plunged into the realms of chaos, so the fated ship seemed sailing into endless night.\* As hour after hour wore away, the trembling sailors looked anxiously for the signal to return; low whispers passed from mouth to mouth; and tales of awe and wonder circulated rapidly among the superstitious crew. But Dom Gonçalves' passion was the love of adventure, and his desire to proceed was only stimulated

\* *Paradise Lost*. Book II.

by the uncertainty which surrounded him. On and on they went, gliding through the silent waves; on and on they were borne by the favouring breeze; but still all was thick, and no object broke through the murky haze. The island they had left was already shut out from their view, and even Gonçalves began to question whether he should turn back or pursue his course, when, suddenly, a cry from the look-out turned the eyes of all towards the West. The bottom of the mysterious cloud seemed to have parted from the waters, and to be rising up into the sky. Gradually it rose higher and higher, like the curtain of a theatre, and revealed, at the short distance of a mile, in successive order, cliffs, rocks, and woods, swelling from the bosom of the ocean, and losing themselves in the ethereal height above. For a few minutes all was breathless silence, and then one shout of surprise and admiration burst from every mouth as the Ocean-flower lay discovered to their view.†

The loftiest peaks in the centre of the island were lost among the clouds; but towards the East the mountains gradually diminished in height, and breaking into picturesque needle-like forms, jutted out into a low peninsula. In this direction Dom Gonçalves shaped his course, in hopes of effecting a landing. But in vain—the coast was rugged and inaccessible; broken rocks and eddying whirlpools forbade the approach, even to a well-manned boat. Borne on by the strength of the current he gained the point; then steering round it, he gazed with anxious curiosity into the unknown region which, like the enchanted isles of old, tantalized his longing eyes by its beauty and its inaccessibility. The land ahead was even more abrupt than that which he had left, and the luxuriant woods had given place to verdant downs, which ran along the summit of the cliffs. Dom Gonçalves'

† It is a historical fact that the island of Porto Santo was inhabited for some years before the neighbouring island of Madeira was discovered, owing, it is supposed, to the latter being obscured by dense mists attracted by its forests.

heart sank within him at the thought of having the Ocean-flower almost within his grasp, and yet being forced to leave it. But, suddenly, as they got quite clear of the point, a long narrow bay was descried, nestled in the mountains behind it. High rocks guarded the entrance, which was not above half a mile in width ; between these the waves ran up upon a beach of dark grey sand and shingle, and the mountains behind opened with a long receding valley of surpassing richness, which wound along between them till it faded away into the purple distance.

Pedro at once recognised this as the spot which the dying Bertram had described to him. Here, then, it was that Robert and Anna had been deserted ; and here they might now, mayhap, be found. The vessel steered its way into the bay, the anchor was dropped, and a boat was sent to explore the newly-discovered land. As they approached the landing, every eye was strained in hopes of discovering some vestige of human habitation. On the beach were seen the wreck of a rude fishing-boat, the remnant of a time-worn net, a rusty axe,—but no sound of human voice met the ear, no trace of human footstep marked the sandy beach. A little further, half hid among the vegetation, appeared the walls of a ruined cottage, the roof torn off by the storm, the broken door fallen from its hinges, but no human being claimed mastery of its threshold. A feeling of awe crept o'er the thoughtless crew, as they passed amid these signs that life had once been there, while now all around was silent as the grave. A few steps further brought them to a spot where the vegetation was less hick, and which had evidently been cleared out at no very distant period. And here the close of the tale of true love was told. In the centre of this spot was found a lowly grave ; a rustic cross stood at its head, a stone rudely carved with the name of Anna marked its foot, a chaplet of faded flowers hung above it, and along its length was extended a human skeleton—the last remains of him, who, having loved her till death, had laid him down to die upon her grave. Pious hands have raised a chapel over the graves of the Englishman and his bride, who were the first to

explore the island of Madeira. Masses long continued to be offered for their souls; and to the present day, the stranger who visits Machico is shewn the tomb of Robert Machin and Anna d'Arfet; and he never fails to drop, if not a tear upon the grave, at least a testao into the hands of the half-starved sacristan!

VISARGAH.

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### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

A little back from the King's highway  
A College rears its pillars grey;  
Across th' ungainly portico  
Short chesnut trees their shadows throw;  
And nightly, through its dusky walls,  
A deep gruff voice to each man calls—

“Alone, Sir! Bones, Sir!  
Bones, Sir! Alone, Sir!”

No one e'er hears that voice by day;  
But when the oil lamp's fading ray  
Strives all the passage to illume,  
Yet fails to penetrate the gloom,  
It sounds along the stony floor,  
And seems to say at every door—

“Alone, Sir! Bones, Sir!  
Bones, Sir! Alone, Sir!”

In those chambers one might see  
Convivials perpetually;  
Their glee through the quadrangle rung,  
And many a chorus loud they sung;  
When, hark! the song is stopp'd halfway,  
For the well-known voice was heard to say—

“Alone, Sir! Bones, Sir!  
Bones, Sir! Alone, Sir!”

There some are met, and in their way  
 Discuss the topics of the day ;  
 There others, with more fell intent,  
 Prowl forth unseen on mischief bent ;  
 But hurry to their rooms, for near  
 The sounds of that dread voice they hear—

“ Alone, Sir ! Bones, Sir !  
 Bones, Sir ! Alone, Sir ! ”

In yonder chamber down below  
 There sits a man whom men call slow,  
 His head is nodding o’er his books,  
 When, lo ! he starts with troubled looks,  
 He rubs his eyes, and gapes around,  
 He too has heard that well-known sound—

“ Alone, Sir ! Bones, Sir !  
 Bones, Sir ! Alone, Sir ! ”

All are vanished now, and fled,  
 Most of them are gone to bed,  
 But a few stragglers yet remain,  
 Who’ll chat, and snooze, and chat again,  
 Unmindful of that voice of night  
 Which cried unto them in its flight,—

“ Alone, Sir ! Bones, Sir !  
 Bones, Sir ! Alone, Sir ! ”

But, mark ! the time is drawing near  
 When that dread cry no more we’ll hear ;  
 But when we toil on India’s plain,  
 Our thoughts may bring us back again ;  
 And in our dreams that voice of fear,  
 As in the days of yore, we’ll hear—

“ Alone, Sir ! Bones, Sir !  
 Bones, Sir ! Alone, Sir ! ”

*μακρὸς ἀνὴρ.*

## ETYMOLOGY OF MUGG.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "HAILEYBURY OBSERVER."

GENTLEMEN,—In reading the articles of those unlucky contributors who fell under the lash of Triumvir in your last number, I was struck by the discrepancy of spelling in the word "Mug," or "Mugg," and resolved, if possible, to investigate the true orthography and etymology of the word. I do not find that it is used by any author, except your unfortunate correspondent aforesaid; but in searching through the various kindred collegiate and scholastic dialects, I was lucky enough to light upon the form "Muzz," a word of precisely the same signification, and which is indisputably spelt with a double z. Various derivations are given for these words from the different branches of the great Indo-Germanic family: some connect them with the Sanscrit मुह, मुग्ध, *muh, mugdha*, "to be confused;" and also with the English "muddled," "muzzy"; but this is far too contemptuous a derivation to please me. I think it is evident that the occupation of mugging was formerly held in great esteem, that its professors had even a predominance in the state, and were consulted on all matters of learning and religion; for in the "magi" (the noblest caste of the Medes, who once held an authority similar to the Brahmins in India, and the Priests in Egypt,) who does not recognise the primeval "mugging" men? though we may not go so far as those who claim the "Muses" to have been the original "mugging," or "muzzing" ladies, the blue-stockings of antiquity. Perhaps the best derivation is from *μόγος* or "*μόχθος*," *work*, an expression still synonymous with "mugging;" but an old scholiast offers a very plausible origin, deducing it from "*μέγα*;" "*ὁ γὰρ μογῶν*," says he, "*τὸ μέγα ζητεῖ*." And he compares a question put to the Oracle:—

Καὶ τότε μοι θέσπιζε, τί σήμά μοι ἐστὶ μογούντι;  
 Ἡὲ μέγ', ἢ ἀγαθὸν, ἢ μικρόν γ', ἔσχατον ἄλλων;  
 Δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες, οἳ ἂν τοιοῦτο λάχῃσι.

And according to this supposition, the root of "muzz" would be found in "*μυζων*." But, whichever theory we adopt, I apprehend that the word should be spelt "Mugg." The kindred form certainly favours the idea.

Triumvir thinks the second *g* is inserted to convey increased respect; and, if this be the case, why should we deprive so venerable a word of a fourth of its honour? The double letter seems to convey an increased gravity and importance which befits its signification.

The only explanation of "mug," which I can find in the dictionary, is, "a cup for holding liquor;" but I believe that the word also occurs in a different sense in the phraseology of the Court Circular of "Bell's Life." And shall the term applied to the unintellectual visage of the prize-fighter be identical with that which describes the mental occupation of the enlightened Students of this College? Shall the base receptacle for the porter of the bargee be confounded with the golden channel which conveys the water of the Castalian fount?

Gentlemen, I trust not; and I hope that, by your sanction, you will restore this ill-used word to its rightful place among the quadriliterals of the English language.

I remain, gentlemen, your's, &c.

G. A.

## THE FIGHT FOR THE CROSS.

*(Continued from page 85.)*

Change is the nature of mankind,  
 And human wisdom ne'er shall bind  
     The fleeting things of earth:  
 The change which all around we see  
 Reminds us of mortality,  
     And shows what all is worth.

The shining stars which deck the sky  
Have oft been seen to fade and die  
Where once their blue light shone :  
The sun is marked with many a stain  
Of darkest hue ; these slowly wane  
Till fading, they are gone.

The wandering comet's brilliant tail  
Aye changes ; and, till time shall fail,  
Change shall unceasing be.  
Hence may you find within my song  
One measure is not held for long—  
One metre ceaselessly.

The king and all his people keep high festival to-day,  
The weeping widow's sighs are hushed, and all shine bright and  
gay ;

All flocking to the holy shrine, from the city and the plough,  
To see the glorious pageant, when Count Albert makes his vow.

The morning sun (whose radiance bright  
Tints every wall with golden light),  
Paints on the ground a glorious sight  
Of archèd tracery ;  
And fills each space with many a hue,—  
The gorgeous red and azure blue,  
So beautiful and fair to view,  
That of so many thousands, few  
Pass by them rapidly.

But still the eager crowd pushed on into that holy shrine,  
In a slowly moving column, in a dense unbroken line ;  
They crowd the nave and transept, and the many-archèd choir,  
Filled with obedience to their king and patriotic fire ;  
Fit silence kept they with their tongues, as in that place was meet ;  
Like the sound of many waters was the trampling of their feet ;  
And every face was joyful, for the curse would soon be gone,  
Which priests had boldly thundered 'gainst the city and the throne.

And now is heard the echoing hum  
 Of flute and tabret, horn and drum,  
 And a loud shout, " They come, they come,"

Arose spontaneously :  
 But louder far the trumpets sound,  
 And higher rose the noise around,  
 While serried ranks, that shake the ground,  
 Pass on full haughtily.

First, a long line of noble knights, the guardians of the land,  
 March past with pennons fluttering high and helmets in their hand  
 Full well I know the confidence, which all that host must feel,  
 Who saw that living barrier, and that moving wall of steel.

A dense array next followed them, not clad in armour bright,  
 Nor girt with sword and helmet, nor with weapons for the fight ;  
 But yet that host with bended knee, and voices speaking low,  
 Ask blessings of the holy monks, as past their front they go.

" Beloved are thy blessings, beloved is thy word,  
 And sweet is the comfort the church can afford ;  
 Without her to guide us, to show us the way,  
 We all should be scattered, as sheep gone astray.

Till the day of our death, from the day of our birth,  
 We have felt, we remember, we shall know thy worth ;  
 In far distant towns all thy members, though free,  
 Are knit into one common union by thee."

Next to these churchmen moving on,  
 Came royal Bela,\* with his son,  
 Whose gold-adornèd armour shone  
 Most gloriously.

The people raised a joyful cry,  
 Which rang throughout that nave on high,  
 " God save our king, who aye will try  
 To govern righteously."

\* Bela IV.

But now the echoing walls fling back a loud prolonged hurrah,  
A shout which shook each mighty arch, and rang both wide and  
far,

“God save our Albert, who has vowed from curse to set us free,  
God guard him on his enterprise, may he successful be.”

A nobler form than Albert's form no mortal e'er hath seen ;  
A face as handsome as his face but once on earth has been ;  
His very locks of raven black seemed not like other hair ;  
His lofty height and noble mien surpassed all others there.

When priests and knights were stationed in their dark and  
brilliant rows,

A low and solemn chaunted hymn from all the priests arose ;†  
King Bela took Count Albert's hand, for he was ruler there,  
And led him to the altar high, and bid the warrior swear.

“I swear,” he said, “by Him to whom the Heavens are a throne,  
Whose footstool is the rolling earth, whom Salem calls her own ;  
I swear, ye warriors, by my word, as true and spotless knight,  
That soon will I regain the Cross, or perish in the fight.”

Then all was o'er, and all dispersed ; each his own dwelling sought,  
His mind o'erspread with many a care, and filled with anxious  
thought ;

They thought of Albert, loved of all, the noble and the brave,  
And prayed that the Almighty God would their loved Albert save.

Meanwhile the Count, for whom all these put up their earnest  
prayer,

Had sought assistance in his task, and counsel in his care ;  
When a captive of the Tartar post, a noble brother knight,  
Met him who had forgot his cares, through joy at such a sight.

† MACAULAY : “A yell that rent the firmament from all that crowd arose.”

Glad was the meeting of those two, who mourned each other's  
loss,

While the knight points out to Albert where the Tartars kept the  
cross ;

"Along that narrow road," said he, "go silently with care,  
No one will keep you from the spoil, though many guards are  
there."

Joy filled the Count's heart, and at night he silent sought the  
road,

While distant glimmering Tartar fires their wide encampment  
shewed ;

No slow patrolling sentinel bid our great warrior stay ;  
No noble chieftain's serried ranks appeared to close the way.

He gained the tent where all the spoil was piled upon the ground,  
But all its rows of well-armed guards lay sleeping all around.

"Thank God !" he said, "'tis not my fate at Tartar hands to  
die ;"

With this he raised the shrine aloft and went exultingly.

VERA CRUZ.

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### THE CONQUEROR'S CURSE :

FROM THE RARE AND TRUE CHRONICLE OF NAENIG, THE SAXON.

#### PART I.

HASTINGS battle was lost and won. Senlac was no longer a  
field of blood, and the corn waved where the dead men had lain ;  
the fair fields had been turned into broad chaces, for the Norman  
to hunt where the Saxon had tilled ; but the Saxons still looked  
in their despair for the return of Harold, the king, over whose  
bones the sea kept charge, whose lament the waves still sung.

Blithely shone the morning sun, though the mist of coming  
winter still hung upon the ground, and William the Norman hied  
him forth to ride through Malwood Chase.

On rode the stern Prince, but his grim frown loosened, and he laughed blithely as he felt the morning air—blithely, on the ground which he had wasted, o'er the sites of the homes which he had razed.

But as he rode over the scene of his tyranny, over the scene of Saxon misery, a weird-looking figure darted from a thicket on one side, and grasped the Conqueror's bridle.

"How now, bold churl and hardy?" cried William, as his anger mounted over his surprise. "Stand off, how durst thou hold my rein?"

"I ask for justice," replied the other, in a hollow tone. "I ask for justice at the hands of him to whom God hath given this fair kingdom for a season?"

"Who art thou, knave? and what justice askest thou?" demanded the Norman, angrily.

"I am Ealdmer, the Saxon, to whom these lands belong; five of my brothers fell at Senlac—they fell as men, and for them no were-gild do I ask. Elgitha, my sister, died broken hearted—she died in saintliness—for which no Norman do I curse. But Fulk, the outlander, has robbed me of my bride; and I ask thee to force Fulk Fitzulf to answer Ealdmer, the thegn and hlaforð of these lands, for the wrong which he hath worked on him."

"Hast else, Sir Thegn, to ask?" demanded William, bending his fierce brows upon the daring supplicant, who returned the gaze, and as quickly avoided it;—his reason was gone beneath his afflictions, and the maniac quailed before the glance of the astute king.

"I ask for protection from the wrath of Sir Fulk Fitzulf and of his servants—in that I resisted the said proud baron—for niding were I, not to smite the man who robbed my hearth.

"God's splendor, Saxon dog!" thundered the son of Robert the Devil. "Thou Hampshire swine dare strike a gentle Norman? By the holy crucifixion, hadst thou brains I would rap them from thy coistrel's skull."

"Listen then, proud king!" said the unhappy man, raising his

wasted form to its full height. "Cursed be this spot to thee and thine. A curse be thy family to thee, for a father should'st thou be to thy subjects, and thou hast been but an oppressor. Thou hast spurned them that should be thy children, and by thy children shalt thou be spurned. The curse of the Saxon race be on thy soul!"

And William, the Norman, rode home heavy and sad.

## PART II.

Years had passed away, and the iron yoke of the Norman still galled the Saxon neck. And the Saxons still thought of him who slept beneath the moaning waves; and Ealdmer, the Saxon, had vanished from the New Forest, what time Sir Fulk de Chateaubois was found with the death grip on his throat, and his proud forehead crushed against a knotted oak. And men whispered darkly of the Saxon spirit, which brooked no outlander's thrall; but small time had the stern king for such surmises, for Robert, his son, was in arms in Normandy, and William the Norman, as he marched against him, bethought him of the Saxon's curse.

Through the fair land of Normandy fled Robert, the Prince, for little did his reckless bravery avail against him whose warfare was studied from the writings of the mighty dead. From town to town, from castle to castle, was the rebel Prince driven backwards, but he knew that his father was not merciful, and he was too proud too yield.

Within the walls of Gereboy did Robert le Court-Heuse shut himself, and sorely did it ache his eyes to see the standard of his father, and the pennon of the stout Fitz Osborne, and the crest of the Sieur de Ponthevin, and of many another proud vavasour of England and of Normandy, wave there. Day after day did they watch from the ramparts of Gereboy, but the bird cannot out-gaze the snake, and William, the king, stayed on.

Then spake Robert to the Counts and Barons who followed his banner—"How say ye, sons of Rou; shall we stay cooped

behind stone walls when victory or death call for us without. Speak, wise Guilbert Dubord—speak Count Eustace le Bel—what have ye to counsel your Prince.”

“Robert Fitz William,” said Le Sieur Guilbert Dubord, “it were idle spilling of gentle blood to venture from these walls; tarry yet, tarry yet, young falcon, until thy father is appeased.”

“Till Saxon Harold comes,” laughed Robert, scornfully, “by cross and rood! ’t were one and the same thing. Dost think my ‘beau sire,’ William, the Iron Handed, will ever repent the word which he has sworn to by the Splendour of God? I trow not.”

“Who asks repentance?” thundered Osborne le Bras-de-fer, the nephew of the minstrel Taille-fer, “Marry, let us take horse and lance, and break upon them ‘*pêle mèle*.’”

As Osborne le Bras-de-fer said, so was it done, and the horses pawed the stones of the court-yard impatient as their masters for the *melée*; and squire and groom hurried through the stables, and the fierce knights came down in their mail suits, cap-à-pie, with Robert le Court-Heuse at their head.

Through gate, over bridge, from the gates of the town burst the sally of the Norman knights. Scarce had the chains done clanking, as they rode from the outer portal, when the ringing of their mail sounded close upon the Norman camp.

“*Dex aide! dex aide! Notre dame! dex aide!*” “*Hà Rou, Court-Heuse!*” Wild and mingled were the battle cries, fierce the shock, and jarring the recoil, as Norman and Norman met full charge—heavy lance on heavy mail; and the din and the confusion increased; and lordly vavasours and ceorlish grooms rolled together in death upon the crimsoned plain. But one arm there was that dealt more havoc than the prowtest of Robert’s knights. Aye it appeared in the thick of the *melée*, shearing buckler and crushing helm, and dealing death among the rebel lords. Ghastly in death lay Eustace le Bel beneath his horse’s hoofs; shattered was the hoary brow of Guilbert, the proud old baron, the terror of the French king; and down, with a fierce curse upon his lips, fell Osborne le Bras-de-fer, and still that stalwarth knight rode

on. But full in his way spurred on the Court-Heuse; brandishing his lance, he urged on his charger, and raised his cry.

Deeply cursed the stout knight whom he thus challenged, for, in sooth, his mail was heavy, and the prancing of his strong destrier had shaken his burly frame.

"*Ha Rou! Court-Heuse.*" "*Dex aide! Nôtre dame!*" and the two fierce knights rode on. The saints keep Robert from that heavy arm! Full sweep—a crash and a shock—the destrier stumbles, and the strong knight rolls upon the plain.

"*Ha Rou! Court-Heuse—à la mort, à la mort!*" cried Robert joyfully to his squire.

"*Dex aide—au secours!*" cried the prostrate warrior. "*Ho là, Fitz Osborne, Bruse!—au secours—le roy! le roy!*"

"Mother of mercy!" gasped Robert. "Hold!—God's death—what ails thee, *maladroit*," he continued hastily to his squire, who stared in mute astonishment at his agitation. "Raise him up, thou laggard knave!" and springing to the ground, he strove to raise his father, who lay gasping for breath, and rolling his eyes wildly upwards.

"Pardon, sire, pardon," sobbed the horror-stricken son as he raised him from the ground. But William, the king, shook his head. \* \* \* \*

And he thought of the curse, and muttered—"I have two sons that love me yet; the foul fiend grip his love whose arm has been raised against me!"

### PART III.

And time flew on, and the Saxons groaned—but William the stern king was ill. Imprisoned was Odo, his proud brother; and Richard, his son, had lost his life on the ground of Eadmer, the Saxon. And Robert, his son, he loved no more; and the chase could he no longer follow. Then came message of the jeer that Philip of France had made. And William smiled grimly, but he spake a bitterer jest, and bitterer than he thought was its fulfilment. \* \* \* \*

And winter flew by, and spring melted into summer, and the trees had blossomed, and the corn was green—but William the king lay still. And summer passed and autumn came on, and the vines were ripe, and the corn in ear, through the beautiful land of France; and the people rejoiced and thanked the saints for the harvest which bloomed around,—when William the Norman appeared.

And the cottages were burnt down, and the vine trees scattered, and the corn was trampled to the ground. In France, as in England, he came a Conqueror and a curse. \* \* \*

Proudly he rode o'er the smoking heaps which marked the site of Mantes. And he thought in his pride and his triumph of the Saxon maniac, of his rebellious sons, and laughed in loud scorn at his own idle fears. So had he laughed when last he crossed the seas, and, whilst he spake of his return, the voice of Harold had answered in the waves as they murmured at the hardened king.

“How can they call me cursed and miserable?” cried William the proud conqueror, as he gazed upon his work of desolation. But the words were checked by the plunging of his startled roan, —and the conqueror and king rode back a dying man.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Why bend his two sons o'er the dying bed? Is it to catch a blessing, or to hear the wishes of their expiring father? Why leave they so hastily the room?—Is it to fetch him leech or ghostly comforter? They have heard their father's will, and they haste to grasp the spoil. The treasure and the crown supplant the dying sire. Hour after hour he watched for their return. And thus—deserted by his sons and hated by his subjects, in a foreign land, with recent cruelty and vengeance on his soul—untended and unwept, the Norman Conqueror died.

## THE LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

[In the inspection that was made some time ago of the vaults of the Inquisition at Rome, there was found amidst surrounding heaps of corruption a single lock of long golden hair, a sad relic of some fair woman who had perished there.]

AYE, well mayst thou start, thou beholder, to see

In this dungeon's dark vaults, full of death, and of gloom,  
A relic of life, so surpassingly fair—

A remnant of beauty preserved from the tomb.

But whence came it here? 'Tis too fair and too bright

To belong to a daughter of Italy's sun ;

No ! afar from the land where her forefathers sleep,

The last, sad, dropping sands of her hour-glass have run.

But how came she here, to this dungeon's dark vault ?

Say, was she a daughter of crime and of sin ?

Ah no ! for the remnant of beauty that's left,

Tells us surely a spirit as pure dwelt within.

Oh, dark is the story, and black is the tale,

Of oppression and woe, which that relic could tell ;

How, afar from her home, from her kindred removed,

In Rome's deepest dungeon a martyr she fell.

There was no eye that loved her to view her distress,

No ear to attend when in trouble she cried—

But forlorn, unprotected, surrounded by foes,

Who rejoic'd o'er her tortures, unflinching she died.

Ah ! see her before that tribunal arraigned ;

Her bright golden hair lights the darkness around ;

Whilst the tear-drops stream fast down her pale sunken cheek,

Her head sunk on her bosom, her eyes on the ground.

But why pour those tear-drops so fast down her cheek ?

Say, are they wrung from her by torture, and pain ?

Ah no ! but her memory carries her back,

And she sees the loved home of her childhood again.

Her thoughts wander back to the land of her sires ;  
To the friends amongst whom her first years had been passed ;  
To the days of her childhood for ever gone by—  
Days too full of joy, and of pleasure, to last.

In sorrow she weeps, that her father's grey head  
Should bow down 'neath the weight of affliction, and woe ;  
That her mother's kind spirit should quail at the news,  
Like the aspen's frail stem 'neath the wild tempest's blow.

She thinks of that parting when, choking with sobs,  
She scarce could pronounce the last painful " Adieu !"  
And when the old hall, where her forefathers dwelt,  
Sunk down in the distance for ever from view.

For ever ! for never again shall she see  
Arise in the distance those much-loved old walls ;  
For afar, in the south, amidst strangers and foes,  
Torn with anguish and torture, unyielding she falls.

Ah ! see those clasped hands upwards raised in despair ;—  
That bright golden hair o'er her fair shoulders pour,  
That eye, which seems charged with a measureless grief,  
And hear that wild voice for some pity implore.

O list ! ye proud judges, attend to that cry,  
Which would pierce, like an arrow, all hearts but your own ;  
O ! have mercy for once, and grant all the request,  
Presented by beauty and truth at your throne.

All, all is in vain ;—but—oh mercy ! forbear  
The last scene of that heart-rending drama to tell ;—  
This single fair lock, is the sole witness left,  
To tell us how beauty and constancy fell.

λ.

## REMORSE.

THE fearful deed is done ;  
 Vengeance has had its way.  
 But the soul, like the sun  
 When darkened, has no ray  
 Of hope to sustain the wretched sinner  
 Ere the lamp of life begins to glimmer.  
 But darkness presides o'er his heart, and that gloom  
 Which o'ershadows the heavens before a simoom.  
 The shriek of his prostrate foe  
 Eternally rings in his ears,  
 As he dealt that fatal blow  
 By which for a moment his fears  
 Were quelled, but now too late his grief,  
 For though he seeks, he cannot find relief.  
 It is not outward pain he feels, but what is worse,  
 He feels the sting, the bitter anguish of Remorse.

Z.

## EXTRACT FROM THE CRICKET REGISTER.

At Hailey—on the ground below—  
 All sanguine stood th' unconquered foe ;  
 And loud as thunder was the crow  
 Of Clapton, bowling rapidly.  
 But Clapton saw another sight,  
 When time was called at eight at night—  
 And stumps were drawn to stop the fight—  
 And Hailey claimed the victory.  
 In pads and jerseys all dressed out,  
 Each fieldsman to his brother scout,  
 To start the game did loudly shout,  
 Arrayed in all their toggerly.

Then rung the ground with calls of—"play!"

Then rushed the batsman on his way ;

And swifter than the lightning's ray

The score ran up to seventy.

But larger still the score shall grow,

E'er all the wickets down shall go ;

And ninety-two the College show

With marvellous rapidity.

'Tis noon—and now, first innings o'er,

Their stumps so quick did Hailey floor,

The Clapton marked but bare three score,

To face the men of Haileyb'ry.

The game grows fiercer—runs the cry,

As 'twixt the stumps they swiftly fly.

Hit, batsman !—Now, then, for a bye—

Run, run ! with all your energy.

Far, far, they hit—the field stand there ;

The ball is held still in the air.

The game is o'er, and all declare

That Hailey's gained the victory.

B. B. S.

### ODE TO THE COLLEGE BELL.

" Si placeat brevitās, hoc breve carmen habet."

WHAT noise is that disturbs my sleep ?

Alas, I know it well.

Cease, cease thy clap—shut up thy trap ;

Torment me not, thou Bell !

Go, absent J——s, the doctor send ;

I'm sure I can't be well ;

I feel just now, I don't know how—

Be silent, then, thou Bell !

Ah ! now he's gone, I'll snooze again

Within my curtained cell ;

Yes, one sleep more—another snore—

Ring on, thou jingling Bell !

Good 'eavens ! you're the chap I want—  
 You know my case so well—  
 I'm taken worse—I'm very hoarse—  
 Cease, cease thy noise, thou Bell !

"Some *dormiats*, p'raps," the doctor says,  
 "Will help to make you well."

Hurrah ! I'll keep my bed, and sleep—  
 In spite of thee, thou Bell !

"INTERDUM DORMITAT."

# A WORD WITH THE "REMONSTRANCE."

(VIDE LAST No.)

"τόν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρέων."

Hom.

"To whom the Pro'"—(no) POPE.

Young man, wilt thou be ever old ?—I doubt it :  
 Thou askest us if we were ever young,  
 (The question smacketh of impertinence.)  
 And sayest, (methinks with little reverence)  
 That we are crabbed, and over stern withal.  
 We *have* been young ; but, reaching man's estate,  
 We scorned the trifles which ensnared our youth.  
 Besides, good Victim, in thy school-boy d ys,  
 (To which thou seem'st to cling so lovingly)  
 Did'st thou ne'er thrash with fist that knew no ruth  
 Some hapless urchin for the very crime,  
 Which thou, an urchin, erst didst perpetrate ?  
 So punish we.—Whilst quad-larks greet our eyes ;  
 Whilst gates are cut by midnight revellers,  
 Whilst shouts nocturnal break the Slowman's sleep,  
 Whilst crashing scuttles pour their scattered loads  
 Upon the listening watchman's 'fenceless head—  
 Whilst these, and follies of like kind go on,  
 There will be *victims*—justice claims her due ;  
 And thou must suffer if such faults be thine.

A VICTIMISER.

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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OCTOBER 15, 1851.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

ERE the words that flow from our pen shall have been arrested and re-produced by the mystic demon of the press, the Great Exhibition will be closed ! It came, it was, and soon it will not be. The Paxtonian kaleidoscope will be dissolved, leaving but a vague tantalising recollection of all its dreamy beauty. Thousands are at this moment gazing for the last time on that wondrous emporium of wonders. There amid the plashing fountains and the waving fan-like plants of the fair East, outvying in effect the splendours of the now desolate Alhambra. There amid the costly stuffs of India and Kashmere ; the merchandise of Tunis, and the wares of Ispahan, may they find themselves separated by a few curtains from the great engines of western commerce. Amid the spices of Araby and sacks of Egyptian grain, may the astonished nostril inhale the perfume of lubricated cog-wheels. A few hours and the Alhambra is no more. The deserted halls shall hear no sounds save the melancholy plashing of the fountains, mourning that their "occupa-

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tion's o'er." The Koh-i-noor will hide its diminished head, and the statues assume that nocturnal drapery of which they stand so much in need.

Then will the great tide of population roll back to its native shores. But a few months ago, and

"In Tiberim Syrus defluxit Orontes,"

and now will the great channel bed run dry,

But shall the Great Exhibition utterly die away, to be remembered only on printed cottons or alehouse signs? Shall that to which the remotest savage sent his share, have no response among the future rulers of the East? Cheerfully and confidently does the triple-headed guardian of the Editorial box cry—No!

Whilst there are among us those who have seen the Aurora blushing in the cold Norwegian sky, or the phosphorescent flashes which silver the dark depths of the Indian ocean; who have heard the Bermudan carolling when his toil is done, or the voice of the Mediterranean mariner pealing across the moon-lit sea: with those among us who have braved all dangers, from the pistol of the Bedouin to the sting of the bibulous mosquito, what lack can there be of subjects? What lack at this time—the vacation over—the vacation which sent so many Haileybury observers to perform their duty to our periodical—and each late wanderer well stocked with the novelties which leisure has gathered in \* \* \* \* \*

But hark! Some step approaches: 'tis a sacrificer to the Observatorial shrine. Slowly and solemnly he drops his chequered offering, and steals away. Another votary—and another. "They come like shadows—so depart,"—the spell has done its work, and Cerberus springs up and utters a congratulatory "Bow-wow!"

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## THE PANDIT'S PROGRESS.

## CHAPTER I.

OF APPLICATION: HOW HE PASSED, AND HOW LACK-WIT FELL INTO THE SLOUGH.

It chanced that on a night I sat me down to think, and as I thought I mooned, and as I mooned I fell asleep, and dreamt. And behold—a plain, and on one side of that plain was a pleasant hill that was called Boyhood, and down the side of that hill did many run, but merrily withal, and they noted not how short was the travel down, till they were hurried into the valley of Life, never to re-ascend that pleasant hill, but to toil onwards through the path of care.

And at the bottom of the two hills (for meeting the hill of Boyhood, was a very steep and toilsome one to be surmounted) stood one with a burden on his head, and he cried “Wo, wo! how shall I contrive to pass.” Then passed one that was called Application, and he said “Why criest thou thus to pass.”

And the other, who was called Lack-wit, answered, “Because I have this burthen of Stupidity on my head, and I cannot bear the toil.”

And Application said, “There is no road so steep but the bold walker will surmount it; take heart and let not thy burden fret thee.”

Then Lack-wit was cheered, and he mourned no more, and he forgot his burden for a while. And as they walked on they met one that walked with a joyous step, and Lack-wit accosted him—

“Good sir, art thou also too bound to 'Sloke-land, for if so, we will bear thee company.”

“Marry,” said the joyous one, “ye walk too slow for me. I will needs take that short cut.”

Then said Application, “the short cut is fraught with perils, for the great Slough of Pluck lies between.” But the other

laughed and turned off, and Lack-wit looked irresolute for a moment, and then turned off too, for the ground was very fair to look at.

Now this light-stepping man was one Mr. Desultory, of Boyhood, whose boast it was that he would walk through the valley of Life, and his feet be never the heavier with the soil.\* And as they two walked on (for Application had gone his way grieving), there came one that was called Crammer to guide them over the short way. And Crammer beguiled them with stories of the pleasantness of their way. How that there was a Dale that was easy to pass through, and a Stone that should be but a stepping-Stone, and then that they had to pass through a certain Paradise, and as he spoke Mr. Desultory looked confident, and even Lack-wit forgot the difficulties of the road.

But the soil over which Crammer led them, was this very Slough of Pluck, of which Application had warned them, for the beauty that covered it was but *superficial*, and would not bear testing.

Then did Mr. Desultory spring forward, but he floundered sadly, and methought he shook not a little. Nevertheless he passed through the Slough, although some of it clogged to his feet, and he was not a little cut up by the sharp Stone.

Then turned I my eyes to poor Lack-wit, but, alas! he was plunged into the quagmire, just as he had got beyond the Dale. And as he stuck there, he saw Application on the other side, who, though he had chosen the rocky way, had taken that which was surest: and as for Crammer, he was no more to be seen. Then Lack-wit cried to Application for aid, which, in sooth, was difficult, for there was now the great gulph of Pluck between them. Nevertheless, Application, seeing that he repented having

\* There be many who like Mr. Desultory walk through life without burthening themselves with those cares which it is the duty of all at some time or other to assume.

refused his assistance at first, sent him comforting messages to tell him how to pass.\*

Now my heart was refreshed to see the kindness of Application, (for I noticed that he had given Mr. Desultory a hand at the end) and, albeit that I should have liked to have seen how Lack-wit was extricated, I preferred to follow the true-hearted pilgrim Application.

## CHAPTER II.

OF MORALIST, AND THE PICTURE THAT HE SHEWED TO THEM THAT ENTERED ON THE PILGRIMAGE.

Now Application journeyed on side by side with Mr. Desultory, who was much elated at passing through the quagmire, forgetful of the mud which still clogged his feet, the which he continued to conceal from the eyes of men. But Application looked thoughtful, and even frowned when Mr. Desultory burst into boisterous songs.

Now there were many other pilgrims journeying the same road, of whom I have noticed but these few : of some others shall I speak anon.

Then this body of pilgrims arrived at a large gate, which they entered. And in a little while they were called up before some that were in authority, to enrol themselves into the ranks of wisdom.

Then repaired they to the rooms of one Mr. Moralist, to learn how to prepare themselves for battle against the temptations of the town of Vanity.

Now Moralist had two daughters called Wit and Common-

\* He that once despiseth Application will find much to do to avail himself of his assistance afterward, for the longer the time that passeth, the more difficult is the matter.

Sense, and by the exertions of these two did worthy Moralist get his subsistence.

And these three took them twain into a large room which was filled with pictures, and bade them to look.

Then said Desultory, "I see one that walketh looking at the moon whilst his foot goeth into a quagmire."

"And what thinkest thou?" asked Common Sense.

"I think him foolish," replied Mr. Desultory, quickly, but Moralist said gravely,

"That is one who walks through life dreaming of good fortune, which he is too indolent to grasp; one who considers the earth too low to be regarded, until he, from heedlessness, tumble over head into the mire."

"And what is the parable of this moor next to the potato garden?" asked Application.

"That," said Wit, "is the same; the moor is the mind of the clever and desultory man, who trusts too much in his own vain gifts. and despises the humble plot of vegetables, because it lacks the wild beauty of the moor."

"And the moral," said Application, "is that the gaudy heath-flowers are useless, whilst the lowly crop of the garden sustaineth life."

And Moralist bowed, and Common-Sense smiled sweetly upon Application, whilst Mr. Desultory looked abashed.

Then saw they one that carried a load of money up hill, which money he might not spend. Now this was one Heedless, that had gotten in debt, which he was to carry through life till it crushed him.

Likewise was a man floating with the tide away from the place which he would reach, which was a procrastinator, for in the end he had double the distance to swim, being cramped withal.

Then began they to talk of Lack-wit, and Common-Sense said,

"Ah! I know that Crammer well; he is one that gives fierce drugs, which strengthen for awhile, but the strength is emptiness, and they that trust to it are fainter in the end."

Then took they Application to arm for the fight with the great giant Devanágrión, in the valley of the Languages. And Application thanked them graciously for the pictures which they had shewn to him, and the lessons which they had taught.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW APPLICATION OVERCAME DEVANÁGRION IN THE VALLEY OF LANGUAGES AND DRANK OF THE WATERS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Now on the morrow sallied Application forth to fight with the prince of Languages. And scarcely had he stepped into the valley, when one came up that was stern of countenance, and asked him by what authority he walked there.

Then said he, "I walk here by the authority which my conscience has given to me, and sealed with the signet of duty; therefore stand aside, and let me pass without difficulty."

But the other blustered greatly, and strode across the path which led to the waters of knowledge, and cast at him fiery darts called *Rules*. Then did Application put forth the shield of Resolution, and turn off these darts, which at first seemed so formidable. Then when he had gotten several of these darts, he cast them back upon his assailant, and pressed him so that he dropped several more. Then battled they on for a long while, and as they battled came Mr. Desultory, but he stood off when he saw the fight, for he had not courage of heart to catch and hold the darts. And whilst Application was engaged in this hot fight, Mr. Desultory went leisurely on; nor was he even armed, for I noticed that to make up for the heavy mire upon his feet, he had on the light garments of Self-conceit. Nevertheless, although he avoided the combat, I noticed that some of the darts wounded him at times, and pricked him very sore.\* And on

\* There be occasions of monthly examination when even the most desultory and procrastinating must bestir themselves: alack! that they put it off so long.

those occasions was he not loath to copy Application in his manner of catching the darts, although he caught not near so many.

And when Application had overcome his foe with his own darts, there came up one of whom I liked not the fashion, and hailed Application thus, "How now, old friend? I am glad to see thee thus victorious."

"Who art thou?" said Application, "I know thee not."\*

"Why I am Pliable, of Small-mind, the same that cheered thee just now during the fight."

"Nay," said Application, "I heard thee jeer, while I was in trouble, but cheer thou didst not: I lack not thy company, nor do I desire it."

Then was Mr Pliable abashed, for he could not gain any of the darts. And Application walked cheerfully on, going even out of his way to overcome fresh foes, and gain fresh weapons. But poor Mr. Desultory could scarcely overcome those that stood in his path, until Application shewed to him what weapons to use. And even when, after many sore wounds, he got through, he was very far from the waters of knowledge, and he was in such a plight with blood and mire, that I scarce knew him.† But Application gained the waters of Knowledge, and plucked the fair fruit which hung from above to reward his toil, and rested from his labours for a season.

*(To be continued.)*

\* There be many, who, like Mr. Pliable scorn at the toiler, but would fain reap the fruit of his hard labour. Of these shall we see more anon.

† These desultory gentlemen, although they overcome *temporary* obstacles (by the assistance of those that be more worthy), do not, however, gain one drop of the waters of true knowledge, which can only be relished by such as bestir themselves.

## A PSALM OF PLUCK.

By **हितोपदेशः** *Anglicè* GOOD ADVICE.

“What the heart of the Senior said to the Freshman.”

TELL me not, in jocund numbers,  
Freshman ! Pluck's an empty dream,—  
An Erinny's that but slumbers,—  
And “L's” are not what they seem.

Pluck is real ! Pluck is earnest !  
Thou wilt find so to thy cost,  
When, poor Griffin, thou discernest,  
Just too late, thy term is lost !

Tests are hard, and Time is fleeting !  
Trust thee not too much to luck,  
Lest the grim Professor meeting,  
Chance may bring thee to a Pluck.

Quit the oar and bat, a little !  
Quit the bivouac of “the Bull !”  
Let not billiard, let not skittle  
Tempt thee—thou hast had thy full.—

Quit Convivials, howe'er pleasant !  
Keep thy Chapels, Lectures, Gates ;  
Work ! work in the living present !  
Mugg thy test, and win thy “Gt's.”

Not to pleasure but to sorrow  
Thou wilt find a certain way,  
The deferring till to-morrow  
That which may be done to-day.

From the fate of plucked men guarded,  
'Thou shalt have a nobler aim ;  
By the Chairman's hand awarded  
Medals shall attest thy fame.

Then at five be up and doing,  
With a head for any work !  
Since, thy rapid ways pursuing,  
Pluck at last thou shalt not shirk.

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### THE TENANT OF ASPULL MOOR.

The bells were pealing merrily from the ancient steeple of H—— Church, from which might be seen issuing a gay bridal procession, at whose head walked James D——, a wealthy Lancashire yeoman, regarding, with looks of proud affection, the beautiful girl to whom he had been just united ; yes, a few minutes previous, the solemn formula had been uttered, which bound them with indissoluble ties as man and wife,—“ For better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health,” the words still rang in his ears, but only made him think that such a warning vow applied but little to him, for how could he ever cease loving his beautiful idolized Mary. Mary D—— was indeed beautiful : since she had emerged from an innocent child into the glorious perfections of womanhood, her extreme loveliness had been the theme of the surrounding country, and when D——, a fine looking young man, succeeded in carrying off the prize, the congratulations of his numerous friends were only equalled by the envy of numbers whom his good fortune had disappointed. Some few shook their heads, and prophesied that the marriage could not be a prosperous one. But away with such boding predictions, who could look on that bright and happy pair, as they walked fondly together from the old church, and think that anything but pleasure and bliss would

be the result of their union? The justice of their surmises will be seen by the sequel.

Years rolled on. Very different was the nature of the affection with which these two regarded each other. Blinded by a momentary passion, they had leapt into a state, with the cares and duties of which they were but imperfectly acquainted, and before they had the slightest knowledge of their respective characters. Mutually dazzled with the beauty which either possessed, they, as many have done before them, fell violently in love, and married on the impulse. Years, I say, rolled on, and James and Mary D—— had begun to experience the fruit of a hasty marriage; namely, the knowledge that their dispositions were entirely unsuited. James D——, before his marriage, had been a man of intemperate habits, but in the society of his beautiful wife he forgot and never missed his pernicious indulgences. But, alas! after a while, when the delightful novelty of his position had passed, and his wife's sweet smile become "familiar as a household word," the strong force of habit re-establishing its empire, and hurried him into the vortex of renewed dissipation. Neglect and coldness followed. His wife bore this for some time, for her love towards him was ardent and deep; like her own impetuous nature, which had experienced but little control since her childhood, the lovely daughter of doting parents, she had seldom known any will except her own. But at length, strange as it may appear, his coldness grew into positive aversion; even the knowledge that his wife was likely soon to become a mother, which would have called forth the fond attentions of any other husband, excited no kindly feelings in his breast; possibly some twinges of remorse were partly the reason, for men often hate the objects they have unjustly injured, and James D—— could not but notice that his disorderly habits and harsh treatment were fast paling his wife's once blooming cheek; and a few reproaches, unwise, perhaps, but difficult to be repressed, added fuel to the flame. This state of affairs continued for a considerable period, and habit was rivetting the

chains which he wanted the determination to shake off, when one fatal evening, in a fit of intoxication, he brought into his house a rival to the pure affection which had been so uselessly wasted upon him, and insisted upon his horrified wife receiving her with all attention as a welcome guest. Poor Mary at first tottered back and leant for support on a table, while a deadly paleness overspread her features; but on her husband repeating his commands in a peremptory tone, the blood rushed back, and covered her face and neck with a crimson glow, while with flashing eyes and quivering lip she firmly confronted him, and poured out a torrent of reproaches. He, wretched man, infuriated by his recent carouse, and his wife's passionate anger, lifted his hand, and dealt a heavy blow, which in a moment stretched her at his feet bleeding and senseless. The terrible sight restored him to partial sobriety, and after driving from his house with curses the wretched partner of his guilt, he set about chafing his victim's temples, in the endeavour to restore her to consciousness; but the shock, physical and mental, had brought on premature labour. Medical aid was instantly sent for, and after a few days' severe suffering, poor Mary gave birth to a dead infant. A brain fever followed, and for weeks she hovered between life and death, watched, without intermission, by her agonized and repentant husband, who now longed for the moment when consciousness should return, that he might throw himself at her feet, and implore forgiveness for his cruel violence. One morning, after rising from a troubled couch, to which exhaustion had compelled him to resort, he entered his wife's room, and discovered her lying in, apparently, a tranquil sleep. Overjoyed at the change, he impatiently awaited the moment of her awaking; and when at last she opened her large dark eyes, he seized her hand, and flung himself down by the bedside,—but a shrill mocking laugh froze his very soul, and drove him out of the house to rush for miles over the country, wringing his hands in the frantic agony of remorse and wild despair, for that fearful laugh, which rung in his ear for many a long day afterwards, had declared to him the

appalling truth that poor Mary, his now idolized wife, had become a—MANIAC!!

Years rolled on. One cold evening in December, a horse and his rider might have been seen wending their solitary way over the dreary waste of Aspull Moor. That individual, kind reader, was the author of these pages. I had been spending the day at a friend's house, some miles from home, and was retracing my steps through the lengthening shadows of a cold misty evening, cogitating on a variety of subjects : possibly on the blue eyes and merry laugh of a certain young lady, with whom I had been at no very remote period carrying on a desperate flirtation, but I am afraid more probably comparing the comforts of her father's warm and hospitable mansion with the biting wind and drizzling rain which swept with mournful sighs over the desolate expanse, when, chancing to cast up my eyes, I perceived a figure at my horse's head, which seemed to have started elf-like from the ground ; my horse, startled by the sudden apparition, reared high, but an iron grasp brought him down on his feet again, when he remained quiet and trembling. My assailant was a tall figure, with long matted grey hair, whose dishevelled masses streamed out wildly in the wind, which was now rising rapidly into a storm. The features were good and had once evidently been handsome ; but the eyes, heavens ! even now I cannot think of those eyes without shuddering, with their wild lustrous glare, told me at once that reason had departed from the formidable being to whom I was in such close proximity. Her sole defence against the bitter cold was a loose piece of matting draped not ungracefully round her wasted form. Feet and arms were bare, and I discovered afterwards that the hot tide of her fevered blood rendered her perfectly impervious to cold. However, my sensations at the time were most unpleasant. I blush not to confess that I was almost mad with terror, for I imagined she had just broken out of an asylum, and visions of hydrophobia and every description of horror passed rapidly before my mind, while I sat with clenched teeth awaiting the desperate struggle

which I doubted not must ensue; during the time that she was giving me a rambling account of some treasure which had been carried through the air by ten thousand demons and deposited among the roots of a certain old pear tree, and which I was to exhume and appropriate. She grew immensely excited by the narration, her eyes flashed, and I thought she was just going to spring on me, when suddenly she threw up her arms, bounded off with a wild laugh and disappeared in the deepening gloom. My horse, as soon as he felt his head free, galloped off as hard as he could, and I, nothing loth, urged him to his utmost speed. Away, on we went at a tearing pace, thundering over the uneven road, those terrible eyes still flashing and gleaming round me, while ever and anon I shuddered as in fancy I heard the eldritch laugh pealing loud in every breeze and then dying away in low, mocking tones in the far distance. Madly I struck the spurs in the flanks of my willing little horse, and never drew rein until within a short distance of my home, where I dismissed him to the stable a perfect mass of foam. I learnt on enquiry that the poor creature I had met was a harmless idiot, who was suffered to wander about at large, as the least restraint made her quite furious, and that she was in the habit of giving her incoherent stories to any passer by; but the time and place, her fearful appearance, and my ignorance of her true character, were, I think the hardiest will allow, very fair cause for trepidation. I also learnt her history afterwards, which I have endeavoured to narrate in the preceding pages: for my readers doubtless have before this surmised that my wierd visitor in the wilds of Aspull Moor was no other than poor *Mary D.*

[The above tale is unhappily founded upon fact; James and Mary D— are still alive; the latter in precisely the state which I have described, and the incident of my meeting her is literally related as it happened.]

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## A LEGEND OF HOTEStAINEWELL.

(AFTER THE "INGOLDSBY.")

HOTEStAINEWELL-BRIDGE was massive and old  
 Its great Gothic arches were clammy and cold,  
 'Twas exactly the place which a demon or goblin,  
 A phantom or ghost, you'd be likely to *nobble* in.  
 The bridge was crumbling slowly away,

Its crevices grey

Consumed by decay,

Were seldom seen by the light of day,

And the turbid waters far beneath,

In their darkness resembled the Valley of Death.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Here once stood a convent, where abbots and friars  
 Pattered their Credos and Ave Marias,

And many poor souls,

Enveloped in cowl,

Have listened all night to the shrieks of the owls.

For owls, and things too horrid to tell,

Were the gloomy tenants of Hotestainewell.

Many years ago was the time,

When the ancient Abbey was still in its prime,

When the bell rang daily at even and matin,

And masses and prayers were gone through in Latin.

'Twas the fruit of his early good living, no doubt,

That the Abbot was stout,

And troubled with gout,

Which prevented his Holiness walking about.

So he kept a state barge for the good of his liver,

And was frequently rowed by the monks on the river.

One day he was taking his usual row,  
 With twelve little choristers stuck in the bow,  
 And whenever his Holiness wished for the joys  
 Of music, they chaunted, like-good little boys.  
 Now this reverend Abbot was often afraid,  
 (As the bridge was so rotten and sadly decayed,)  
 That a fragment might fall on his sanctified head,  
 This disaster would cut off a head of the church,  
     So always there,  
     He muttered a prayer,  
 And prayed that he mighn't be left in the lurch.

The chaunt was just ended—those twelve little chaps  
 Had finished, and shut up their twelve little traps.  
 To Hotestainewell-bridge they were drawing near,  
 And the Cardinal's face was expressive of fear,  
 As each little boy, and each pious monk,  
 Crossed himself, and looked in a deuce of a funk.

    The Abbot said,  
     As he ducked his head,  
     Ave Maria, save us from dread !  
 When, just as the vessel was passing below,  
 A fragment fell slap on his goutiest toe,  
     Again and again  
     He howled with pain,  
 And then, which made the matter much worse,  
 Gave vent to a shocking un-abbot-like curse.  
 Those twelve little boys were full of dread  
 When they heard such bad things by his reverence said.

Full of fears and full of alarms,  
 The friars carried him home in their arms,  
 And rejoic'd to find there wasn't much wrong  
 With the holy abbot towards evensong.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Then the holy abbot, after prayers,  
 Called for a score of his best brick-layers,  
 And bade them go and repair the old bridge,

To turn out the ghosts  
 From the pillars and posts,  
 And not to leave room for so much as a midge.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

'Twas high feast in the abbey-hall that night—  
 They were good old days of which I write—  
 Though they always lived on the fat of the land,  
 Yet that day was kept as a festival grand,  
 For a learned professor had come to refection,  
 And their good cheers denoted their warmth of affection.  
 This guest was Professor of Squashimaboo,

He taught Cariboo,  
 And likewise Hindoo,  
 And was learned in Sanscrit and Arabic too,  
 And every language, "quod exit in" oo.  
 To prove him no shammer,  
 He'd written a grammar,  
 With Rajahs and Shahs he had held conversation.  
 This singular odd fish,  
 Tho' fat as a cod-fish,  
 Was versed in the lingo of every nation.

The old church plate was in goodly array,  
 Golden lamps and silver covers,  
 And turtle and venison, that high feast day,  
 Were devoured like fun by those holy brothers,  
 Except Father Ambrose, who had been a great sinner,  
 And for penance had nothing but tripe for dinner.  
 This penitent monk sat apart from the rest,  
 And his dinner was served on the old plate chest.

At twelve P.M. the hall was merry,  
 The abbot had called for a bottle of sherry,

The friars all,  
 Both great and small,  
 For whiskey-punch began to bawl,  
 For anchovies and toast,  
 Although for the most  
 Part of hunger or thirst they had little to boast.  
 The learned professor got awfully drunk,  
 And was carried to bed on the back of a monk.  
 To public gaze on the table they'd shown him,  
 His eye-brows were chalked  
 And his visage was corked,  
 I'm sure his own mother would scarcely have known him.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was one dark monk sat apart from the rest,  
 Who spoke not a word to one of the others,  
 With his eyes on the ground, and his chin on his breast,  
 He seemed to be known to none of those brothers ;  
 But he frequently let fly a hideous scowl  
 At the holy abbot from under his cowl.  
 At length he arose,  
 And Father Ambrose  
 Vowed he saw smoke coming out of his nose,  
 For this pious father obtained the best sight  
 As he sat in the back-ground, away from the light.  
 Few were the words this monk let fall,  
 But an awe and dread seemed to come upon all,  
 For though he was neither obscene nor uncivil,  
 They all seemed to think that he looked like the "divil."  
 Said he, " I come from a mighty chief  
 In deadly hatred, anger and grief,  
 You've driven us out from the old bridge piles,  
 Henceforth we'll haunt your convent aisles.  
 He curses your abbot for this vain act,  
 Through life his hatred will never be slacked,  
 Beware when the night is stormy and cold,

Then we, 'neath this roof, our revels hold ;  
 We may not appear in the light of day,  
 But at midnight no charm can keep us away."  
 Then he uttered his curse, and before they could hold him,  
 He sprang through the oriel window, and sold'em.

\* \* \* \* \*

And from that night forth, when the wind was high,  
 Was heard in the abbey their revelry,  
 And the mounful yells that were nightly heard,  
 Proved that the goblins kept their word.

BEPPPO.

## HISTORY.

*(Continued from p. 104.)*

"Judge not the play before the play be done ;  
 The last act crowns the play."—SHAKESPEARE.

HISTORY, we have observed upon a former occasion, comprises more than the mere acquisition of facts. Facts may be compared to a variety of materials, brick, stone, mortar, wood, collected from every quarter for the construction of some great mansion. It remains for their owner to determine whether they shall remain in a chaotic mass, offensive to the eye and cumbersome to the ground, or whether they shall be formed into a beauteous and massive fabric, to minister to his pleasure and comfort, and to outlive him for the benefit of succeeding generations.

The whole of the events which have befallen the human race, and the states through which it has passed, ought to be considered as a series of phenomena—a progressive chain of causes and effects—the gradual unfolding of a web in which every fresh part has a connection with that previously enrolled. Our chief aim must be to discover what have been the rules of action of each stage of society ; to watch the gradual working of great principles, and their effect upon the generations which feel their

passing touch as they sweep by on the road to their perfect developement ; and to trace them up into rules sufficiently definite to shew what future states of society may be expected to emanate from the circumstances which now exist. This is the more important, since the same principle will often have a different effect upon different ages ; one, good in itself, becoming productive of harm under peculiar circumstances. Thus, what is religion in one age may be fanaticism in another, and what commences as a just and healthy desire for the liberty of the commons, may degenerate into the vilest offspring of republicanism. A casual view of such phenomena would lead us into the error of condemning a good principle because of its apparent evil consequences ; but by the careful observation of the progress of a principle in other lands and other times, we may learn what is the wholesome limit to impose upon it in our own, and we may foresee the dangerous consequences of what at present appears to us plausible, if not positively advantageous.

But, while we are storing our minds with principles based upon the observation of historical facts, we must not neglect to cast a scrutinizing glance upon the facts themselves. Our study of History must be characterised by a love of *reality*. This will lead us to thought and enquiry ; to suspect common-place accounts of the ambition of prelates and the luxury of monks, the rapacity of monarchs and the turbulence of their subjects ; and to perceive that there must have been other elements in the grave questions which have divided society than those recognised by the Robertsons, Humes, and Gibbons of modern literature. We must, therefore, make it one of our objects to discover the real circumstances of past ages, and the meaning of small things ; to drag to light forgotten elements of society ; to distinguish truth from fable, fact from myth, and thus to realize a correct and living picture of the past.

It may be thought that it ill becomes us who are ourselves but learners, to give advice and lay down rules for the guidance of our equals. But our apology may perhaps be drawn from the very fact

of that equality ; since those who are travelling in company may be supposed to be more conversant with the common difficulties of themselves and their fellow-travellers, than can be the case with those who are already so far advanced on the same road as to be journeying under totally different circumstances. On this ground, therefore, we hope our fellow-students will excuse our offering a few suggestions either derived from our own experience, or expressive of our aspirations for the future.

Our first step, before we can enter upon the more interesting and important branches of study, must be to gain a tolerable general knowledge of facts as they are commonly received and related by popular historians. For this end it will be necessary to go through a light course of general history. In pursuing this it seems best to follow the chronological order of events, since by so doing we escape the commission of anachronisms, we are able, as we proceed, to understand allusions to the early history of other nations, and, by becoming interested in the whole chain of events as in a connected tale, we avoid falling into a desultory mode of reading only the more interesting portions to the exclusion of the rest. We should, therefore, commence with some such work as Rollin, which gives the history of the three first great empires—the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian, and of the various nations which flourished under their shadow. After having brought down the history of these nations to the period of their conquest by Rome, we may turn our attention, under the auspices of Arnold, to the annals of the conqueror. Arnold's "Rome," and "Later Commonwealth," will conduct us to the end of the reign of Augustus, at which period Gibbon takes up the tale and carries it to the Fall of the Empire,\* when ancient history may be said to close. The rest of Gibbon has the character of historical episodes rather than of regular history ; and its perusal may therefore be deferred until our subsequent studies shall have qualified us to fit his detached and

\* At the end of the 46th chapter.

graphic narratives of the Saracens, the Normans, the Crusades, and the overthrow of the Greek Empire by the Turks, into their several appropriate places.

In reading modern history, that of our own country naturally takes a prominent part, and forms the basis of our other studies. Most of us are probably well acquainted with the principal points of English history, and need not, therefore, go over the old ground again. Those, however, who wish to refresh their memories may read Hume, whose pleasing style and universal reception atone, in a great measure, for his frequent inaccuracy and wilful perversion of facts. In foreign history our chronological chain may be continued by the 48th and 49th chapters of Gibbon, and Hallam's "Middle Ages," which is a much lighter book than the rest of his works. This will bring us down to the reign of Henry VII., from which time we may carry the course of reading to its close by the help of Russell's "Modern Europe," which, though by no means an interesting or standard work, is convenient on account of its comprehensive character.

Before going further we would say a few words strongly recommending the practice of making analyses. The habit of dividing history into periods, and of writing down in an analytical form the most important events in the several works which come under our notice, will assist us materially in impressing facts upon our memory, and in arranging the knowledge which we have acquired. But the most important advantage is, that whatever has once been read and thus committed to paper, is for ever after within our ready grasp. If, hereafter, we find it necessary to get up any history which we have read at any previous time, this analysis will enable us to accomplish in a few hours or days that which would otherwise cost us several weeks or months. It may be well if the opposite page of the analysis book be left blank, in order that it may be enriched from time to time with the corrections and additions which subsequent studies will furnish.

After having thus mastered; as it were, the alphabet of history, we are qualified to enter upon a more systematic study of it. History seems to divide itself into two branches, distinct in themselves, though connected with each other:—

I.—The learning facts in their real character and mutual relations.

II.—The examination of the deeper questions of philosophical enquiry and critical research.

I.—A scientific observer of nature (John Hunter, we believe,) is said to have remarked that there is nothing so difficult to discover as a fact. If this be true of natural phenomena, it is much more so of history, whose province it is to note the varying phases of the human mind, and to unravel the ever-tangled threads of passion and prejudice—of inconsistency and crime—of private interest and public ambition. Every historian has his own bias, and his own cause to plead; the imagination will involuntarily blend facts into a picture of its own, so that fallacies and mists will insensibly interpose between the author and the fact; and these, instead of becoming fainter at second-hand, will be doubled when the imagination of the reader, as well as that of the writer, has been brought into play, and has borne its part in the mental process.

With a special view to these difficulties and fallacies, and before giving an outline of the course of reading which appears best calculated to make us acquainted with facts in their true character, we would premise a few observations intended to facilitate a due appreciation of the materials which that course will bring within our reach. In forming our judgment of events, we must be careful to bear in mind the spirit of the age in which they occurred, since facts have far more of a relative than an intrinsic character, and, unless viewed in their proper connexions, are liable to lead to erroneous conclusions. For instance, Dr. Johnson entertained a great contempt for the average intelligence of the Athenians, grounded on the fact that nine out of ten of them could not read. This fact would argue a nearly total want

of mental cultivation in an English village, but it does not prove the same with the people of Athens, who gazed habitually upon the sculpture of a Phidias, and listened with delight to the oratory of a Demosthenes and the poetry of a Sophocles.

It will also be necessary to guard against fallacies arising from the artificial classification of events and persons into centuries and reigns, which, though a great help to the memory, creates associations of which it is difficult to get rid, and which interfere with a true apprehension of circumstances and character. Thus we think of Laud as living and dying in the reign of Charles I., and do not remember that his early impressions and bias of mind were received in that of Elizabeth, and that his principles were derived from the teaching of Hooker, Cartwright, and Whitgift. Again, we associate Milton with the grim Cromwell and the iron Protectorate, and forget that his choice early years were spent in the reign of James and Charles, in the gay time of the dramatists, when with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and a crowd of minor names, burst forth the first full flow of the English tongue.

In reading history, as in everything else, we are peculiarly liable to become attached to certain pre-conceived notions of our own, and instead of endeavouring boldly to arrive at truth, to bend all our efforts to the establishment of some favourite theory, or the elucidation of some favourite idea. One writer, for instance, has a supreme contempt for the dark ages, another looks upon them with romantic admiration, both forgetting that each period has its dark as well as its bright side. If we sigh for the days of the church's simplicity and purity, its faithfulness and unity, we are desiring to live under Nero and Domitian; if we long to share the triumph of Christianity under Constantine and his sons, we ask for a church almost swallowed up by the Arian heresy. No one period can be considered as supremely desirable, since in all the two principles of good and evil are found conflicting, and from the very nature of things they must continue to do so until the end of time. In every age we may trace the vigour of the human mind developed under different

forms, and with different degrees of intensity, and the more we look into history, the more we shall see the antiquity of the arts, and of that literature which some would limit to modern times.

Again, if we would shun partizanship and cultivate impartiality, we must avoid a hasty and unqualified judgment of persons and actions. Inconsistency and contrariety will be found in the actions of almost every historical personage, and most characters being mixed, none deserve to be held up to hero-worship. We see on the one hand the once religious Cromwell selling himself to the demon of ambition, and becoming a blasphemer, a regicide, and a tyrant; while on the other, his royal victim, rising with time and trial, presents the strange anomaly of broken engagements and a martyr's spirit. But while the bad traits of each may be pointed out, the good should engage an equal share of attention, and their individual actions should be tested by the standard and opinions of their own day, and not of ours. But independent of this, the leaders of parties have too often contended for half truths; each failing to realize the whole truth by refusing to receive the half in the possession of his opponent, and thus the absolute success of either party would generally have been a calamity. In judging of them we must avoid a like error, and give each party credit for that portion of right principle which guided its conduct. Men, while on earth, cannot see the final results of all that is going on around them; and they often fail to perceive the harmony which time may develope from the strife of conflicting principles amid which they have lived and acted. Meanwhile they must act according to what they see, choosing each day between the right and wrong which is offered day by day for their selection; seeking wherein they can serve and fight for the right; and being content, if need be, to be overwhelmed by it. Those who act thus, live not nor strive in vain, and their aspirations and endeavours invariably issue in good, though they lead not always to that which they desired. A remarkable instance of what we have been saying is afforded by Laud. His was a righteous cause, when compared

with that of his Puritan adversaries ; but he erred in dreaming of the triumph of a church torn by internal dissensions, and detached from the Catholic body, and in attempting its achievement by means of monarchical ascendancy. But Laud, though the proud fabric of his visions was scattered to the winds, and his blood was shed upon the scaffold, may be regarded as a victorious man, since the Church of England owes to his efforts the stability which she has enjoyed for nearly two hundred years. Still his was an ill-omened victory, since he may be said to have riveted the chains of Erastianism which Cranmer forged, and none would have deplored his own work more deeply than himself, had it been possible for him to have foreseen its pernicious consequences as they now appear.

There is one more point which we have to notice before quitting this part of the subject. Many of the phenomena of history may be explained by a reference to the great Idea which pervaded the national character or the period under study. In ancient times each great nation seems to have been actuated by some one great Idea, which shaped its sentiments, regulated its actions, and presided over all its institutions. The Egyptian hope of immortality, which was expressed in their massive monuments, and mummies of both men and animals ; the Grecian worship of all that was sublime or beautiful in nature, which deified each rustling grove and murmuring stream ; the idolatry of the Eternal City and the Roman name, which furnished unwearying energy and inexhaustable resources for conquest, are instances of this. In more modern times, as the idea became of a less sublime and more practical kind, so it varied in intensity, lying at one time dormant, in what may be termed an organic stage, at another swelling forth into a critical one. As we advance still nearer to the present day more than one principle is found to be in action ; every period being at the same time both organic and critical ; organic in some things, and critical in others. In our own age, which is eminently a subjective one, a variety of abstract ideas and principles, whether in organic or critical stages,

are laid before us. Consequently the task of determining the character and spirit of the age, which in ancient history is comparatively easy, becomes extremely difficult ; and the more so since our attention is naturally turned to the critical principles, which are apparent, to the exclusion of the organic, which lie beneath the surface. And yet these organic principles are the safeguards and redeeming qualities of the age, checking the action of the more active critical ones, and preventing their natural tendency to run into violent extremes. Thus in the present day democracy appears to be fast approaching its crisis ; but amidst opinions breathing of violence, and measures subversive of order, there lurks in its organic stage a strong desire for peace and amity. Time alone will solve the problem whether the latter will have power to avert the action of the former, or whether it will be swept away in the impending popular outbreak. It may prove one of the many advantages which we may derive from our historical studies, if we shall be enabled to keep in view the action of these two principles, and so far as lies in the power of each individual, to regulate their mutual action by the immutable principles of religious truth, in the hope that when the storm has blown over, the vessel of society may be found anchored in that fair haven of real fraternity and true peace which is the appointed, though long-deserted resting-place of the Christian community.

*(To be continued.)*

VISARGAH.

#### NIGHT THOUGHTS OF CHARLES IX.

(The horrible malady, mental as well as bodily, of which this Prince expired is matter of history. He is here supposed to have awakened from an uneasy slumber, haunted by the recollection of the massacre of St. Bartholomew).

'T IS dark : great God, what darkness !

How slow the hours roll by,

No sound, save from the midnight bell,

And all at rest but I.

Still must my aching eyeballs

Through the mirk darkness strain,

Still do these ghastly visions crowd  
 Upon my fevered brain ;  
 Still do those fearful voices  
 Moan and sob upon the breeze,  
 Still must my blood with fever burn,  
 And still with horror freeze.  
 Recollection, recollection,  
 How thy cruel searching sting  
 Can pierce the proudest canopy,  
 Can goad the haughtiest King !

\* \* \* \* \*

Not a sound, save when the watchman  
 Proclaims the hour of night,  
 Or the reveller reels homeward  
 From some scene of mad delight ;  
 And the moon smiles sweetly downwards,  
 And the stars their vigil's keep :  
 Like angels bright that guard the town  
 While toil-worn mortals sleep.  
 'Tis the lull before the tempest,  
 'Tis the calm when death draws near,  
 Such lull, such calm as aye precede  
 The shrieks of woe and fear.  
 And through the street all solemnly  
 Tolls forth the warning bell :—  
 Sleep on, sleep on ; for ye that wake  
 Are listening to your knell.  
 Hark, a stir !—The tocsin's sounding,  
 What means that fearful cry ?  
 “ *A mort, à mort, les Huguenots !* ”  
 Their forms go flitting by  
 Like spectres through the darkness,  
 As through the streets they stream ;  
 Whilst loudly rings the cry of death  
 That drowns the victim's scream.

The torches glare forth luridly,  
 The gun-fire flashes bright ;  
 Now by the saints that look from heaven,  
 'Tis a right noble sight !  
 Ha ! now they stumble wildly  
 Over the heaps of dead.  
 Ha ! how their garments drip with gore,  
 Their wan cheeks flush with red.  
 Down, down ! although they faint with fear,  
 Down, though they kneel and pray !  
 Down, down with the old Admiral,  
 Though he be old and grey ;  
 Down with the tender mother,  
 Down with the helpless child !  
 Ha ! now the din grows fiercer,  
 The tumult rages wild.  
 Now with their human billows  
 The thronged streets roar and swell,  
 Mother of Mercy shield my soul !  
 The work goes on right well :  
 The guns are flashing merrily,  
 The pikes are piercing deep—  
 No sound shall wake those slumberers now,  
 No cry can scare their sleep !  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " *Tis done !* and all is silent,  
 And I am left alone.  
 Ha ! did I dream that death-shriek !  
 Did fancy hear that groan ?  
 What phantom face is that peers  
 So ghastly through the gloom ?  
 What are those spectral forms that stalk,  
 Blood-dripping through the room ?  
 Back, I conjure ye, by the names  
 Of all in heaven that dwell ;

Back, in the name of Him that burst  
The iron gates of hell.  
Those wan eyes pierce my dizzied brain,  
They freeze my inmost core,  
And my burst vessels overflow  
Through every straining pore.  
O ! cannot blood atone for blood—  
Groans drown the accuser's cry,—  
Cannot the tears that angels shed  
Wash out the guiltiest dye ?  
Cannot repentance snatch the soul  
From sin's intricate snare ?  
Cannot one gleam of heaven's pure light  
Illume my black despair ?  
Ah no ! the avenger quickens  
In his sure relentless course,  
On, o'er the thorns that strew my path,  
The stern path of remorse ;  
On, through the vale of horrors,  
On, through the endless gloom,  
Behind me bay the hounds of hell,  
Before me lies *my doom* !  
And the moonbeams shudder o'er me,  
As though their heaven-born rays  
Mocked me—the outcast sinner  
With their cold, mournful gaze.  
Hopeless, I rush into th' abyss  
Whose torments ne'er shall cease ;  
For how can my relentless heart  
Ere hope for joy or peace,—  
When the blood of slaughtered thousands  
Steams to the angered skies,  
When those wild shrieks against my soul,  
In fearful witness rise ?

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## DUCK SHOOTING,

Few of our little community, I should think, can have yet forgotten what ourselves and our trusty double-barrels have done in the two last glowing months. We know not what our contemporaries may have achieved during this exciting period, and indeed it is with the utmost diffidence that we dare present this humble offering, when many among us have doubtless traversed the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, dealing destruction amongst feathered tenants of the purple heather; or possibly, one or two rifles may have been levelled with deadly aim at the shoulders of the bonny dun deer. Happy mortals! if any have been so favoured. Had Diana smiled as benigantly on us, kind reader, we could doubtless have presented you with an infinitely more spirited article, but such has not been our good fortune. Our game list, we are afraid, would be of little interest to any except our insignificant selves. But there is one branch of shooting to which we are passionately attached, namely, a moonlight expedition against wild-fowl, and we hope that our enthusiasm will find a responsive echo in the breast of some brother sportsman.

This partiality may be laughed at and criticised by many whose aim is unerring at the springing partridge and noble grouse. Ah! grouse, indeed! We can hardly find it in our heart to place grouse shooting second to any in the land, for pleasantly yet provokingly does the whirr of the bonny birds ring afresh in our ears while striving to bend our undivided attention to the dull routine of College study. Still we cannot help thinking that the magnificent scenery and pure bracing air of the Highland hills constitutes the great charm of this most fascinating pursuit. But oh! the delights, to us, at least, of a bright moonlight night in autumn, when seated under the shade of a branching vale on the borders of a grassy mere, where the experi-

ence of a crafty attendant has assured us of our prey's speedy advent, we inhale with infinite comfort the fragrance of a good "weed," and discuss, in a low tone, a variety of sylvan subjects with the aforesaid "fidus Achates." Every thing around is perfectly still, not a leaf rustles, when hush ! hark ! the whistling of distant wing is heard, the cigar comes to an untimely end, the discussion is hastily dropped, our finger is on the trigger, a minutes' breathless suspense follows, when a dark body comes rushing through the air, alas, rather too far, and drops with sounding splash in water right opposite us ; but woe, woe, exactly over that spot a lofty horse-chestnut casts its broad shadows enveloping in pitchy darkness our tantalizing visitor ; the rings of water expand into the silvery flood of light which the moon-beams cast on the surrounding water, our gun is thrown impatiently forward ; but no, he appears not, and after awhile our seat is sullenly resumed. Hardly have we ensconced ourselves when again the welcome sounds salute our ears, and with much greater distinctness than on the previous occasion, we start up and crouch behind the tree, "whizz" come three brace of ducks directly between us and the moon, bang go the four barrels, answered by as many welcome flops in the water, while the remaining couple, joined by our original friend, wheel high in the air, and wing their rapid flight to some more secure feeding-place.

Oh, it is glorious ! Many, doubtless, can remember some such scene ; and who can recall it without the most pleasurable feelings ? On many a night have we passed several hours in this delightful manner ; but it requires reality to give untiring zest to a repetition of the scene. Our sturdy satellite was a most extraordinary specimen of the game-preserving genus. Possessed only of one arm, it has not been our lot to meet with a quicker eye or steadier hand among any of our sporting acquaintance. And while on our nocturnal watchings we used to pass the time by astonishing him with wonderful accounts of Indian and African sports, his queer stories and quaint manner of relating them were an endless fund of amusement to ourselves. One

incident we will endeavour to narrate, which caused us a hearty laugh at a most unlucky moment. We only wish our readers could have heard the original manner in which it was told. In the neighbouring village dwelt a young farmer, who had the right of shooting over his own domain, and the marsh which extended along a portion of it. Consequently, young Boniface aspired mightily to gain a reputation of sporting celebrity: but, alas! from a strong predilection for ale-house potations, his aim was seldom steady at fluck or feather. He was, therefore, most unmercifully "chaffed" by the wags of his acquaintance, who discovered, in particular, that it was his constant practice to wait nocturnally by the edge of the marsh for wild-duck, but never could he shew a single trophy of his success. Accordingly, one evening a bet was offered that he would not bag a single flapper before sunrise next day. Our vainglorious sportsman accepted it, and set out. Having, however, considerably fortified his inner man, by the time he reached his destination, the perfect stillness which reigned around produced an irresistible fit of somnolency, and our hero fell fast asleep, his gun lying across his knee ready cocked and charged, in his hasty zeal, with a double dose of No. 4. At length he awoke, and the first sound which saluted his ears was a loud rustling noise in the reeds at a few yards distant. Without hesitating an instant, he let fly right and left in the direction of the noise, which he doubted not was caused by a large covey of ducks. A vast commotion ensued, and thinking with glee that a few had caught it this time, he moved forward to secure the slain. But whether or not his eyes had acquired a certain obliquity of vision from the strength of his previous carouse, he somehow perceived not a wide drain directly in front of him, into the depths of which he fell incontinently, and was only rescued from a slimy grave, by the exertions of some neighbours, whose curiosity had induced them to watch the result of his endeavours. Next day, on visiting the scene of his operations, with a racking head-ache, his temper was by no means improved by discovering that he had

"cut all to maunch," as my informant quaintly expressed himself, a favourite but vagrant Pig, whose fancy had induced to make a late supper in the reedy marsh!! The old gamekeeper's curious style of relating the above little anecdote, caused us to laugh most obstreperously, when lo! at that very moment the ducks came whirring past—but cachinations effectually spoil our aim, and we returned home laden with merry thoughts, but an empty game-bag.

### A BOMBAY "DUCK."

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### THE LAST APPEAL.

O hear me once more, ere you bid me for ever  
Alone and unpitied, heart-broken depart;  
O hear me once more, ere each tie you dissever  
Which binds me to thee, the fond hope of my heart.

I have loved thee for years, even now I adore thee,  
Though cruel and heartless thou turnest aside;  
I have loved thee for years, O may Heaven restore thee  
To blessings and peace which to me are denied.

Though we part now for years, or it may be for ever—  
Though on thee I may ne'er look in this world again—  
When far from my home may my prayers be, that never  
Another may love thee, as I do, in vain.

Then wilt thou not hear me? We part but in sorrow,  
No anger shall cloud my last moments with thee.  
Thou wilt not look on me; then cease from to-morrow  
To think of thy lover, to think upon me.

But stay yet a moment! O hear me again,  
To-morrow I start on my journey afar,  
But send, I conjure thee, my luggage by train,  
Addressed "To the care of the Boots at the Star."

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THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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DECEMBER 10, 1851.

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THE LAY OF HAROLD HARUNG.

FYTTE I.

HAVE ye heard of Harold Harung?  
Harold of the Icy Hand?  
How the Sea-king's daughter wooed him?  
How he fled to Vapour Land?

Wild and fierce was Harold Harung,  
Wild as ocean, fierce as flame;  
Tears and groans and desolation  
Marked his track where'er he came,  
E'en the sturdy Saxon trembled  
When afar gleamed Harold's sail,  
When his raven-flag flapped southward,  
E'en the swarthy Moor turned pale.

Yet the heart that Odin hardened  
Thawed neath Freya's ardent flame,  
By the spell of Hilda's beauty  
E'en the Berserk\* rage was tame.  
Never on the shores of Denmark  
Was there matched a fitter pair :  
He, the prowtest of her warriors,  
She, the loveliest of her fair.

Sadly from the weeping maiden  
Did the stern young warrior part ;  
Sadly—for her wild entreaties  
Fell like death-songs on his heart.—  
“ Harold, Harold, ever dearest,  
Tempt no more the treacherous main :  
Thou hast 'scaped its dangers often ;  
Rush not to thy fate again.”

“ Hilda, Hilda ! glory calls me,  
Loved one, loose me : I must go,  
But in pride will I re-seek thee,  
Decked with spoils of many a foe.”  
Then out spake the dark Morthwyrtha,  
She that lived on Spakon-rock,†  
She that served the lord of Hel-heim,  
She that bowed to dreaded Lok.—

“ Harold Harung, strong and sturdy  
Rocks are shattered by the blast.  
Let my spells protect thy banner,  
Till the tempest be o'erpast.”

\* The *Berserk* rage forms a very distinctive part of the character of these ancient rovers. Under its influence they were insensible to wounds, and utterly regardless of consequences,—the consequences generally being death, till which, like Sir Hugh Witherington, when cut down and limbless, they carried on the battle on their stumps.

† Spakon-rock, or Fell, *i.e.*, the Sorceress' rock.

“ Paltry crone, why pour thy drivelling  
On an inattentive ear ;  
Go, let cowards seek thy succour,  
Harold Harung knows no fear.”

Thus with love he soothed the maiden,  
Thus with scorn the crone he spurned :  
Whilst the one to love was melted :  
With fell hate the other burned,

Hilda checked the youth's derision,  
Whilst from that cold heart of stone,  
Like the Geyser from the ice-cleft  
Burst the hatred of the crone.  
“ Man that mock'st at woman's weakness ;  
Youth, that spurn'st decrepit age :  
Fool and impious that rejectest  
Counsel from the heaven-taught sage !

“ What avails thy boasted valour  
'Gainst the powers of air and sea ?  
Paltry hero, paltry monarch,  
O'er a realm that serves not thee !  
Berserk ! what avails thy madness,  
When the storm-god's tempests yell :  
Man !—what boots thy vaunted manhood  
'Gainst the demon-lord of hell.

“ May the winds refuse to waft thee,—  
May the waves refuse to bear,  
May the very sea-birds mock thee,  
Toiling, as they thread the air !—  
Go, in pride, and go in folly ;—  
Go to learn, but all too late,  
How man's valour boots him nothing,  
When opposed to woman's hate !”

Scornfully the young man listened,  
Tearfully the maiden wept :  
Wrathfully the hag departed.  
Truthfully the curse was kept.

## FYTTE II.

In her bower sat lovely Hilda,  
Sat and watched whilst others slept,  
And she thought on Harold Harung ;  
Thought on him and sighed, and wept.  
Nightly o'er the dark horizon  
Her fond gaze the maiden strained ;  
Moon on moon kept rising—waning,  
So her hopes rose high—and waned.

“ Tell me, sea-bird ! hast thou seen him ?  
Know'st thou of my warrior-love ?  
Tell me, waves, that sing so sweetly !  
Tell me, winds, that sigh above ! ”  
Round and round, with outstretched pinions,  
Guardian-like the sea-bird flew,  
And the waves kept rippling, rippling,  
And the soft breeze sweetly blew.

“ Say, do noisome cells confine him ?  
Him, the gallant and the free ?  
Is he dead or false—but falsehood ?  
False the thought ! it could not be ! ”  
Mournfully the sea-gull brooded,  
Sighed the breeze in soft sad tones ;  
And the waves kept rippling, rippling—  
Could they play o'er Harold's bones ?

Wild and fierce was Harold Harung,  
Wild as ocean, fierce as flame ;  
Ocean changes, flames are flickering,  
Manhood's heart is near the same.

Worse than dead was Harold Harung—  
Worse than grave his resting-place—  
For another loved and gained him,  
And he drooped in her embrace.

Northward to the land of darkness—  
Northward to the sea of gloom—  
Sped the bark ; no breeze propelled it ;  
'Twas the curse of Harold's doom.  
Northward, where the ice-bound billows  
Raise to heaven their blank cold ridge ;  
Where the dark blue sky is bounded,  
By the glittering Bifrost bridge.\*

Where the giant foes of Odin,  
Scatheless in the Frost-Land reign ;  
Where the Storm King sits in thunder,  
Frowning o'er the ice-girt main :  
Where, 'midst halls and grotts fantastic,  
Peaks and shafts of varied sheen,  
Circled round by dreamy splendour,  
Sits the heaven-born Ocean Queen.

Lone and sad was Harold Harung,  
Frozen and famished were his crew ;  
One by one in death's cold stupor,  
Sank they in their leader's view.  
In the pale blue light he saw them,  
Ghastly, motionless as stone ;  
And the cold wind chilled his marrow,  
And he watched in awe—alone.

\* The Bifrost Bridge, stretching from heaven to earth, was the name given to the rainbow ; or, in this case, to the Aurora Borealis.

Boots it then to say he yielded ;  
Here was love—there all was drear ;  
He that braved the frown of hatred,  
Yielded at affection's tear :  
He that mocked at age decrepit,  
Trusted beauty's winning smile ;  
He that could outwit the warrior,  
'Scaped not from the woman's wile.

Thus, in false and dreamy gladness,  
Like one night fled three short years ;  
Thought he once on Hilda's sadness ?  
Thought he once on Hilda's tears ?  
Yes ! the thought came sharp and sudden,  
Sharp and sudden was the smart ;  
And though all was light and mirthful,  
Dark and cheerless was his heart.

Burning glances were upon him,  
Thrillingly the Valkyrs sang ;  
But her warm looks fell unheeded,  
And unheard her soft strains rang.  
And a voice kept whispering, whispering—  
Like a warning from above,  
And he thought and thought in sorrow,  
Of his pure, his one true love !

Sick at heart was Harold Harung,  
And the sorceress ceased her strain ;  
Playfully she chid ; the chiding  
Smote him with a sharper pain.  
Goaded by his secret sorrow,  
By his serpent-conscience stung,  
Harold broke from her caresses,  
And replied with faltering tongue.—

" Goddess ! well, I wot, thou lov'st me,  
But my heart is far away ;  
Where, around the isles of Denmark,  
Fresh and free the breezes play.  
Fresh and free, and I am lingering.  
Captive in this icy hold !  
Captive ! though the bonds be silken,  
Should such bonds control the bold.

" Long thy spells have damped remembrance,  
Now it burns with quicker fire,  
And I think upon my folly,  
Think on it with wrath and ire.  
There is one not so forgetful  
Of young love's pure holy flame,  
One who weeps for her false lover,  
One who doats on Harold's name.

" Stoop not, goddess ! to the mortal  
Who has dared"—he said no more—  
For like Hecla slowly rumbling,  
Ere its fiery thunders roar—  
Icy stern, yet fierce and ruthless,  
Glared on him that fiery eye ;  
Icy stern, yet fierce and ruthless,  
Was the angered queen's reply.

" Harold Harung ! thou hast scorned me—  
Me, whom frost and storm obey :  
Scorned me for thy wretched earthworm—  
Go—insensate heart of clay !  
One pledge of my love I give thee,  
One last pledge—Thy strong right hand,  
Swordless, maceless, shall be deadlier  
Than when armed with mace and brand."

With a cold firm clasp she clasped him,  
Freezing blood and withering bone ;  
Back he sank—He rose, half dreaming,  
On the bare sea-shore alone !  
And the sea-bird soared above him,  
And the breeze moaned o'er the strand,  
And the waves were rippling, rippling  
O'er his 'numbed and icy hand.

## FYTTE III.

Let the scalds sing loud and joyous,  
Loud and joyous be the lay—  
For the wanderer has come homeward,  
Mirthful be his bridal-day.  
Pale and tearful comes fair Hilda,  
With her head bent o'er her breast;  
Dark and stern is Harold Harung,  
And his hand is in his vest.

Hilda's lovely head drooped ever  
From the day that Harold sailed—  
Three long years her eyes were tearful,  
Three long years her young cheek paled.  
Harold—since the day they found him,  
Faint and shuddering on the strand,  
As the Troid conceals his treasure,  
Kept concealed that once dread hand.

They had found him faint and shuddering,  
On the sands of Spakon-Fell ;  
How, or whence, he reached his home-land,  
Ne'er would Harold Harung tell.  
Changèd was the reckless warrior—  
Hushed his laughter, stilled his jest,

And the hand—once strong in battle—  
Lay close muffled in his breast.

Oft would Hilda strive to cheer him ;  
Oft she strove his gloom to wile ;  
But, the moody frown, when softened,  
Yielded to a moodier smile.  
Thus, whilst sounded song and laughter,  
Hilda wept and Harold sighed ;  
With his left-hand he betrothed her,  
With his left arm clasped his bride.

Loudly sounded song and wæs-hæl  
Through the Berserk's spacious hall,  
And the loud long peals of laughter  
Rang again from wall to wall.  
Cheerily the pine-branch flickered—  
Flickered with a bright-red gleam ;  
And it played upon the helmets  
That were hung from wall and beam,

Suddenly did song and wæs-hæl  
Cease throughout the darkening hall,  
And a sad and gloomy silence  
Chained the hearts and tongues of all.  
And the torches waved ; the ban-dogs  
Gave a low and fearsome yell ;  
Clanged the doors, as through the chamber  
Stalked the witch of Spakon-Fell.

Slowly stalked she through the chamber,  
And the dogs crouched down in fright,  
And each face grew wan and ghastly  
In the pale blue spectral light,

And the strong man, like an infant,  
Nerveless, sank beneath the spell,  
And the joyous maiden shuddered  
Before the witch of Spakon-Fell.

On she stalked, her dark runes muttering,  
On she stalked throughout the hall,  
And she stopped where sat dark Harold  
Towering crag-like over all :  
By his side fair Hilda nestled—  
Each the hateful Vala scanned,—  
Harold Harung ! Harold Harung !  
Ware thee of thy icy hand !

Have ye seen the shuddering song-bird,  
By some cruel serpent eyed ?  
Have ye seen the huge whale struggling  
With the strong swift Maelstrom tide ?  
So did Hilda shrink and shudder  
'Neath the glance of that fell crone ;  
So did Harold writhe in anguish,  
Spell-bound by those eyes of stone.

Then she spoke :—" What, Harold Harung,  
Hard of heart and stubborn-willed !  
Has my age o'ercome thy vigour ?  
Has the ice thy hot blood chilled ?  
Thou that mock'st at age so quickly,  
Art silent to thy youthful bride ?  
Does thy hand shrink from betrothal  
That was oft in battle tried ?

Mockingly she laughed, and muttered  
Many a dark and fearful rune :  
Motionless sat Harold Harung,  
Hilda down sank in a swoon.

Fast the old witch gript her—gript her  
Ere the maiden could withstand,  
And she joined the hand of Hilda  
To dark Harold's icy hand.

With a cry that rent the ceiling,  
Sank the maiden to the ground ;  
But a peal of mocking laughter  
That wild fearful death-shriek drowned.  
Harold started ;—wild and ghastly,  
Peered his eyes through the thick gloom,  
On he strode, as though his Fylgia\*  
Were beckoning him to meet his doom.

On he strode, and on he staggered  
To the storm-lash'd billowy shore ;  
Where the deadmen's voices hailed him,  
Rising o'er the tempest's roar,  
Where the spectral bark was waiting ;  
On he strode—'twas fate that led,  
On strode Harold, and departed  
In the storm-ship of the dead.

And oft when Utgard-Lok is riding  
Upon the dreary tempest-cloud—  
Oft when the Baltic chafes with fury,  
And when the night-blast whistles loud.  
Yet motionless rides o'er the ocean  
The bark that sailed from deadman's strand,  
There stands the shade of Harold Harung,  
Waving with his icy hand.

\* Guardian-spirit.

## THE SWALLOWS.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DE BERANGER.

WHILE captive on the Moorish shore  
A warrior 'neath his fetters bending,  
Cried, " Ah ! do I behold once more  
Our summer birds, and this way wending ?  
Swallows, say, 'tis hope ye bring,  
Since ye come from o'er the sea,  
Doubtless 'tis from France ye wing,  
Of that dear country speak to me.

"Tis three long years since rude Fate tore  
Me from the shores, and still I feel  
How deep she lies at my heart's core ;  
Bring me some token of her weal,  
And the dear valley of my birth—  
Its streamlet clear—its lilac tree—  
Our little cot—oh happiest earth !  
Of that dear valley speak to me.

Perchance ye 've nestled 'neath the roof  
Where these sad eyes first saw the day,  
And where my tender years had proof  
What cares a mother's bosom sway.  
Oh ! say, does she still hope each hour  
Her long-lost son's return to see,  
Nor deems me in a tyrant's power ?  
Of that dear mother speak to me.

Say, is my sister wedded yet ?  
Tell me what lads and maidens fair,  
At the gay nuptial-feast have met,  
What songs of joy were echoed there.  
Say, are my comrades yet returned,  
Who to the battle went with glee,

Or are they absent still and mourned ?  
Of those dear friends, oh ! speak to me.

One question I would whisper ye,  
Have ye beheld a pensive maid,  
Sitting beneath the lilac tree,  
Oft watching for a soldier's shade ?  
Say, does she sigh that soldier's name,  
And seem in lost love's toils to be ?  
Say, does she mourn his thirst for fame ?  
Of that dear maiden speak to me.

Alas ! some stranger now may reign  
O'er the lov'd spot ; its charms are fled ;  
My comrades in the battle slain—  
My sister poor—my mother dead—  
My love—but no ! she keeps her hand  
And heart from lovers free !  
Dear swallows of my native land,  
Of these forebodings speak to me.

A. J.

### THE PANDIT'S PROGRESS.

*(Continued from page 176.)*

#### CHAP. IV.

HOW DESULTORY STROVE TO ARGUE WITH APPLICATION, AND HOW HE WAS  
FORCED TO SEEK HIS ASSISTANCE AGAIN.

Now after that they had rested them some time, the travellers arose and went on their way. And Desultory, who had talked great things while they rested, grew weary at the first step. Then said Application to him encouragingly,

*Application.*—"Cheer up, brother ! our second stage has but just begun, this is no time to be idle. Take some of this water of knowledge to give thee heart."

*Desultory*.—"I marvel that thou canst carry such mawkish and bitter stuff with thee: it is neither pleasant to taste, nor good to swallow, that I wot of: I will none of it."

*Application*.—"Nay it is not the worst because thou wottest not of its goodness: if thou wouldst but toil with me, it would seem a pleasant drink."

*Desultory*.—"I could, if I would, toil with thee; but I see not the use of that lumbering armour, where there is nought but the miriness of the ground to conquer."

*Application*.—"Methinks, by thy tattered garments, that there must have been thorns besides, if there were not worse enemies than thorns."—

Then *Desultory* groaned, for at that moment a nettle brushed against one of his wounds, which yet rankled, and the soreness of it caused his face to twinge in spite of the laughter which he had forced. However, he began to find fault with the armour for a fresh reason: thus

*Desultory*.—"But the thorns and the darts are all passed, and there is nought but this heavy slough: were there a flinty road I would be armed like thee."

*Application*.—"Had those that have gone before thought like thee, there would be no track to guide us now, and he pointed to the deep footmarks which were in the soil, (for there was now no road), and *Desultory* blushed to find that he left no print at all."

*Desultory*.—"But I lack strength to plod on like thee; and I lack health and roughness of taste to drink of that bitter drink, and live on that rough food."

And now I noticed that *Application* had drank of every spring that they passed, and had with him a store of hard dry biscuits; whilst *Desultory* carried with him fruit, sweet to the taste, and effervescing powders to mix with the waters which he drank.\*

\* The water of knowledge is bitter to those who prefer the sparkling draughts of fiction: and facts are hard and dry to those only who are pampered with the delicacies of imagination—delicacies which are sweet and wholesome for a dessert, but a meal of them would cloy greatly.

And Application answered him :—But a short while ago thou didst boast of having the power but not the will : now thou dost contradict thyself. But it is want of use that has weakened thy muscles, and made thy taste so delicate. Be a man, and live as a man, not as a woman or a child.

Then Desultory looked very abashed, for he had not before thought that he was unmanly. And he then thought how his childish fare had caused his limbs to shrink ; and how strong and hardy were those of Application. And thus he fell pondering, and so sick at heart did he feel that his thoughts turned the other way (as he refreshed himself with one of his sparkling draughts), and he began to believe that Application was not such a strong one after all, but that his armour only made him look big.

And, whilst these foolish thoughts were in his head, who should come up but Mr. Lackwit, whom they had left in the Slough of Pluck. Then Desultory brightened up exceedingly, and told him of the dangers which they had been through, and showed him his wounds, of which he was marvellously proud, insomuch that he could not conceal them.\*

And thus they walked on, and Desultory promised Lackwit his assistance, and offered him some of his delicate fare ; but Lackwit cared not for the various flavours, which caused Desultory to sneer wonderingly.† And, while Desultory was wondering, Lackwit stumbled and remained fast in a hole, and cried to Desultory for help. But Desultory, at that moment, stuck fast also, so that he had much ado about himself, and could not attend to honest Lackwit ; and Application turned back and helped out the twain.

\* It is the custom of such as fare so badly that they cannot hide it from the eyes of others, to conceal their pain by boasting of their courage in bringing things to such a pass ;—a very strange courage methinks that requires so much incitement before it displays itself.

† They that are too delicate to live like others, are apt to blame their companions for the dissimilarity, and not themselves for their fastidiousness and folly.

## CHAPTER V.

OF THE GIANTS—ENVY AND RIDICULE—AND THEIR SECRET DOGS.

Now after Application had set both Desultory and Lackwit aright, they journeyed on until they neared a place where the road was very slippery and the air was filled with strange noises. And on each side of the track were caves in which dwelt the giants, Envy and Ridicule, who ruled the country for many miles round.

Then did I notice that Desultory quaked for fear, although as yet the voice of these giants was heard but distantly. Then he stopped and cried to the other pilgrims who were walking near.

“Ho! Sirs! come, I beseech you, and let us band ourselves against these terrible giants; they will not dare to attack a multitude, if we oppose.”\*

But the others all stood aghast, and shuddered when they heard the roarings of these two giants, for they had taken up their abode so that none who passed by could escape their notice; and they terrified a great many travellers into their service.

Then spake one Mr. Racketty, an easy-going one, though sufficiently good of heart—“I have never suffered aught of harm from these giants, although I have passed this very spot before; nor do I see why they should harm us now.” And whilst Desultory was wavering, Mr. Pliable came up and gave him counsel to serve these giants, and thereby to escape their cruelties. Now this Pliable was a great friend to the giants, and he often used their service secretly against those whom he was afraid to attack openly; and I was grieved to see Desultory in his company.

Now Application walked on first with Lackwit, cheering him

\* There are none who will confess their fear for these two giants, and thus they try to gain others to an outward show of that which they will not display themselves.

till a mighty barking arose, as it were from the ground, And this was the barking of two dogs which were called Falsehood and Misrepresentation, that were employed by the giants Envy and Ridicule; which dogs would keep themselves concealed in the bushes and frighten the weak-minded with their barking.

But Application cared not a whit for their noise, insomuch that he strode quietly on into the brakes where they lay concealed, and so frightened them, by seeming not to heed, that they were silent. But Desultory was so terrified at their barking, and so cajoled by Pliable, who persuaded him that they barked only at Application, that he dropped back and threw to them some of his own sweet sop to silence them, or to make them bark at others.\*

And now Application was a long way in front with Lackwit, for Desultory was delayed yet more by the daintiness with which he stepped for fear of soiling his bright clothes.

And Pliable offered to him some wine that he carried, and as he drank everything seemed changed to his mind, and he wondered how he could have so long kept company with Application (for he fancied that he had been close to him all the while); and so his imagination became more vain and drunken until they approached the den of the two giants.

Now the giants had been vastly discomfited that Application had taken no heed of their loud roarings, and had not been frightened by their threats and the barking of their watch-dogs. Therefore when they saw one coming that had no armour on, but only the light garments of self-conceit, which were so torn as to show his old scars through them, they came out rejoicing,

But Desultory spake to them as Pliable had taught him, and the giants let him pass. But they threatened him that if he swerved aught from their service they would punish him twofold,

\* So do they who, when they are terrified at the voice of slander, if directed against themselves, feed it with the fruit of their own imaginations, and cause others to be terrified by the same.

and strip his garments off his back, and show to every one how puny and feeble he really was.

Thus did Desultory enter into the service of these two giants, and thereby make himself one of the citizens of Small-mind.

## CHAPTER VI.

OF THE TOWN OF SMALL-MIND : AND HOW DESULTORY GOT DRUNKEN, AND  
AND HOW HE AWOKE FROM HIS DRUNKENNESS.

THEN after they had all passed these two giants, with the exception of one Mr. Little-aim, who strutted to them, thinking that he was somebody, and was very severely beaten, they entered into the town of Small-mind.

The inhabitants of Small-mind were of all kinds, and their costumes were various ; but though each man strove to do something which his neighbour could not perform,—I was tired to see them all at their follies. Thus, whenever anyone entered their town, he was beset by many that were called jibers and witty ones, who asked him questions, and if he answered them or asked any in return, they laughed as though they had done something funny. And others ran about blowing large trumpets, which were their own, so that the noise was deafening; and others pelted those who were too busy to heed them, and called them names, and strove to trip them up from behind, so that it could not be seen who did it.

But Mr. Pliable seemed at his ease among them, as though some shunned him in dread, for he was known often to give blows, as if in sport, which bruised exceedingly in earnest,

And now Desultory lost sight of Application altogether in the hubbub and jostling of the town : for the Great Exhibition of Idleness was going on, and there were many who were displaying their follies there for the approbation of others. And the prize for which they strove was called *popularity*; and so eager were they for it, that they sacrificed all their time, and character, and prospects to attain it.

Now the wine which Pliable had given to Desultory began to have such effect upon him, that he ran about among the crowd, blowing his own trumpet also, and showing his brave garments, although they were so tattered, and pelting at others ; so that at last they all crowded round him, and asked him what he could do ?

And the more they asked him, the more he blew his trumpet ; till several who were there began sounding the same tune. And the chief of these were Mr. Lick-spittle and Mr. Toady, and Mr. Parasite and Mr. Sponge, who placed him in the chair of Popularity, and carried him on their shoulders about the town. And many others ran after him, blowing his trumpet, and pelting those who opposed him.

And in the crowd was Mr. Application, who stepped forward and tried to be heard, for he wished to dissuade Desultory from this folly. But Desultory, who was now drunken with his own praises, sneered at him, and began japing ; and thereat Mr. Lickspittle and Mr. Toady, and Mr. Parasite and Mr. Sponge all began japing too. And then one Shameless, who was the town guard, and was brazen all over, came forward and attacked him. And there was also one Mr. Scurrilous the son of Snob the town mayor, and he sided with Shameless : and Pliable, who was a sort of cousin to Shameless, gave him a kick from behind, and ran back into the crowd, who applauded him.

But whilst Pliable and Shameless and their companions were besetting Application and Lackwit, there was a great rumbling heard, and the ground began to shake. And Mr. Lickspittle and Mr. Toady and Mr. Parasite and Mr. Sponge let drop the chair and fled.

And Desultory was shaken out and trampled upon, and he lay stupefied. But the shock seemed afterwards to revive him, and as he came to himself, the drunken film passed from his eyes, and he perceived how worn and useless were his own garments. And his head ached, and he felt sick and ill ; for his delicate food had disagreed with him, And when he looked around he saw

that the ground had in many places given way, and that those who had stood there were sunken in the Slough of Pluck, which stretched underground from where he had first crossed it.

Then he arose, and staggered on, for the ground was giving way fast. However, he followed on the footsteps of Application, which he was glad to find were printed very deeply on the ground.

And now he felt how weakened he was, for he nearly fainted in running, and at times he was so unsteady as to reel to the brink of the Slough. But at last he escaped and reached Application, and fell on his knees before him,—and there also were Mr. Racketty and Mr. Lackwit and Mr. Scurrilous, who was now civil enough. And they crossed over, and Application, who walked on the high ground as guide, seemed to me to be higher than was Desultory on the rotten eminence of his Popularity.

And as Application passed over, the town of Small-mind fell in with a crash, and I started—and awoke from my dream.

And the coals had fallen in, and the candle was dying out, and the ink was spilled over my fair paper, and methought how idle and desultory I had been.

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## FAREWELL TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

O thou that with all nations treasures stored  
Look'st like a fairy scene in some new world  
Too bright for human eye; to whom mankind  
Of every nation rush with gladdened hearts,  
Thy beauties to behold. Thee I address  
With heart of sorrow, but remembrance dear,  
To bid thee once farewell, ere thy bright aisles  
For ever vanish from the sight of men,  
Spoiled of the riches which so late have graced  
Thy land with grandeur inconceivable.

Ah ! truly thou deservest no such fate  
From her, that thou hast raised to what she is,  
Renowned, triumphant o'er all other lands.  
E'en nature's self espoused thy birth. The sun  
Shone bright, and clouds abashed refused to shade  
The smile and blessing of Omnipotence  
Beaming thro' her brilliant rays on countless  
Thousands, gathered to pronounce a welcome !  
But nature wept, and heaven poured forth a flood  
Of tears, and mourned with sorrow thy decease.  
Clouds, no longer stayed by thy existence,  
Poured forth their torrents to bewail thy loss,  
So farewell Star of Britain's far-famed isle !  
No other eye thy glory shall behold ;  
But whole and undivided empire, thou  
Shalt hold, in hearts of all true Englishmen.

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### A STORY OF GRAMARYE.

'Twas the end of the Term, I was reading my "test,"  
And to outdo the "pandits" was trying my best :  
'Twas eleven o'clock,—I had just got as far  
As a couple of pages of "Bágh o Bahár."  
I was three parts asleep,—for I'd made my "analysis,"  
And was dreaming all human affairs to be fallacies,—  
As I said, "I'll be shot if I work any more,"  
I was roused from my dreams by a knock at the door.  
I shouted, "Come in!"—it was "Horby" the editor,  
Who'd engaged me to write, and now came as my creditor  
And said (but his terms were expressive and stronger)  
That he hoped to be hung if he'd wait any longer.  
I said, "What on earth shall I write about,

For I vow that my wits are quite run out :  
 I've a dread of such horrors as murder and arson ;  
 And last time I wrote of the Church and the parson.  
 But stay and lend your ear to me,  
 While I tell you

### A Story of Grammarpe.

Of Sir Ralph de Montrose you've heard, no doubt,  
 The fifteenth Baron of Koldwithout :  
     He'd lately returned from the holy wars,  
     Where he'd earned for himself renown and scars :  
     He was given to drinking and smoking cigars.  
 That is, he'd have been a great smoker, no doubt,  
 But the use of tobacco had not been found out.

\* \* \* \*

His Lordship's, in sooth, was a fine pedigree,  
 As you'll find, if you look at the family tree ;  
     For a thousand years,  
     Those puissant peers,  
 Had caused to their neighbours alarms and fears :  
     And a soldier who came  
     In Rufus's name,

To arrest his grandsire of terrible fame,  
 Was tossed in a blanket and sent back with shame.

\* \* \* \*

From the sole of his foot to the top of his pate,  
     Sir Ralph was not lengthy enough for the "Blues ;"  
 For the Baron stood but five-feet-eight,  
     In his lamb's-wool stockings, and high-heeled shoes :  
     His whiskers were long,  
     His neck short and strong ;  
     His face of that hue,  
     Between purple and blue,  
 That shewed that his flagon he'd never refuse.

\* \* \* \*

'Twas the close of the year twelve hundred and eight—  
(Tho' I can't be particular as to the date)  
That the baron opened his castle hall,  
And feasted his friends, both great and small.  
'Twas a terrible winter for ice and for snow,  
The sun was unable the frost to break through ;—  
So he fell thro' the sea into Thetis' lap,  
Like a poor little mouse in a little mouse-trap.

Sir Ralph de Montrose

Has pains in his toes,

And lumbago and chilblains wherever he goes.  
So he said with a shudder, " Oh dear, and Oh dear Oh !  
How dreadful it is when the glass is at zero !  
One day, the coldest day of all,  
He gave a spread in the castle hall ;  
This day he kept as the fifth anniversary,  
Of the birth of his son who was up in the nursery :  
But 'twas a day of greater joy—  
For the natal day of the dear little boy  
Had carried to heaven his Lordship's wife,  
Who had long been the plague of his Lordship's life.

But I weary you, so—

Mr. Horby—we'll go

On with my tale without further to do.

Or telling you all the good things they got through.  
The eating was over, to drink they began,  
And got through a couple of bottles a man :  
" One bottle more," the bold Baron said, " is  
The utmost we'll drink, and then go to the ladies."  
So thus he addressed his little foot page  
(A smart little lad as you'd find of his age)—

" What ho, my young fellow !

Go down to the cellar,

And bring up some wine that is racy and mellow ;  
Oh, if you take out but one bottle and prig it,

You cunning young villain, I'm certain to twig it."

\* \* \* \*

The Baron was growing impatient, they say—  
 Tho' scarcely five minutes the boy'd been away—  
 When he entered the chamber as white as a sheet,  
 And trembled and shook from his head to his feet;  
 And screamed out with shudders, and gurgles, and hisses—  
 "Please your Lordship, I'm blow'd if I ain't seen old Missis;  
 She is sitting down there with a flagon that's wooden,  
 Swigging away at the beer like a good 'un."  
 But I'll merely relate, from my haste to have done,  
 How they ran away, leaving the Baron alone;  
 How the wine gave him courage far more than his own;  
     So he ventured alone  
     Down the stairs of stone,  
 And peeped into the cellar to look at the crone.

    Seated near  
     To a barrel of beer,  
 In a conical hat looking monstrously queer—  
 Staring at him with eyes of the kind they call blear—  
 By the light of his bull's-eye lantern clear,  
 The form of his lady he caused to appear.  
 As I told you before, she'd a conical hat,  
 By her side an umbrella and black tom-cat.

    In truth 'twas a night,  
     Of amazement and fright;  
 Never was seen such a terrible sight.

\* \* \* \*

Then out and spoke Sir Ralph de Montrose,  
 Who never had quailed before infidel foes;  
 But now shook like a leaf that is withered and yellow,  
 Before an old dame, a black cat, and umbrella:  
 "Abjuro te, Satane, how came you there?"  
 Then answered him that ladye fair—  
 "You horrid old wretch, why how do you dare

To celebrate with joy the day,  
When Providence carried your wife away ;—  
You wretch, if you're not afraid," said she,  
"Then mount my umbrella and ride with me."  
Then she made motion with her arm,  
And full of fear and full of alarm,  
He got up behind and repeated her charm.  
Then slap through the ceiling they sprang from the cellar,  
Sitting astride of that gingham umbrella.  
The Baron held on with all his might,  
As they went a great height,  
From the earth out of sight,  
Till his Lordship was dazzled by Jupiter's light.  
Then the Baroness stopped her wizard horse,  
And sent back her arm with all her force  
Which made the Baron leave go, of course.  
He tried to recollect a prayer,  
As he fell at a terrible rate thro' the air ;  
But not being over-accustomed to uttering  
Prayers, Mr. Longfellow's hymns he was muttering.  
He fell for some time, till a terrible smash  
Informed him that he'd sent a skylight to smash ;  
So roused by the din, and the rattle and clatter,  
He opened his eyes to see what was the matter ;  
He opened his eyes, and he looked around,  
And found himself sitting upright on the ground ;  
Smashed bottles and glasses lay strewed round his body—  
There's a terrible smell of strong whiskey toddy.  
Now I am sorry to say that the rest of the history  
Of this curious visit is buried in mystery,  
But ill-natured people declare that the tankard  
Found empty beside him, confirmed that he'd drunk hard,  
And that, so far from being in truth necromancy,  
The whole of the story was nothing but fancy,  
But the Baron always firmly swore he  
Would vouch for this somewhat incredible story.

And every year at this birthday feast,  
 To pray for her soul, he'd a good, pious priest,  
 And this benediction he never felt bold without,  
 "Quiescat in pace" the Baroness Koldwithout.

BEPPO.

## HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 195.)*

"Enough of this prolixity."—VIKRAMORVAS'Ī.

WE shall now proceed to give a plan of a more extended course of historical reading; premising, however, that we do not pretend to furnish a list of all the works which may be read with advantage, but only to offer such a sketch as will suffice to illustrate our idea of what should be the character of a complete course.

Let it be supposed that the subject of study is the History of England. It will materially facilitate the formation of our plan, as well as subsequent labours, to divide the history into periods. To begin, then, with the Saxon period. Some text book will be required, in order to preserve the continuous thread of the narrative; and for this purpose Hume is as good as any other. But if the student be already familiar with it, or if he have previously made an analysis of it, as was before recommended, he may substitute for it either his own analysis, or some other work, such as Sir J. Mackintosh's *England*. Instead, however, of confining his reading to any one author, he should now seek to enlarge his mind, and to enrich his stock of ideas by the perusal of as many different writers as his time and circumstances will permit, and with this view he may have recourse to Hallam's "Middle Ages" (chap. viii, part 1), Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," Thierry's "Norman Conquest" (1st three books), "Asser's Life of Alfred," Palgrave's "Anglo-Saxons," Churton's "English Church" (chap. i—xiv), Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," and the

"Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," or any other works bearing on this period.

The second period from the Conquest to the reign of Henry the Seventh, embraces several distinct subjects of interest, and is capable of many sub-divisions, but it will suffice for our purpose to term it generally the Anglo-Norman period. Here again Mackintosh, the remainder of Thierry's "Norman Conquest," and Hallam's "Middle Ages" (chapters ii. and viii.) may be brought in aid of the text-book for the general history, the feudal system, and the rise of the Commons. Bowden's "Life and Pontificate of Gregory VII." will be useful in tracing the rise of the Papal power, and shewing what were the principles which lay at the bottom of the contests which took place between the Crown and the Church. The history of the crusades will be found in Mill's "Crusades," Ainsworth's "Templars," and Gibbon (chaps. lviii and lix), to which chapter l., on the Saracens, or Oockley's "History," would form a good introduction; while a general idea of the state of society at this time may be acquired from Hallam's "Literature," and Maitland's "Dark Ages."

When we come to the next period, that of the Tudors and the Reformation, Hallam's "Constitutional History" will be our best guide; together with it may be read Galt's "Life of Wolsey," Le Bas' "Cranmer," Robertson's "Works," Hallam's "Literature," Michelet's "Luther," and Burnet's "Reformation."

The eventful times of the Stuarts have given birth to works of every shade of political opinion. Hallam's "Constitutional History" continues to be the text-book, together with Macaulay and Guizot; while recourse may be had to Clarendon and Carlyle's "Cromwell" for contemporary records of the period; to Miss Aiken's "James I." and "Charles I." for the best apology for the revolutionary party; to D'Israeli for an eloquent vindication of Charles I.; to Fox's "James II.," and Burnet's "Own Times," for a picture of the Revolution; and to Coxe's "Marlborough" for an account of the glories of Anne's reign. And now what we said in a former article about the reading of biography, may be

recalled and brought into action. Having mastered the leading facts and broad outlines of history, we are qualified to fill into the historical picture those minor details which alone give it life. For this purpose we shall find both pleasure and profit in turning to the host of memoirs and diaries with which the literature of this period abounds; such as the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson, Holles, Ludlow, Whitelocke, Evelyn, Pepys, Mrs. Godolphin, Lady Rachel Russell, &c. &c. With the same view, it will also be well, if our lighter reading can be made to fall in with our deeper studies; such books as Miss Strickland's "Queens," Walter Scott's, and James' historical novels, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, being read synchronously with the periods at which they were written, or to which they refer.

We cannot pretend to carry our sketch further, for as we advance, books multiply so rapidly on us that we might swell our list to the size of a publisher's catalogue, and yet, after all, omit some work which claimed attention. Any reader who has studied English history systematically so far, will be infinitely better qualified than ourselves to continue our plan. It must be left to the discretion of each student to adapt the number of works to the time which he may be able to afford, and to make his selection of books, according as literature, politics, or religion may be the main object of his studies. But above all, we warn him, as he prizes the discovery of truth, and the attainment of that enlargement of mind which is one of the chief objects of historical study, not to exclude from his list the writings of those authors whose opinions are contrary to his own, but rather to let such equal, if not exceed in number those upon the side to which he himself may be inclined.

It has been objected to us that in a former number we uselessly exaggerated the difficulties of the study of history. We would ask such an objector to weigh carefully the time and thought which would be requisite for the completion of the course of English history which we have given above, to multiply that time and thought by the name of every great nation, both

of ancient and modern times; to remember that, after accomplishing all this, he will then have qualified himself only to begin the higher task of benefiting society in the yet untouched branch of original philosophical enquiry and research—we ask him to remember all this, and then to answer frankly whether we have exaggerated the task. It has also been objected that had our object been to repel, instead of to invite the student, we could not have written otherwise than we have done. There would have been some truth in this, had we pretended to assert that such high proficiency was indispensable for every one. But this was by no means our intention. It was rather our desire to shew that, since the days of Fénelon and his illustrious pupil, no royal road to learning has been discovered; to combat the notion that the perusal of some half-dozen volumes sufficed to impart an adequate knowledge of history; to deprecate the lowering of the standard of excellence to our own capacity, instead of raising our hopes and ambition to one far above us.

Various methods have been proposed for overcoming the difficulties of historical study. Some have thought that a course somewhat similar to our preliminary one would answer all purposes. It would indeed suffice for those whose main object is to avoid the charge of gross ignorance, and to take their share in ordinary conversation, but such could hardly be termed the *study* of history, and would fail in securing any of its high practical advantages. Others, who have wished to go further, but have been appalled by the immensity of the task before them, have conceived the idea of confining their attention to one particular period, and mastering all its details and peculiarities. This is a poor substitute for the enlargement of mind which is the chief advantage of historical study, and it has been aptly compared to allowing a prisoner the range of two rooms, his own, and that of one other person. A better plan than either of the above, and sanctioned by the name of Arnold, is that of minute study of any one period, united to a general historical range. Having laid bare its real character by stripping it of the disguise

thrown over it by the ordinary historian, the student may form some general idea of the reality lurking beneath similar disguises elsewhere, and be prepared to exercise his judgment in discerning truth from falsehood.

The second great division of our subject, comprising the deeper questions of original philosophical inquiry and critical research, next comes within our notice. The field which now opens before us is boundless, and the sources whence our materials are to be derived are infinitely varied.

It is remarkable that in all ages men have been anxious to transmit to posterity a knowledge of the facts which were passing under their own eyes, and that yet their attempts to do so have in a great measure failed, succeeding generations remaining in ignorance, or at most receiving a very imperfect idea of those have preceded them. From the earliest times records of passing events have been carved on monuments which might well be deemed imperishable : the deeds of heroes have been woven into popular worship, and celebrated in traditionary songs ; and the first use to which the knowledge of writing has ever been applied has been to the more certain preservation of national history. And yet such has been the darkness which at different successive periods has swept over the world, such the changes which war and national migrations have wrought, such the wear of age after age flowing down the stream of time, that when in this nineteenth century we meet with antique inscriptions we are unable to decypher them. When we look into the the religious worship of our forefathers, we are at a loss to discover what fragments of deep mysteries are embodied in it, when we hear their traditionary songs we cannot respond to the emotions which must have once thrilled the noble hearts who heard their sound, and when we examine their most authentic records they seem to us fabulous or mythical. Well may it be said that the real study of history is in its infancy ; for not only have we to learn its alphabet, but for the most part we have to seek the very alphabet itself. In some cases it may be discovered by examining and collecting dusty

MSS. which have long lain neglected in European libraries, while in others we shall be obliged to enrich our store by rescuing from destruction the mouldering and unpriized treasures which are buried in the Eastern sanctuaries of religion and learning. In some cases our materials must be sought in foreign lands, amid combinations of natural and political difficulties, by the study of barbarous or long-forgotten dialects, or the painful decyphering of imperfect inscriptions, while in others again they may be gathered by diligent observation of familiar national customs, traditions, songs, crumbling ruins, and even physical conformation. In all, quick observation, unwearied perseverance, and a sound discriminating judgment will be essential.

It is not our intention to enter further into the consideration of this second great division of historical study, both because we are sensible of our own inability to describe this to us untrodden road, and because we have already said as much, or even more, than can be turned to any present practical account. But the knowledge that there does lie before us such a high object of pursuit may encourage generous and ardent minds to struggle with, and overcome, the first difficulties of study; and to some of us who may hereafter be placed in countries whose national customs, habits, literature, and history are almost unknown to Europeans, it may be interesting to learn how their difficulties may be made useful in the promotion of other ends besides those with which they are immediately concerned. It may not be the lot of any of us to be Niebuhrs or Arnolds, Curzons or Layards, but we may humbly follow in their footsteps, or we may act as the pioneers of future illustrious names, feeling well assured that when dwelling in the region which has been the birth-place of the human race, whose language proclaims it the parent of civilized Europe, and whose very dust is that of splendid empires, no fragment of knowledge which is picked up can be utterly useless, and no amount of judicious labour which we bestow on our researches can fail in time to earn its due reward.

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VISARGAH.

## THE FRESHMAN'S CHOICE.

(AFTER DUE DELIBERATION UPON THE "PSALM OF PLUCK.")

*(Vide No. 6.)*

The Slow-man's is a happy lot :  
In dread of Pluck he standeth not,  
But gains an Oriental Prize :  
I think the Slow-man's plan is wise.

And yet, if he would win the prize,  
Each morn at five he has to rise :  
He must not bat ; he must not row ;  
I do not think that I'll be Slow.

The Fast-man lives in mirth and glee ;  
For " gates " or lectures cares not he :  
He sings good songs : he smokes good weeds ;  
A jolly life the Fast-man leads.

But Fortune changes soon or late ;  
He may be doomed to " rusticate " ;  
Exams.—then Pluck—will come at last :—  
I do not think that I'll be fast.

'Tis good to take the golden mean :  
I'll steer these two extremes between :—  
I'll row and bat with some effect,  
And yet my " Tests " I'll not neglect.

When' any fun we rush to see,  
All men shall know how Fast I be ;  
But when into Exams. we go,  
I then will rank among the Slow.

HAUTEVILLE.

## TRANSLATION.

(FROM SCHILLER'S "BRIDE OF MESSINA.")

METHOUGHT 'twas he ; 'tis but the murmuring wind  
Amid yon grove of trees ; the sun's declined  
Now wearied to his ocean bed. No rest  
Doth now mine eyelids close, nor soothe my breast :  
My heart, alas ! these hours of solitude  
Once wished for—all my fears withstood,  
That ne'er again I should his face behold—  
Now anxious counts ; not long ago, so bold  
I thought no fear like this could me o'ercome ;  
But now 'tis changed, and dreading some  
Mishap, now o'er my frame an icy chill  
It's fearful power throws, and yet—Be still !  
My frightened timid heart ; my very soul  
Is chilled, as time its lagging hours doth roll  
So slowly on. Forsaken and alone,  
I'm left, as floating on the gentle breeze  
The city's hum is borne ; the mighty seas,  
That some still mightier powers control,  
Their murmuring waters to the shore do roll.  
With horrors compassed round, I know no fear,  
And like the leaf, which the declining year  
Casts off, borne on the bitter autumn blast,  
Am hurried on, still thinking of the past.  
Alas ! that I ere left my peaceful cell,  
The friends so dear, the friends I loved so well.  
No cares, no fond desires, disturbed my breast :  
Unruff'd like the stream with sunshine blest,  
That slowly glides along thro' verdant mead ;  
Thus once I lived, nor had I ought to heed  
Of all the fears, that now my soul destroy,  
My home was rich in love, not poor in joy.

Look now and see what change is brought around ;  
And now, when once true love I thought I'd found,  
The dream is o'er, and every hope, alas !  
Seized by the world, no sure foundation has.  
By lover's sweet and flattering words allured,  
I listened, and I trusted, and assured  
My heart of his unchanging love. Betrayed,  
From the convent's sacred bounds I strayed,  
And fled with him, who thus so rudely trod,—  
Th' invader of Religion's dread abode.

S. P.

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THE WANDERING JEW.

## A SOLILOQUY.

STILL shall I hear my curse that voice proclaim,  
And ever in my ears unceasing cry,  
On to thy doom ? Alas ! what is my doom ?  
To wander outcast o'er the desert earth,  
Desert to me, on whom no friendly smile  
Ere shines benignant, whom no home awaits,  
Or well-known voice, from daily toil  
Returning, welcomes to the social hearth.  
But yesternight I saw the murm'ring dove  
With plaintive note, and eager, flutt'ring joy,  
Re-seek her lofty nest, around her young  
To nestle ; while they mocking seemed to say,  
" Poor outcast ! Thou no homely joys can'st feel,  
Whilst we, in blissful union ever joined,  
Enjoy what thou can'st never hope to gain."  
The mountain torrent, o'er its rocky bed,  
With many a leap rebounding, tho' full oft  
By rocks and stones retarded, doth at length,  
In the calm bosom of some placid lake,  
Repose obtain ; the mountain goat some cave

Doth own ; nor doth the restless gull her wings  
 For ever o'er the stormy waves outspread.  
 But I, by stern decree compelled for e'er  
 To roam, must wander on, yet never seem  
 To be the nearer to my hopeless end.  
 Alas ! no end can I expect till earth,  
 And all dissolving nature, shall at last  
 With direful crash, and fearful ruin, resign  
 Existence ; then, but not till then, the time  
 Shall come, when, goaded on no more, my feet  
 Shall cease with lab'ring steps to plod their way.

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There was an old man of Leghorn,  
 The smallest as ever was born ;  
     But quickly snapped up, he  
     Was once, by a puppy,  
 Who devoured that old man of Leghorn.

SENEX LIBURNENSIS.

Senex est Liburni satus,  
 Quo non minor quisquam natus ;  
     A parvulo correptus cane,  
     (Vitæ fragilitas humanæ !)  
 Hic statim fuit devoratus.

G. A.

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There was an old man of Barbadoes,  
 Who was blown quite in two by tornadoes ;  
     So roughly it blew him,  
     His dinner fell through him,  
 Which grieved that old man of Barbadoes.

SENEX BARBATENSIS.

Senex quidam est Barbatæ,  
 Plane ruptus tempestate :  
     Flatu venti violente  
     Cœna medium perlabente  
 Mœstus hic restabat mente.

G. A.

**"Song of Pass."**—*We fear the Author will at some future time be plucked.*

**"Y<sup>e</sup> Steeplechase of Haileyburie."**—*A very poor imitation.*

**"Reverie upon Rooms," "Lay of Haileyburie," "The Parting,"**  
*declined.*

**"Prig"** *has prigged rather too much this time.*

**"Cecilia Fleetwood."**—*There is no point in this story.*

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCUKATE MAN.—BACON.

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MAY 12, 1852.

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A CHAPTER ON NOTHING PARTICULAR.

Well, Jack, what have you been about ?

Nothing, Sir !

And what have you been about, Tom ?

Helpin' Jack, Sir.—*Old Joke.*

SUCH has been the conversation which has lately passed between the Haileybury public and the Editors of their *Observer*. But, gentle public, be not harsh in your criticisms ; the *Observer*, which has been so “ long in coming,” has at length arrived ; we trust that it is no “ *ridiculus mus*” which now claims your attention. Should any one, however, turn sternly from its perusal, and demand an explanation of this delay, the editorial trio return the oracular answer—Nothing. Nothing ! O reader, think twice ere you form an opinion of the properties of that magic dissyllable. What is it that has swayed so many of mankind ? For what is it that the ambitious have striven, that the speculative have quarrelled, that the visionary have sighed ? In what is it that the majority of a certain community, not twenty

miles from London, spend their time ? Look at the monuments of many of our greatest dead, and consider what it is that a grateful nation lavished on them, as a reward for their arduous services ? . . . ! We leave the word to supply itself.

But, independent of this prescriptive right to our veneration, which is claimed by the subject of our present address, a more pressing reason has delayed the appearance of the *Observer*. The Editors, in obedience to the Lucretian maxim—"E nihilo nil fit"—have waited for the elements before they composed the mass.

"But," cries some unhappy wight, who may chance to figure on the wrong side of the cover, "Do you call my contribution nothing ?" O certainly not, good Sir; but food for the mind requires selection, as well as that which is intended for the body; we trust the *Haileybury Observer* may not be an intellectual Goldner's canister. Therefore, kind reader, if your patience have not been yet exhausted, (and why should it, when we have given you nothing to try it ?) consider the difficulties of writing something out of nothing, and of making a table of contents out of an empty box.

On this ground, therefore, we have given you nothing—because we had none to give. Like the Needy Knife-grinder, "Story ! God bless you, I've got none to tell, Sir." To have expected a romantic autobiography from one whose most stirring adventure was connected with "drinking at the Chequers," would be preposterous and unreasonable. To demand jugged hare of a man before the hare is caught, would be against the rules of Mrs. Glasse. Gentle and discriminating reader, we were needy knife-grinders, more destitute than even that ragged worthy; for the ancient synonym for nonentity, "a legless stocking without a foot," has lately constituted the sole garb of our *Observer*. But now the rays of prosperity shine upon us, our wheel is no longer out of order. We have caught our hare and lay it dressed for the taste of those who encourage our humble catering.

But a little bird has just whispered to us a most artful little piece of reasoning which, we hope, will take the reader in. Anticipation is half enjoyment. O ye who are now opening the *Observer*, how you must be enjoying it after such a long anticipation! Hitherto it has been a pure work of imagination: nothing coarse, or tangible, in the shape of paper or letter-press; all delicate and ethereal. Now, however, the real course comes on.

Have not you all read in the Arabian Nights about the Barber's brother and the Barmecide? how the eccentric host orders off the covers, helps his starving guest to an imaginary pilau, recommends dishes of which the other cannot even perceive the smell, and after smacking his lips, and arousing the indignation of the tantalized reader to a pitch by

Washing his hands with invisible soap,  
In imperceptible water,

suddenly claps his hands for the real good things of this life, and makes the famished guest fall to? Such has been the practical facetiousness of the Haileybury Barmecides—at least the little bird put them up to saying so.

There is a story somewhere of a Yankee pedlar who advertised a magnifying glass so strong as to show distinctly the little end of nothing whittled down to a point. This has been our object in this article, at least the writer has attempted to illustrate *nothing* in its various phases. If he have failed, he must have said *something*, a consummation which will have exceeded his most sanguine hopes.

Before withdrawing, we would make a final promise, premising with an old joke, which we will put into an entirely novel form, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Society, should they ever chance to honour this periodical with their notice. Our story, the point of which is that "little end whittled down," which our Yankee friend alluded to, for want of a better name, shall be entitled,

### Our Merry Geste of Wille Shakespeare.

"One daie y<sup>e</sup> madde wagge Wille did goe for y<sup>e</sup> hunten of hartes in Sir Thomas Lucy his parke ; y<sup>e</sup> keepere recognysynge hym, didde take hym to Sir Thomas.

"Marrye, varlette," saies Sir Thomas, in great dudgeon, "whatte diddest thou in my parke?"

"Marrye, your Worshipp," saies Wille, "Nothing."

"Marrye then knave," saies Sir Thomas, "doe itte notte agayne."

And so the rogue Wille gotte off by y<sup>e</sup> geste.

Hoping that this geste (the framing of which is entirely our own) will get us off, the Editors having for a long time done nothing, following the example of the illustrious Swan, promise "notte to doe itte agayne."

### THE LATE REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

ATTEND, all ye, who list to hear the song of China's praise,  
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in other days ;  
When Tang Fi Fou, the emperor, strove to suppress, in vain,  
The rich tureens of bird's-nest soup ; the plates of puppy's brain.

The Emperor Celestial, the mighty Tang Fi Fou,  
The royal brother of the Sun, is clothed in robes of blue ;  
His mandarins stand all around, arranged two and two ;  
For none may dare to use a chair before great Tang Fi Fou.

The Emperor and mandarins are met in high debate,  
Consulting for the people's good, the welfare of the state ;  
For that a band of Chinamen had sworn, when drunk with wine,  
In Peking's lofty market-place on bird's-nest soup to dine ;  
And, gibing the enraged police (Great Fo, avert the shame!),  
Presumed to whistle, audibly, the dread Imperial name.

\* \* \* \* \*

After long council 'twas agreed, one should harangue the mob,  
But from the crowd rose clamour loud, " Oh ! who shall do the  
job ? "

No mandarin could there be seen but had a *little* fear,  
Fill Hong, the bold prime minister, did nobly volunteer.

Forth went that lord, without a sword, without or force or  
train,  
Exhorted, threatened, ordered, prayed, and begged, but all in  
vain !

He could not move the multitude, nor stir the smallest group ;  
Still ate they brains of puppy-dogs ; still ate they bird's-nest  
soup.

In high disdain Hong turned, and gazed, and looked upon the  
feast :

Magnificent it was, I ween, with many a bird and beast ;  
And there were crabs and spiders, a highly-favoured dish,  
And horns of snails, and tongues of whales, and many a sort of  
fish ;

And there was bird's-nest soup in plates, on cloths of coloured  
silk,

And there were brains of puppy-dogs, and there was pigeon's-  
milk ;

And there was every luxury brought from beyond the sea,  
Whilst they the Constitution pledged in brimming cups of tea ;  
Of beasts, and birds, and fishes was dished up many a one :—  
Such dinner should be set before the brother of the Sun.

I said, Hong turned, his spirit burned to see such noble feast,  
Spread for the lowest in the land, the meanest, and the least ;  
But as he turned,—O horror ! a ruffian ran amain,  
And with a pair of scissors, he cut his tail in twain.  
Boiling with rage and anger, Hong back again has sped,  
From red to white his colour changed, from white it changed to  
red ;

Without a word, within he rushed, the Emperor was alone,  
And speechless he prostrates himself before the royal throne.

Again, again, upon the ground his body does he throw,  
Nor stops till ninety-eight times he has kissed the royal toe ;  
Then rising, on the Emperor he wildly sets his eyes,  
Choking with indignation, his tongue its speech denies.—  
But mark !—how changed the Emperor—the colour mounts his  
cheek,—

With rage his eyes flash fire ; with words of thunder does he  
speak :

“ Wretch, dost thou know how terrible, how heinous are thy  
crimes ?

Thou 'st bowed thyself but ninety-six or ninety-seven times,”  
(For those who see the Emperor, how high their rank and line,  
Prostrations must before him make no less than ninety-nine) ;  
“ Yet this time, though reluctantly, our pardon do we give,—  
But ne'er again repeat the fault, as thou dost hope to live.  
But why come in so suddenly, you gave our nerves a shock,  
You should have known, when we're alone, you always ought to  
knock ;

But tell us, pray, what did they say ? we're in a dreadful state ;  
What news dost bring, hast anything unpleasant to relate ? ”  
Speechless with terror and with rage, he turned him towards the  
door,

And with his finger pointed where his tail had been of yore ;  
But furious up the monarch sprung, and seized a battle-axe :  
“ Woe to the traitors who shall dare to turn on us their backs ! ”  
Fiercely he struck him on the neck, and cut away his head,  
And noble Hong is stretched along before his Monarch dead.  
Then Tang Fi Fou, he stooped to view the body and the head,  
And as he turned them o'er and o'er thus to himself he said,  
“ So this is all thy tale !!! indeed, thou hadst not much to say ; ”  
Then, laughing loudly, rang the bell to have Hong swept away.

Thicker the ragamuffins press, and louder grows the noise,  
And richer by a handkerchief are crowds of little boys ;  
But others who run greater risks, of course, are better paid,  
With purses, watches, snuff-boxes—a profitable trade !

But Tang Fi Fou, the Emperor, the Brother of the Sun,  
Thought matters had gone far enough, and something must be  
done ;

So ordered out the household troops, a terrible array,  
In trousers dressed, and coat, and vest, according to their pay.  
In the front lines were those with shoes, the flower of chivalry,  
Behind were those with naked toes, of equal bravery.  
The rearward ranks, reserve, and flanks, were those of poorer lot,  
Who neither coat, nor hat, nor boot, nor cap, nor shoe had got :  
Then, headed by the Emperor, with banners waving high,  
Forth marched that gallant armament, to conquer or to die.  
With matchlocks, axes, swords, and spears, they march through  
street and lane

(Alas for those who leave their homes ne'er to return again !)  
Soon as they reached the market-place a shower of bricks and  
stones

Whole heaps of warriors stretched along with broken heads and  
bones ;

With one wild shout their swords flash out, upon the foe they tore,  
With hack and thrust they stain the dust with many a rebel's gore ;  
Straight towards the banner of the foe they cut a bloody path,  
With blood the ground is stained around, and all around is death.  
Then Tan Zhin Wowh, the corporal, dashed foremost through  
the fight,

And Hein pressed on upon his left, and Shu Shong on his right,  
And mighty Foo, the first he slew, a scavenger was he,  
And Tee Ko Khan, the cat's-meat-man, of dauntless gallantry ;  
And Moseen Khee, the tailor, he beheaded at a blow—

Of little profit were to him his vest and paletôt !

And Hou Whan fell before his sword, fell to arise no more ;  
And Ta Shee Shan, the publican, lay weltering in his gore,  
Till Po Ta To, whose can doth glow along the streets at night,  
Upon him came, with deadly aim—he slew that valiant wight.

For fifteen minutes thus they fight, nor for a moment slack,—  
But see ! afar, far o'er the war, the foe are falling back ;

Whilst, spent with wounds, and spent with rage, and fury of the fight,  
The soldiers beat a slow retreat, and rest them for the night.  
But when they reached their home, and when their loss they came  
to know,

They tore their nails, and rent the air with cries of grief and woe ;  
For twenty-one bold warriors were wounded or were slain,  
And, worst of all, a prisoner the Emperor was ta'en.

Meantime the rebels laboured hard to raise a barricade,  
But then arose the question, of what should it be made ?  
Those omnibuses are the things—but then they do not run  
(For they had been forbidden by the Brother of the Sun).  
But see ! a neighbouring tea-dealer's ! and thither they repair,  
And most unceremoniously they carry off his ware ;  
And tea-caddies on tea-caddies, together crammed, are laid,  
And thus without much trouble they construct a barricade.  
Now on the top-most row but one, his hands together laced,  
His feet fast tied, upon his side the Emperor is placed,  
And o'er him, for security, another row they lay,  
And thus do they entrench themselves, and wait the coming day.

The day has dawned, and forth have marched that bold devoted  
band,  
The flower of Chinese chivalry, the bravest of the land ;  
On moves that gallant armament for battle-strife arrayed—  
On move they all determined to storm the barricade.  
They reach the place, and boldly face the muskets of the foe,  
And side by side arrayed in pride, they march, a gallant show.  
The foremost rows have bent their bows, and taken deadly aim,  
And every one with match-lock, gun, or pistol, does the same ;  
Their daggers glance, couched is each lance, and drawn is every  
sword,

And there they stand, a gallant band, but waiting for the word ;  
But ere the word " Advance " was heard, the Major of Brigade  
By chance espied the Emperor upon the barricade.  
" The Emperor ! the Emperor !" was heard from van to rear,  
" The Emperor ! the Emperor !" was echoed far and near,

And straightway down upon their knees the loyal soldiers fell,  
For ninety-nine times must they bow, who'd serve their master  
well.

Then from the barricade rolled out a long and deadly fire,  
In ghastly groups down fell the troops, besmeared with blood  
and mire.

In vain the Emperor exhorts his men to charge and fight;  
Still bow they and still drop they dead, afar from left to right,  
In vain he orders and commands, and begs them all to rise,  
The roaring fire above his head drowns all his threats and cries,  
And so the battle lasted till the populace had won,  
But still a prisoner was kept the Brother of the Sun.

FURTHER INTELLIGENCE.

Our last report we here correct, and beg for leave to say,  
The Emperor was rescued, and the soldiers won the day.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

*Express.—Telegraphed from Marseilles.*

Our correspondent was all wrong, and we our words recall,  
There's been no revolution of any sort at all.

G. W. C.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT,

BEING A NARRATION OF THE WIDE-AWAKE CALIPH WHO WAS  
CAUGHT NAPPING.

*From the MS. of Mirza al Sa'wa.*

One night the courtiers of Bagdad quaked for fear, for the Caliph Abd-ul Moofoozli could not get to sleep. So he clapped his hands and summoned Mustapha, the vizier, and Quamba, the Nubian, and Ching-ring, the captain of the Tartar guard, and said, "O Mustapha, Quamba, and Ching-ring, if you do not cause the oil of amusement to lubricate the hinges of my soul, I will have you all hawked about the city as cat's-meat, and the burial ground of your fathers shall be made a pound for jackasses."

So the three great officers of the Caliph shook in their shoes, and Ching-ring pondered whether he should decapitate him then and there. But Quamba answered the Caliph and averted his wrath, by saying, "Commander of the Faithful! there is an Arab in this town, a father of nonsense, whom I saw this afternoon standing on his head, and imitating a pig under a cart wheel."

"The very man," said the Caliph, brightening up. "Mustapha, fetch the stone bottle you bought of the Frankish merchant; also the green glasses, and pipes. Quamba, fetch this father of crushed pigs; and Ching-ring will amuse me meantime by bastinadoing the vile slave who sneezed outside the haram window last morning."

When Mustapha had brought in the pipes and glasses, and the minds of the Pillars of the State had been edified by the punishment of that wretch, born under a sneezing star; Quamba returned, followed by an Arab, lean and humpbacked, the progeny of excessive ugliness, monkey-faced and splay-footed, who stood upon his head and groaned. Then the Caliph and his courtiers laughed till the tears of "What-fun!" ran down the cheeks of "Can't-stop-laughing."

"O Arab," said the Caliph, when the goblin-shaped had stopped his antics, "Open the strong box of memory, and draw forth the varieties of narration."

"If the Commander of the Faithful wish to go to sleep," said the Arab, "I will recite from the Akhlák-i Muhsiní."

But at the mention of this name a Pillar of the State yawned so loud that the Fountain of Clemency ordered his tongue to be alit, and a pen to be stuck through as a warning to the illiterate.

"Son of a burnt father," said the Caliph, when his order had been carried out, "if thou tellest me anything so drowsy, I will have thee toe-lined over the ramparts of Bagdad! Inshallah! it is Bosh!"

"Then, will the Commander of the Faithful permit his slave to relate the story of Ahmed the Munificent, and the Peri Dudú."

"What did he or she do?" yawned the Caliph.

"He went in search of the golden-crested cockatoo."

"Ah well! begin straight," said Moofoozli, propping himself up, and draining his green glass, "and leave out—(aha! the Prophet be praised! that is good)—the moonlight and gazelle eyes, and all that sort of thing."

"The word of the wise is law!" said the Arab, prostrating himself, and winking to Quamba, who had squeezed the bottle.

"One summer's night," he commenced, "the high and illustrious Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid"—

"Took a walk with his vizier Giafour, and Mesrour, chief of the eunuchs, I suppose," said Moofoozli, dropping the empty bottle.

The Arab bowed his head at the Caliph's penetration.

"What's the use of dragging poor Haroun in?" asked his successor, "he had nothing to do with the cockatoo, had he?"

"O Commander of the Faithful," answered the Arab, "the great Haroun, whose name lives like the reflection of the sun after it has set, had something to do with everything."

"Istaffanillah!" cried the illustrious Moofoozli, "then we will have a fresh bottle to his memory."

A hum of applause ran through the assembly, so delighted were they at the pious veneration of their Caliph. Mustapha waved his pipe to a slave, and a bottle like the preceding one was brought.

"Well, go on," said the Caliph, highly pleased; "they were disguised like merchants, I suppose, and all that sort of thing, and sneaking along in the shadow of the houses?"

"How can my poor words relate after the eloquence of the treasurer of wisdom?" asked the Arab, looking upwards: "not even can this draught," and he tossed off his glass, "gift me with such a flow of imagination."

"The monkey-faced is right," said Mustapha, encouragingly.

"Let him proceed," said Moofoozli, "we are dumb."

The Arab continued—"They were disguised as merchants, and all that sort of thing, and sneaking along in the shadow of

the houses, when they heard a cry as they reached the bridge, and a young man carelessly dressed rushed by, waving a bottle, which he cast into the Tigris.

"Who is that," asked Haroun, "and why did he waste the bottle?"

"Commander of the Faithful," said Mesroul; "every day for a week has he thrown such a bottle into the Tigris. I have only seen him do it publicly at mid-day. Why he wastes it, I know not."

"So curious was Haroun to find out this man's story that he sent Giafour to invite him to join them. They then all went to a caravanserai, the landlord of which the just Haroun reprimanded in the morning for keeping a disorderly house."

"I should have bowstrung him," remarked the intelligent Moofoozli.

"In this caravanserai," continued the Arab, "they seated themselves, and Giafour having stood treat, asked the young man his history."

"A capital idea," interrupted Moofoozli. "In future, O Mustapha, you must stand treat. You may begin by giving the Arab ten sequins for his hint!"

Another hum of applause followed this munificence, in which Mustapha did not join. Ching-ring, who was unromantic, had gone to sleep, on which Quamba (at the instigation of the main-spring of condescension), dropped a heel-tap up his nose.

Order having been restored, and Ching-ring having left off snoring, the Arab continued his narration.

"The young man, with a deep sigh, emptied the goblet which stood before him, and after beckoning to a moon-faced boy to replenish it, began with these words:—

#### THE STORY OF AHMED THE MUNIFICENT.

"O kind strangers, I am Ahmed the Munificent, of the city of Damascus, who have been ruined by opening one of these accursed bottles."

"How was that?" asked the Caliph.

The young man related—"In the city of Damascus my father amassed great wealth. On his death, I, at the age of twenty, was greatly enriched. I had everything that my heart desired—slaves and dogs." (Moofoozli yawned, and the Arab cut short the description, at a warning gesture from Mustapha). "In short, there was no boundary to my prosperity, till I touched the dice of uncertainty. One evening, when I had lost nearly everything, I saw a Frankish stranger, who stood opposite to me, and seemed to take compassion on my condition. I approached and said, 'O Sir, you seem interested in me.' 'I am,' he said, 'and will accordingly, with your favour, accompany you home.' I expressed my pleasure."

"What a flat!" said Moofoozli, motioning for the bottle.

"The Frankish stranger (continued the Arab in his recital) sympathized with my misfortunes, and asked me if I knew how to meet them. I answered in the negative, upon which he sighed, and told me that were I in Feringhistan they would soon be cleared off. I asked him how that was, and he said, 'O youth! in my country there are magicians in league with many powers, over whose doors are hung three roc's eggs for a spell. These magicians, who call themselves 'uncles of mankind,' will convert any article into money. O youth!' said the Frank, 'I myself was one of these wonder-workers, till my avarice brought ruin on me.' I asked him how that happened. The Frank related

#### THE FRANK'S STORY.

"O young man!" said the Frank, "I was born in the land of wonders, which the Franks call Cockaigne. So active were the limbs of my mind, at even an early age, that my friends always spoke of me as 'the tremendous leg,' which is a great compliment among the high-minded. Of the wonders which I worked I will not speak, for the ass, incredulity, is ever ready to kick against the fence of experience. But at length I took to the mysterious spell of hanging the roc's eggs over my door. Whilst

practising these arts, my attention was one day excited by one of the Hebrew persuasion, dirty and venerable, who, I found, was a magician, like myself. From pieces of copper this father of devilries could make gold coins; he was a worshipper of fire, to which he sacrificed silver spoons, and other costly articles.

"For some time we joined profits, till one day that deceitful sorcerer (may he be drilled to death with the bristles of his own beard!) informed the cazi of our bad practises. By means of the money which I had, I escaped, and encountered many vicissitudes, and travelled through many countries. One day, O youth, I strayed by the sea side, bewailing my fate, and suffering from the pangs of hunger, when I picked up an oyster! Overjoyed at my good fortune, I looked round for a convenient place to enjoy myself in with this meal, when I also found a bottle! As I was about to strike off the neck of the bottle, I heard a sigh, and on looking at the oyster, I saw large tears escaping from between the shells.

"O oyster!" I cried, "who are you, and why do you weep?"

"O Frank!" replied the oyster, opening, "I am the Peri Dudú."

"Had she a beard?" asked Moofoozli, with a gape at this new incident.

"Keystone of the State!" said the Arab, "she veiled herself with sea-weed."

The Arab then continued his narration:

"I asked her," said the Frank, "how she came to be an oyster?" She told me, first to place down the bottle, for that it contained a jinn. I laid down the bottle in alarm, and she related

#### THE STORY OF THE PERI DUDÚ.

"O Frank!" said the oyster-formed beauty, "this is one of the days in which, every hundred years, I am allowed to quit the ocean and lie on the shore to take my chance of deliverance."

"How came?" — "Frank," said the oyster, interrupting me, with a toss of her upper shell, "You should never interrupt

a lady, especially a Peri." I begged her pardon, and she continued: "There were once three powerful jinns, who sought my affections; this was many hundred years ago."

"Slippers of Mahomet! do oysters keep so long?" asked Moofoozli.

"In salt-water, your Highness!" replied the Arab, submissively.

"Ah, true," observed the Caliph, "go on."

"I, foolishly, had given hasty promises to these evil-minded jinns, by which I was put into their power, for a Peri should never have any intercourse with a jinn. Three days were left to me, and my only chance of escape was to consult the golden-crested cockatoo."

"The prophet be praised!" cried Moofoozli, breaking his green glass, "we've come to him at last."

"But this all-wise bird is gifted with such power of concealment that for two days I traversed every country in search of him, till, on the third, I alighted in the wilds of Tartary. By charms which I carried with me, and by the ejaculation of mysterious discordant cries, I brought the bird, knowing in much, within reach, and placed the salt of capture on his tail. He begged hard to be released, but I did not answer; for the uttering of one word would have enabled him to have escaped from me. At last the deceitful cockatoo said: 'O Peri! I will be most happy to aid thee, for I know a spell which will stop their persecution, as the spell of Hassan the hen-pecked overcame his wife.' I felt so curious to know the story of Hassan the hen-pecked, that I made the cockatoo a little more comfortable (for I had held him tight by the throat before) and smiled sweetly on him. The cockatoo, seeing that I was interested, began relating

#### THE STORY OF HASSAN THE HEN-PECKED.

"In the city of Samarcand dwelt a man named Hassan, who, for his domestic infelicity, was called the Hen-pecked. One

night he had gone from home, and, by drinking much, was incapacitated from returning. He wandered to the burial-ground outside the city, thinking to get a dry tomb to himself, when, to his horror, in the broad moonlight, he saw a ghoul.'—

"O Arab!" broke in Moofoozli, "you have taken your bottled jinn out of the Arabian Nights, and now you are bringing in about the ghoul."

"Commander of the Faithful!" replied the Arab, "this was a totally different ghoul, and had no connection with the ghoul to which your Highness alludes."

"Hassan," continued the Arab, on receiving permission from the Caliph, "'was going to retire, but the ghoul looked up and said, laughing, 'Come forward, Hassan the hen-pecked, and I will tell you something worth knowing.'"

"Stop, stop!" hiccupped Moofoozli as he opened the third bottle, "the oyster said that the ghoul—what's all this about? I can't follow."

"Commander of the Faithful!" said the Arab, "the young man said that the Frank said, that the Peri said, that the cockatoo said, that the ghoul said he'd say something worth the saying, and when he had said his say, Hassan said, Thank you!"

"But who said all this?" gaped Moofoozli.

"The Peri is relating the story, your Highness, as told her by the cockatoo. When Hassan had received the information which the ghoul gave him he became perfectly sober, and walked home muttering the spell to himself. So powerful was it that the wind dropped, and the jackals slunk away silent. On hearing this," continued the Peri, "I was nearly bursting with curiosity, and the cockatoo related more slowly—'When Hassan reached his home, his wife, according to established custom, began scolding violently, and waving a thick bamboo. Hassan, remembering the spell which the ghoul had taught him, advanced and said . . . . 'What? I asked, putting my ear close to the cockatoo. *'Woman, woman! thou hast spoken words!'* cried the cockatoo, and he flew upwards and disappeared.

Accordingly, all my time had been lost, and so I fell into the power of the jinns. But that was only for a short while, for the great Soleimán soon after enclosed all the rebellious jinns in a bottle. Me those malicious ones have transformed into an oyster, and only by a true believer, who shall say his creed over those bottles, and then let out the jinns to release me, can I regain my shape."

"On hearing this tale," said the Frank, "I, being not of Islam, in spite of the tears of the Peri, broke the bottle. What happened afterwards I know not; the jinn escaped; the Peri disappeared, and I was again left wretched upon the earth."

After I had sympathized with that Frank, said the young man, he produced another bottle, which he said contained the second jinn, and gave it to me, being a true believer, to open. In my hurry I forgot to say the necessary form: on the opening of the bottle a powerful fume proceeded—

At this point of the narration Ching-ring tilted forwards, and burnt his Kuzzil-bash cap in the flame of one of the candles. When the Caliph had restored order by felling a Pillar of the State with an empty bottle, the Arab proceeded.

"The only contents of the bottle was a little liquor like water, but strong-flavoured. At the instigation of that artful stranger, I drank it, and the jinn took such possession of me that I lost all consciousness, and when I came to myself found that the Frank had robbed me of everything. Since then I have left Damascus, and having expended all my fortune in buying up such bottles, I cast them into the water with a weight, that they may never rise.

The Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid asked what appearance these bottles had. The stranger produced one which he said contained the third of the three jinns who had enchanted the Peri Dudú.

As they talked the candles grew dim and flickered down; the moon became obscured, the beetles began to run up and down, and a whispering drowsy sound was heard outside. The

young man, after muttering some mysterious words, opened the bottle. The great Haroun, having become a victim of curiosity, tasted its contents, and so did his companions. Then everything seemed strange : the room ran round, the cushions danced, and

“ Inshallah !—yaw haw !” grunted the Caliph Moofoozli as he staggered up from the floor, and gazed in astonishment at the daylight which streamed in. “ O thou dog-faced ass of the wilderness !” he roared to Mustapha, who had shaken him : “ O thou burnt-father, Kaffir, Giaour, Jew, Greek ! where is that weaver of lies that bewitched us ? where are the green glasses, and sofa cushions ? Speak ! or by my great grandfather’s whiskers”—but the great Moofoozli could say no more.

“ Asylum of the Universe !” said the trembling Mustapha : “ he has gone.”

“ How dared he go without my shereefian consent ?” thundered Moofoozli.

“ Because, because—Commander of the Faithful ! *he has picked our pockets, and carried away the spoons.*”

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### LAMENT OF THE THEBANS ON THE DEATH OF EPAMINONDAS.

Woe to the seven-gated walls,  
Which rose to the sound of song !  
And woe to our father Cadmus’ halls !  
For the curse endureth long.

O Ate, goddess who alone  
Ne’er standest by the Olympian throne ;  
Banished from that blessed seat,  
Thou watchest for the sinner’s feet,  
With thy calm blue eyes pursuing  
The path that leads to his undoing ;

As the waves, which evermore  
Wash Crissœa's cursed shore,  
Calm and blue and pitiless,  
Never ceasing—onward press.

All the gods who reign above  
Sacrifice and prayer may move :  
All who hold the realms below  
Grace and mercy sometimes shew :  
To thee alone,  
With heart of stone,  
Is soft compassion never known :  
Nought can lure thee from the track,  
Nought avails to turn thee back.

Thou did'st doom the banished king  
To his darksome wandering :  
Thine were all the woes that came  
On the heirs of guilt and shame :  
Wretched end to wretched life  
Of his hapless mother-wife.  
Seven princes sought our shore—  
Sought it to return no more !  
Raging, fell, fraternal hate  
Brother slew, by brother's hand ;  
And the sister's love as great  
Disobeyed the stern command.  
Not thus, O Ate, goddess dread,  
Would'st thou withdraw thy hand :  
Still hovering o'er the sinner's head,—  
Still hovering o'er the fated land.  
Nor frequent punishment, nor length of time,  
Could wash away the wretched monarch's crime.

We have known, in days gone by,  
Many a dark and evil hour ;

We have seen, through treachery,  
Our city in a stranger's power.  
Till a morning, bright and cheering,  
Rose above the eastern sea :  
Greece, the yoke of tyrants fearing,  
Called on us, and she was free.  
Now, alas ! our glory fades,  
Quenched in sudden night too soon !  
Darkest seem those evening shades  
Which succeed the brightest noon !  
When the sun hath veiled his splendour,  
Can the stars the day retain ?  
Where obtain we a defender,  
Fit successor of the slain ?

Queen of Bæotia, wake and weep !  
Rouse thee from sleep !  
The eye that guarded thee shall never watch again,  
The cypress branches wave  
Above the lonely grave,  
Where sleeps thy bravest son on Mantinea's plain.

Queen of Bæotia, wake !  
Doff the diadem from thy brow ;  
Hear the dying words he spake—  
“ Thebes hath none to lead her now.”

Queen of Bæotia, wake and weep !  
How shalt thou longer keep  
Thy royal station 'midst the lands of Greece ?  
They who forced thee from the yoke—  
Who the pride of Sparta broke—  
Who bade Messene's thralldom cease—  
All, all are sunk in endless sleep !  
Queen of Bæotia, wake and weep !

He resteth not the tomb within,  
Where side by side his fathers lie ;  
Far from country, and from kin,  
The warrior drew his parting sigh ;  
Stranger hands his body dressed  
In its white funereal vest,  
And twined around his pallid brow the wreath :  
Strangers raised the mourning cries,  
And bade the stone sepulchral rise,  
To tell a Theban hero slept beneath.

When again the circling hours  
Bring the ne'er forgotten day,  
Who shall strew his grave with flowers,  
And guard the pillar from decay ?  
Who, with gifts, the manes' due,  
Shall reverence the hallowed ground ?  
Who shall wreath the garlands new  
His dragon-monument around ?

By Corinthus, Queen of Waters,  
To the Apian land he came—  
Long shall Lacedæmon's daughters  
Dread Epaminondas' name.  
She, who by her sons defended,  
Trusted not in walls of stone ;  
Saw her long dominion ended,  
All at Leuctra overthrown ;  
She, who boasted, ne'er invader  
Dared to tread her haughty coasts,  
Trembling stood, with none to aid her,  
Taunted by the Theban hosts.

See, a great and ancient nation  
Calls on Thebes for liberation—

Calls on Thebes—nor calls in vain ;  
Broken now the tyrant's chain.  
Welcome back the warrior-ghosts,  
Greet Messene's hero-shades,  
Wandering long on stranger coasts,  
Or in satyr-haunted glades ;  
Or gazing from their mountain caves,  
Where, beneath, their country lay ;  
Or sighing to the mournful waves  
In the Cyparissian bay.

See they come—a guardian band—  
To the soil they loved so well,  
They who left their native land,  
When the strong Ithome fell.  
They who still unyielding died  
On Ira's leaguered hill,  
When the fig-tree drank beside  
Dark Neda's fatal rill.

Hero ! though thou liest slain  
On the Mantinean plain,  
Still thy glorious works remain  
To tell thou hast not lived in vain.  
Thou shalt hold an equal place  
With the guardians of our land ;  
Thou shalt shield the Æolic race  
From the strong oppressor's hand ;  
From the slavish traitors' snares,  
From the might of hostile powers,  
Thou, invoked by Theban prayers,  
Still shalt save Cadmea's towers.

For thou art not the first,  
By Theban mother nurst,  
Who reached at length the Olympian brazen floor ;

In trials passed on earth  
They erst evinced their worth ;  
Now in the golden halls they dwell for evermore.  
Ours is the king of mirth,  
Of the line of Cadmus sprung,  
Born in the wondrous birth,  
Iacchus ever young.  
We can claim the god who strove  
With the labours long-abiding ;  
And we have the sons of Jove,  
Upon milk-white coursers riding.

'Twas not from a human stock  
That thy wondrous lineage sprung ;  
'Twas not from the Delphian rock,  
By old Deucalion flung :  
But 'twas from the Serpent's might,  
Of more than earthly mould—  
Fit emblem of the Infinite,  
With his backward wreathed fold.

When the wearied stranger-band,  
By the sacred heifer led,  
Reached at length the promised land,  
And marked the sign accomplished,  
Then a shout of gladness rose  
From all the anxious throng :  
For they had passed through grief and woes,  
And had closed their wanderings long ;  
Now they spoke of rest and home,  
Rushing on with hasty feet  
To raise an altar meet  
For the King of the Pythian dome.

But beneath a branching elm  
The royal exile lay ;

He looked on his new-found realm—  
Yet his thoughts were far away.  
He thought of his sister's loss ;  
He thought of his father's ire ;  
And he thought of the sea which he might not cross,  
Nor breathe the air of Tyre.  
He looked on the waters glancing  
Through meadow and fertile lea,  
But he thought of the blue waves dancing  
On Sidon's subject sea.  
He looked on the waving flowers,  
And the pine-trees dark and tall,  
But he thought of the bannered towers  
Of Sidon's guarded wall.  
He looked on the cattle grazing  
Along Ismenus' shore,  
Or, in sleepy wonder, gazing  
On man unseen before ;  
But he thought of the varied throng  
Hastening with eager feet,  
Of the merchants the wealthy marts among,  
And the crowd in the busy street.

Wanderers ! talk ye of rest and ease ?  
Apollo doth not hear ;  
Why do ye seek yon gloomy trees,  
Nor dream that fate is near ?  
Ye claim of your chief the rites of the grave,  
And vengeance sweet in death ;  
Ye lie in the dragon's cave,  
Destroyed by his baleful breath.  
Cadmus, strong in the favour of Jove,  
Fearlessly enters the fatal grove,—  
The fight is done,  
And the victory won,  
And he stands alone in a lonely land beneath the setting sun.

A king without a people ! a land with none to dwell !  
Are these the gorgeous visions the oracles fortell  
Of princes, great and glorious, who trace their birth from thee,  
Of neighbour cities subject, a people brave and free ?  
All this shall be, and more than this ; nor disbelieve nor doubt ;  
The ways of the gods are wonderful, and who shall search them out ?  
    All shall be that hath been said,  
    All shall be accomplished ;  
The god disclosed the way who speaketh not in vain ;  
    Reeking still with Tyrian gore,  
    Forth the dreadful fangs he tore,  
And laid beneath the plain.

As the clouds of thunder part,  
When the god with forked dart  
Smites the man of evil heart,  
See the clouds themselves uprear,  
Shield and sword and glancing spear,  
Plumes of armed men appear.  
Forth they rose of race divine,  
Parents of the Spartan line ;  
    They knew not the cry  
    Of infancy,  
Nor a parent's fostering care ;  
    They plied not the flame,  
    Their weapons to frame,  
In the ruddy furnace-glare ;  
    They sought not for gain  
    In labour and pain,  
Nor pleaded a father's fame ;  
    But they started to life  
    Arrayed for the strife,  
And their own right hands were their claim.  
  
By the gods with favour eyed,  
And to Venus' daughter wed,

In his children and his bride,  
Blest the life that Cadmus led ;  
Till all-controlling fate  
Came upon them from above—  
One died by Juno's hate,  
And the son of Saturn's love ;  
Inflamed by frenzy, one  
Destroyed her royal son :  
Ino (her offspring dead,  
By him who gave them birth, in madness slain,)  
Across the white Megarian plain  
In hasty terror fled,  
And, leaping from the rocky height, she plunged beneath the main.  
While from Juno, ne'er relenting, on the hated town  
And on Laius' royal race a greater evil fell :  
Till he, the nameless stranger, to whom we gave the crown,  
Unwitting wrought the baleful deed that tongue may never tell.

What god shall we implore  
Our hero to restore,  
And from Elysian shades bring back to light of day ?  
Best is he of Theban birth,  
He who overran the earth,  
Bringing all the sons of men beneath his peaceful sway.

He saw the star-crowned maid of Crete,  
With strained eyes watching the traitor fleet ;  
Sadly she thought on her cheerless lot,  
On gratitude, pity, and love forgot ;  
Murmuring over the broken vows  
Sworn so oft by her faithless spouse.

For him the secret clue she wrought,  
And her royal state forsook ;  
No thought of her father's love she took,  
Of her native land no thought :

For him she forgot the vengeance due  
To a murdered brother's ghost ;  
But sailed away o'er the waters blue,  
From the hundred-citied coast.

Evil upon thy ships alight !  
Where are the sails that should be white ?  
Nemesis vieweth thy weeping bride ;  
Weep thou the tears of a parricide !

Her hast thou from her kingdom taken,  
And left upon a desert strand ;  
But thou shalt die, by all forsaken,  
An exile from thy native land.  
Thou a faithless spouse shalt love,  
And doom a guiltless son to die ;  
Thy mother, through thy crime, shall prove  
A wearisome captivity.

Weep no more beside the sea,  
Ariadne, weep no more !  
He is at hand to comfort thee,  
Whom all mankind adore ;  
Worthy of thy love is he—  
Let the false and perjured flee !

Now from every brake there swarm  
Creatures of fantastic form,—  
Satyrs, Fauns, and Nymphs are seen ;  
On they come, a motley rout,  
All with song and mirthful shout,  
Hail their goddess and their Queen.

But woe to those who spurn  
The thyrsus-bearing crew !  
Upon themselves return  
The evils they would do !

'Twas thus that Pentheus died,  
And thus the lord of Thrace,  
Who down Nyseion's side  
The frantic flight did chase.

But we at seasons meet  
Go forth the god to greet,  
On dark Cithæron's hill to join the Mœnad rout,  
To hail Thyone's son  
With loosened locks we run,  
Whilst all the caverned rocks re-echo to our shout.

On nimble feet dancing,  
With torches wild glancing,  
We call on the godhead our bosoms to fill ;  
On his tiger-drawn car  
See ! he comes from afar ;  
And the hearts of the nations bow down to his will.

Wave the torches, wave them higher,  
Ivy-crowned the thyrsus wave ;  
He his followers shall inspire,  
He the vine to mortals gave.  
" Evæ Bacche !" hear us cry—  
Hear the Thebans, Theban born,  
Raise our hero to the sky,  
Leave us—leave us not forlorn.  
Two of Cadmus' line descended,  
Thou hast raised above the earth,  
Her, who thine infancy attended,  
Her, who perished at thy birth.

Call we on him, the Theban pride,  
From the chaste Alcmena born,  
By whom the shaggy hide,  
The Nemean spoil, is worn.

In the dangers oft repeated,  
He went, and fought, and overcame,  
Ne'er dejected—ne'er defeated—  
Ever honoured be his name !

By the lake, whose waters flow  
Nine-fold round the realms of woe,  
Darkling down the deep descent,  
Girt by secret snares he went ;  
And, 'midst horrors confident,  
From the cave of gloomy hue,  
By the aid which Pallas sent,  
Forth the dog of Hades drew.  
Soon the spell-bound chain he rent,  
And—by all the gods abhorred—  
From the rock of punishment  
Free'd Thessalia's impious lord,  
Though he dared to seek as bride  
Her who sits by Pluto's side.

To the sacrilegious stranger  
Such the pity he could shew,  
Thus could he, despising danger,  
Save him from deserved woe ;  
Never to his country's prayer  
Deaf shall he remain,—  
The blameless chief to upper air  
He shall lead again.  
Distant climes he treads no longer,  
Vassal to another's will ;  
More exalted now and stronger,  
He shall hear his votaries still.

Then, Epaminondas, thou  
In the blissful seats shalt reign ;

From Olympus' lofty brow  
Thou shalt guard the Hellenic plain.  
Mindful of thy earthly station,  
Bring to reconciliation  
Juno, and whoe'er from high  
Looks on Thebes with evil eye.

When invading hosts surround us,  
And their numerous bands confound us,  
Thou shalt turn their ranks to flight,  
And our broken line unite.  
When the toiling phalanx tire,  
Thou shalt hope and strength inspire :  
And, unseen, the squadrons lead,  
Mounted on immortal steed :  
Or teach the sacred band to die—  
They who know not how to fly.

From folly and from treachery  
Thou shalt keep our councils free ;  
But the wisdom of the foe  
Turn to scorning and to woe.  
Thou shalt shield each Theban's life—  
Save the land from civil strife—  
Still preserve thy country free,  
And thy people worthy thee.

A. C.

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## ST. OUEN'S DAY: A TALE OF ROUEN.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MORNING.

IN the Church of St. Ouen, one of the many monuments of monastic wealth and pride in the old town of Rouen, there are two splendid windows. Their gorgeous tracery, which is sufficient of itself to command attention, is connected with a sad tale of human passions,—those passions which can defile the holiest places,

“Where all save the spirit of man is divine.”

On one anniversary of the fête of St. Ouen, in the early part of the fifteenth century, the Church was thrown open, after a rich re-decoration, for the performance of high mass. Crowds of the rich and the poor, the noble and the dependent, the chivalrous and the beautiful, strolled through the long aisles. The solemn anthem pealed through the whole building: it was echoed by the arched roof above, and rolled in a swell of harmony along the nave. The tapers twinkled at intervals through the tall screen, and the smoke curled upwards from the censers in thin blue wreaths. Every effect was solemn and beautiful, both to idler and devotee. Whilst the performance of the day's devotion riveted the feelings of the religious, the new decorations captivated the curious. Among the additions, none were more conspicuous than the two new transept windows. Those windows, which have since looked upon generations and generations that have prayed or gazed in the old church, have seldom been the witnesses of a sadder scene than that of which they were the cause.

On the steps of the altar stood the Lord Bishop of Rouen in full robes: beside and behind him stood the Abbot of St. Ouen with his brotherhood, and two files of youthful choristers. In close proximity to the altar stood the high and mighty of the neighbourhood. The Chatelaine of Arques, in whose halls three hundred knights took their meals; and Valery de Bethune, the Red Cross Knight, whose pride was richer than his purse. He had mortgaged his fief three days before to the Lord of Arques, and now stood with no possession but the harness on his back. Rudolph of Ghent, the leader of fifty lances, and Alexander Burneval, the rich master-mason, at whose chief expense the Church had been re-fitted. The window in the north transept was Burneval's design; but his eye wandered to the more splendid beauties which faced it. The aisles were filled with groups of bourgeoisie, retainers and serfs; whilst the votaries who knelt in the chapels were chiefly women.

Of these none was more conspicuous, and less intentionally

so, than Marie Burneval. She knelt, quiet and beautiful in her devotion, beside the shrine of our Lady of Seven Sorrows, setting off by her devotion the work of her father's pride. Many a young gallant paused to gaze on the burgher's lovely daughter, but there was one young man who stood a few paces behind her, whose whole attention seemed riveted on her, except when he eyed with a frown some ruder gazer.

At length the solemn prayer and blessing ceased; the deep 'Amen' was drowned by a rush of feet, and Marie Burneval rose. Her eyes encountered those of her admirer; and as the young man advanced, she said, with a trembling voice, "O Gauthier, I feel so proud and happy to-day; what a great man you will be when they know who it was that did so much of this work."

"I a great man, Marie?" said the young man, his face flushing with pleasure; "what could make me prouder than your praise?"

"Ay, my young hand-worker, what could?" interrupted a strong rude voice, "you must have not a little presumption to accost so fair a damsel at all."

Marie Burneval turned away from the rude gaze of the German lanz-knecht who had spoken. Gauthier bit his lip and kept silence till Rudolph advanced towards the girl, and grasped her scarf. He then darted between them, and said, angrily, "Mistress Burneval wants no German cut-throat for her batchelor."

"Well crowed, my little cockerel," said the huge German, "Stick to your barn-door beauties; it's ill work to stand between the falcon and his quarry."

"Come to the open air, carrion-bird," replied the young artisan, "there are few of your breed in here."

"Par-dieu! a valiant churl," said Sir Valery de Bethune, "how call you him, Messire Burneval?"

Burneval coloured up at the question, and broke forward through the crowd; the next moment he had seized his trembling daughter's arm and led her away.

"By my spurs!" muttered the Crusader, "these fat-pockets are growing insolent." He turned to a grave priest who was pressing forward to quell the disturbance, and repeated his question.

"A worthy youth," replied the priest, stopping for an instant, "he designed the window in the south transept, a pentalpha encircled, a quaint allegory as you may see, for which the rich mason bears him no goodwill."

"A paltry quarrel," sneered the knight, "to strive about a slip of painted glass!"

"There are men, sir knight," replied the priest, "who will leave their homes neglected, and ravage those of others for the sake of an old stone or a mouldy beam of wood."

The Crusader turned contemptuously away, and strode through the crowd towards Gauthier, whom he addressed.

"Good artizan," he said, in a tone which dictated the reply, "'tis a pity such a spirit should grub among monied churls: wilt seek for better prowess with Valery of Bethune?"

"With all thanks, sir knight," replied the young man modestly, "I seek to make my fortune without hurting my kind."

"Out, sordid hound!" said the hot knight, "I thought thou hadst more heart than to plod for money, or brawl at a church-door for a silly wench."

"Perchance the young man might seek his fortune in the Hall of Arques," said the Chatelaine, "my new manor of Bethune is in need of repair, and under my protection, villein"—

"I am no villein," interrupted Gauthier vehemently, "and I seek to be no man's vassal!"

"St. Rémy aid us!" said the baron with a scornful laugh, "here is a town-whelp that barks alike at the valiant lion of Bethune, and the humble bear of Arques." \*

"The bear may lord it in the lion's den, when the owner

\* The bear was the cognizance of the barons of Arques.

seeks a wider range," said the knight-adventurer proudly; "but it takes a better wit than theirs to make a gentleman of a glazier. Methinks that transmutation of metals would beat even thy skill, good father."

Père Etienne, to whom this sally was addressed, in return for the rebuke he had just previously given to the knight, was suspected of practising arts which the Church held in abhorrence. He turned from Rudolph, with whom he had been expostulating, and answered gravely—"It is easier to alter men's goods than their minds. Esau gave his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

"A truce to thy monkish homilies, priest," said Bethune, angrily, "if report be true, thou art not the fittest to judge of service and devotion to the Cross."

"I practice those arts that heal the sick, not those that destroy the strong," was the grave reply.

"Pharmacy to wit," roared the German, with a coarse laugh, "sorcery, poisoning, alchemy"—

"Peace, brawler," said the Monk, severely, "Profane not the Church of God and his Saint, with thy un-Christian jests."

"By the three kings of Cologne!" said Rudolph contemptuously, "I wish to offend neither, especially thy trumpery saint."

"Silence, German," interrupted Sir Valery, as he crossed himself reverentially, "thy potations have been deep this morning."

"Ay, marry so!" replied the free-lance, "and by the grace of Heaven I go not sober to bed this night. But now to tame Sir Chanticleer with a flap of the falcon's wing." With a careless step, and humming a drinking song, the soldier of fortune strode out of the church, which was now tenanted only by a few stragglers, who had not yet had a fair view of its beauties.

## CHAPTER II.—THE NIGHT.

The bustle of the day had ceased, except among those who turned pleasure to excess, and Marie Burneval sat alone, working

in the reception-room of her father's house. The embroidery, which was to surprise him on his return, was gradually neglected, as her mind wandered away in the stream of her reflections. The proud position of her father, the rudeness of the German, the gallantry of her lover, were prominent among the associations of the day. At last she heaved a deep sigh, and, with an exclamation at her own idleness, resumed her former occupation. But industry and reverie were alike dispelled by a tap at the door of the apartment, and the entry of her lover.

"Marie," he said gravely, "I want to speak to you."

"O! Gaulthier," interrupted the maiden, "not now; for my sake, not now; my father is moody to-night, pray keep from his sight."

"Tush, Marie," said the young man, "it was only last night that he praised my work, and said that, in time, I might even rival him"—

"O, Gaulthier, do not!" cried Marie, beseechingly. Poor girl! she did not say how her father had abused the apprentice on their way home that afternoon.

"What! *rival your father*." The young man stopped, as if a sudden thought had flashed across him. He said abruptly, "we must marry."

A painful silence followed this abrupt proposal, and the two gazed mournfully at each other; at length she answered, "No, Gaulthier; not whilst my father is in this mood."

"Your father!" cried her lover, passionately; "what is his love to mine? O Marie, Marie, I who have hung over you, followed you, clung to you, who would—who *have* braved death for you! My own dear Marie, do not reject me for his harsh displeasure."

"You are inconsistent to-night," she replied, quietly; "it was my submission to my father that first arrested your attention, And, besides, his feelings towards you may change."

"*May change*!" echoed the young man; and he continued, vehemently, "No! your father envies, hates me!"

"Fie, Gauthier!" interrupted the maiden, indignantly, "this is unworthy of you to seek the daughter's love by misrepresenting the father's character. Who said he hated you?"

"You said so, you implied it," cried Gauthier, but he checked himself, and said, in a mournful tone, "my sweet Marie, forgive me; but I am half mad. Would that I had never tried this accursed trade! That wretched window has brought me into quarrel with three whom we citizens should fear. I know it will be my ruin yet."

Marie's soft blue eyes gazed sadly upon him through her tears. He fell at her feet, when a voice from behind made them both start from each other. It was Burneval.

"So, young man," he said, "you are tired of this dull trade. Go, in the fiend's name, but prate not to Burneval's daughter."

"Messire Alexander," said the young apprentice, calmly, "I say nought to any one that I do not intend to carry out."

"Then carry out the ruin you were speaking of, and try the town outside for its performance," said the burgher, with a sneer.

Gauthier moved silently towards the door, but Marie Burneval sprung forwards and detained him, as she said to her father—"O father! for the Holy Virgin's sake be not so unjust: we are much beholden to Gauthier, you know. This day he protected me from the insults of that rude German."

"Bah, Marie!" said Burneval, more softly, "he brought thee, a burgher's daughter, into a public brawl. Speak of what you understand, my child."

"Mistress Burneval does speak of what she is well assured," said the young man, interrupting him; "this night will see the upshot of this public brawl. Farewell, sir! may you never have to regret this: farewell, Marie! may you find a protector when I am gone."

"O Gauthier, do not go!" sobbed Marie, as she threw her arms round him. Burneval's brow darkened at Gauthier's speech; but when he saw what followed, he rushed forward and dragged her off.

"Silence, minion!" he thundered; but Marie fell in an hysterical fit in his arms. When she recovered, she found herself alone with her old nurse. Both her father and her lover had gone.

That night Rudolph of Ghent stood at the western extremity of the town, and looked musingly upon the darkling Seine. But it was not at the moon which silvered its rushing waters: or the distant hills which were bathed in the rich light: or the meads through which the river wandered like a silver thread: or the old town, with its quaint houses, its dark narrow streets, and tall towering churches, that his thoughts were directed.

He had been drinking hard, and although he had been carousing jovially all night, he had come coolly out to seek his revenge. His bonnet was off, and his throat was bare; his only weapon was a long sword; for, ruffian as he was, Rudolph sought no mean advantage.

"Now, by flagon and flask!" he muttered, "my brain is whirling sadly. I have toasted the Three blessed Kings against their hum-drum saint till I can hardly hold a straw. Der Teufel! who goes there?"

His quick ear had caught the footsteps of a man, who emerged from the shadow of the houses, staggering under what appeared to be a human burden.

"So, young sparrow," said the German accosting him, "hast brought thy coffin with thee?"

The other started, and answered with a hoarse hesitating voice, "'Tis only a drunken man I am taking to the leech."

"Sturmwetter! thou wert taking him to the best leech in these matters—cold water. Art drunk too, honest friend?"

The new-comer did not seem to relish his *tête-à-tête*, for he turned back and disappeared in one of the streets. The German, too accustomed to such scenes to feel any curiosity, but despairing of his encounter, strolled idly away. His loud voice awoke many a peaceful burgher, as he carolled in answer to some distant reveller. He passed by the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and

after speculating about its merits as a magazine, he struck down a narrow street to the Church of St. Maclou, the square tower of which seemed to him exactly adapted to command both banks from some island crag on the Rhine. Thence he strolled down the long and crooked Rue St. Denys into a maze of tortuous alleys, till he found himself in the Rue l'Eau de Robec, so named from the little river which rushes through it. The street was pitchy dark, and dangerously so, for it was not easy to trace the black stream which swept by. The German paused as he heard receding footsteps up the street, and cried, "Ho, honest comrade, shew yourself; two are better than one in these dark burrows."

No answer was returned, and Rudolph turned away with an oath. The next moment he heard a splash at a little distance. "Ha, good!" he exclaimed, "my silent friend has got a damper for his sullenness." He was at last attracted by sounds of convivialty from a neighbouring cabaret, outside which he stopped and listened.

"Better still," he ejaculated, as a loud burst of laughter sounded inside: those must be Heinrich and little Peterson, the drunken rascals! Himmel! what a thing thirst is."

As Rudolph entered the cabaret, a man hurried by from the side on which the Robec runs. Another, enveloped in a cowl, glided out of the darkness after him, and all was still.

*(To be continued.)*

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## HYMN TO USHAS (AURORA).

IMITATED FROM THE 'RIG-VEDA.'

Ushas I praise,  
Of the brilliant rays,  
Who hath dwelt in heaven of old;  
The gates of the sky,  
When the sun is nigh,  
Her lovely hands unfold.

Alternate paths pursuing,  
Each other's work undoing,  
Their kindred courses blending,—  
The sisters Morn and Night  
Upon the source of light  
Are evermore attending.

Goddess of Morn,  
Heavenly-born,  
Many-tinted, enrobed in white,  
A hundred cars  
Dost thou lead to the wars  
Thou wagest for us 'gainst the bands of night.

Thou ledest the crowd,  
Like a warrior proud,  
Whose march is in the van ;  
For the realms of night,  
With thy weapons of light,  
Thou art conquering back for man.

From afar, from afar,  
Dost thou harness thy car,  
Beyond the bright sunrise :  
As thy course proceeds,  
On thy purple steeds,  
Thou gladdenest mortal eyes.

A cry is heard  
From beast and bird,  
The bounteous goddess knowing ;  
With truthful voice  
Doth each rejoice  
To greet the All-bestowing.

For wealth or fame,  
 Or a holy name,  
 The sons of men are striving ;  
 Their slumbers they break,  
 When thou dost awake,  
 At thy silent call reviving.

They all are passed and gone,  
 On whom thou erst hast shone,  
 And thou shalt shine on those who see not yet the light ;  
 But ours the present day :  
 Then, e'er it roll away,  
 The favour of the gods let us with prayers invite.

HAUTEVILLE.

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### A LEGEND OF HAILEYBURY,

WITH A MORAL ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

Haileyburix vivebat  
 Vir sub astro malo natus ;  
 Quodd lucernas hic frangebat,  
 Statim rus est amandatus.

Questus fundens atque fletus,  
 Ille præsidem precatus,  
 Qui respondit, "Sis quietus,  
 Nempe eris amandatus !"

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Vos, à quibus pax turbata,  
 Vos, qui lapides jactatis,  
 Eadem fortasse fata  
 Vobis adsint amandatis.

G. A.

FURTHER REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED TO ENQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION—SOCIAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL—OF VARIOUS PARTS OF HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

(Continued from Vol. VI., p. 131.)

**Haileybury to Wit.**

Your Commissioners having inquired into the physical condition of that portion of Her Majesty's dominions marked in the margin, "Haileybury," and having already reported thereon, are prepared to report further on the condition, social and moral, of the College contained in the district aforesaid.

Your Commissioners therefore beg to report—

I. That your Commissioners, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in obtaining access to one of the apartments named in appendix to paragraph 6 of the former Report.

II. That your Commissioners were much struck by the complete system of preparation carried out by the Honourable Company with regard to the accommodation provided for the students; the arrangements are tending to render them proficient in the economy of space, so necessary during the passage to India, and as a check to extravagance when arrived in that country.

*Appendix to Paragraph 2.*

Your Commissioners cannot but think it their duty to recommend a further allowance of space to each student, deeming, as they do, the allowance of 18ft. by 12ft. insufficient for the provision of a bedroom, dressing-room, sitting-room, and pantry.

III. That your Commissioners were struck with the appearance, in several of the apartments, of the illustrations on the walls, exhibiting in a remarkable manner the skill and ingenuity of the occupant.

IV. That the appearance of the furniture in many of the apartments somewhat astonished your Commissioners, but their surprise was increased upon being informed by the owners that they had bought it *second-hand*. Your Commissioners were

consequently forced into the painful conviction that the owners had been imposed upon, the articles appearing to have been in use for very many years, while the usual time of residence for each student is only two years.

*Appendix to Paragraph 4.*

Your Commissioners find, upon subsequent inquiry, that furniture, however ancient its construction, always passes for new or second-hand, the only two distinctions recognized by the person who supplied it.

V. That your Commissioners were surprised, and not a little amused at the appearance of some of the costumes worn by several of the members of the College ; outward decoration being, in most cases, sacrificed to the superior advantages of comfort and ease. The extremely dilapidated state of the generality of the academical costumes attracted the notice of your Commissioners ; but they were subsequently informed that a tattered garment is rather preferred among some of the students.

VI. That your Commissioners were kindly allowed access to the hall during the time of dinner.

VII. That the fare provided appeared to be of the plainest possible description, and well calculated to prevent that indulgence of the appetite which cannot but produce a disinclination to exertion.

VII. That your Commissioners had an opportunity of observing the various amusements of cricket, racquets, etc., in which the members of the College appeared to engage with considerable spirit.

IX. That the ears of your Commissioners were assailed by various discordant sounds coming from various parts of the building. They were informed that they were caused by some of the students, ambitious of becoming proficient in the use of wind-instruments.

*Appendix to Paragraph 9.*

Your Commissioners take this opportunity of recommending that some place at a distance from the College should be set apart for the use of these gentlemen, as their melody, however soothing to their own ears, cannot but prove somewhat the reverse to those of their neighbours.

X. That your Commissioners were favoured with an inspection of the reading-room attached to the College. As with the rest of the building, use rather than elegance, and economy rather than comfort, appear to have been the ideas carried out.

XI. That your Commissioners were requested to make a trial of the seats provided for those frequenting the reading-room, and came to the conclusion that the designer having had in view the idea of dis-comfort, which would prevent any drowsiness or inclination to sleep, had most fully succeeded in his object.

XII. That your Commissioners observed several of the students, immediately after chapel, applying at a sort of trap-door in the vicinity of the hall, and were informed that this was where the Students applied for certain viands, served out for their breakfast and tea. Your Commissioners were induced to apply in the same manner; they unanimously came to the resolution of not doing so again.

XIII. Your Commissioners having observed during their inspection of the rooms several students immersed in study, asked what the subject on which they were engaged might be; they were informed that it was what is technically called "Extra;" which consists in cramming into the head a vast amount of the work of some Oriental author, to be forgotten as soon as the periodical examinations are concluded. This is supposed to confer an immense amount of knowledge upon the student, and the greater the amount the higher the distinction which he obtains.

Your Commissioners having concluded their examination of the College in question, and having reported thereon, have the honour of forwarding a copy of their Report.

Signed,

HOBBS, }  
DOBBS, } COMMISSIONERS.

## HYMN TO INDRA.

God of the varied bow !  
God of the thousand eyes !  
From all the winds that blow,  
Thy praises rise :  
Forth through the world they go  
Hymning to all below  
Thee, whom the blest shall know,  
Lord of the skies !

Rending the hostile town,  
Leading celestial hosts,  
Hurling the demons down  
To the drear coasts :  
Still with thy lightning frown  
Winning thee wide renown,  
Till the wild waters drown  
All their proud boasts.

Whom thy dread weapon finds  
Striking the mark afar,  
Them thy just anger binds  
In the fierce war :  
Rebels ! their frenzied minds  
Thus thine illusion blinds :  
Seven times seven winds  
Wafting thy car.

So by the fivefold tree,  
Where the bright waters run,  
We who impurity  
Heedfully shun,  
In Amarávatí,  
Indra, shall dwell with thee,  
From earth's pollution free.  
When life is done.

God ! by the gods obeyed,  
Hear thou our feeble cry !  
Lend us thy sovereign aid,  
Lord of the sky !  
Of our fierce foes afraid,  
Fainting, distressed, dismayed,  
To thy protecting shade  
Hither we fly.

HAUTEVILLE.

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### THE WITHERED ARM.

ON one of those glorious sunny days, which are but seldom seen in England, but which frequently brighten more favoured lands, I was indulging in a ramble in a southern department of France.

Having been collecting some wild plants, I had alighted on some beautiful species of fern, of which I had forgotten the name. While perplexing myself in trying to remember it, the figure of a small man stooping by my side, which I suddenly perceived, made me give vent to an exclamation of surprise ; this caused him to look up, and I saw that he was engaged in the same object as I had been, namely, collecting plants. Thinking that he could, perhaps, tell me the name of the fern, which I had been endeavouring to remember, I was about to ask him, when his peculiar appearance caused me to pause and look at him. His face was one of the most remarkable I have ever seen : a most projecting forehead and thick eyebrow gave an unnatural sternness to his deeply-sunken eyes, which were black ; his nose was small but well formed ; but his mouth, on the contrary, was large and irregular, and was continually twitching in the corners as if struggling by starts to reach his ears, his whole face was scored over by lines wandering about in different directions, and independent manner. His dress was loose and slovenly ; but what most engaged my attention was his right arm. The sleeve

was cut off at the shoulder and exposed it bare, it was thinner than a child's, being what is called "withered." My gaze of surprise seemed to annoy him, for he hedged away, but finding I moved towards him, he addressed me in French in a stringy voice, "I am not aware that I have the pleasure of your acquaintance," said he ironically, "though you seem to look at me as if you had a right to a stare." "Pardon me," said I, "I was surprised to see any one in this lonely place, and was about to ask you the name of a fern I have found, as you seem to be a botanist." "It is I should ask pardon," he answered in a softer tone, "but I have so long left the world, that I had forgotten manners." He then proceeded to inform me the name of the fern which I had asked, and showed me several plants which he himself had collected. His manner was now so polite and gentle, that I continued talking with him for some time, and parted with great reluctance, having with difficulty obtained a promise to meet him in the same spot the next day, in order to obtain more botanical information. For several days we met and walked together, by which time I discovered he was an Englishman like myself, and that his name was Harold Temple, though known in that part of the country as Monsieur Le Bras. We had become so intimate that he frequently took me to his small cottage, and showed to me his botanical specimens. His manner and language was that of an educated gentleman, and mixed with his mean and peculiar appearance, made me extremely curious to know the cause of his mode of life; but, whenever I approached the subject he always shunned it, and twitching his lip, changed the conversation to something else. My curiosity at last overcame me, and I one day boldly asked him how it was he lived in such a place, and in such a manner.

"Well," said he, "you alone have become at all intimate with me since I left the world, and I now feel I should be relieved of a weight if I were to disclose to you my history; it may be instructive to you, though it will be both painful for me to relate and you to hear. \* \* \* \*

Having paused a few minutes, he thus began—"The key to my life is to be found in two prominent traits of my character, extreme and morbid sensitiveness, and strong passions. The most trivial events had their effects upon me; but that which has most influenced my history, and which, in fact, is the cause of my now being here, is this poor arm." With these words he held up to my view the withered arm, which I have before noticed, and gazed at it, nervously twitching his features. "Yes," he continued, "this wretched limb has played a more conspicuous part in my destiny than any peculiarity of mind or brilliancy of genius has in the lives of the most celebrated men. Owing to it, I incurred the hatred of one man, and obtained the friendship—oh! how basely returned—of another. We were all three at a large school together, where our different dispositions led us to different pursuits. I, owing to my physical weakness, could not share in the boyish sports which the other two enjoyed, but passed my time in reading and solitary meditation, for I hated mixing with the other boys, since the slightest allusion to my deformity roused my fiercest anger. Such a state of things could not but procure me annoyance, for boys delight in teasing, and I was the constant subject of their jokes, which they knew they could carry on with impunity. William Cathcart was one of these mean creatures who were ever making sport at me. He was a strong active boy, rather older than myself, though far junior in the school, for nature seemed to have made compensation to our mental, for what she had done for our physical, faculties. I happened one day to enter a room where some of the boys were fencing. Cathcart, who was particularly skilful at this art, was amongst them. Seeing me take up a foil in my hand, he began, with his usual tone, to rally me. "Ah!" said he, "it is a pity such a clever fellow has not arm enough to hold a foil." With these words, he, with his own weapon, twisted mine out of my hand, and sent it flying to the other end of the room. This, with the laugh that was raised against me, roused my anger to such an extent, that, seizing another foil, I rushed at him, took

him unawares, and giving him a hard thrust, broke the foil on his body. The laugh was now turned against him; and with a scowl at me, he flung down his foil and left the room. After this occurrence, however, his manner towards me quite changed; he never again alluded to my arm, and seemed determined to gain my friendship; in this, at last, he succeeded, and we became apparently as great friends as we had formerly been enemies. This was, however, greatly to the distaste of one who had ever been kind to me, and who was before this the only boy with whom I had been on intimate terms. His name was Frank Medley, a boy of equal activity and strength with Cathcart, but of a far nobler disposition; his kind-hearted benevolence had made him take compassion on my weakness, and he had, as far as he could, protected me from annoyance. Medley now protested against my intimacy with Cathcart, who, he said, was feigning friendship with an evil design. We all three soon afterwards left the school, and Cathcart asked me to pay him a visit in the north of England, where his father had considerable property; I accepted his invitation, as I knew that Medley also lived in the neighbourhood. I was received with an apparent welcome, and installed in very comfortable quarters. It was here that I met one, with whom my story is most unhappily connected—a young lady, of great beauty and accomplishments, Kate Sinclair, who was a cousin of Cathcart's, and on a visit at his house. In a very short time I loved her with all the energy of a passionate disposition, and I fancied that she returned my love. I felt, however, supremely happy, till an accident occurred which has turned all my life into bitterness. While taking a solitary walk, with the prospect of meeting Miss Sinclair, I heard voices on the other side of the hedge—one of which was her's, and the other Frank Medley's. They were engaged in ardent, and apparently interesting, conversation. Jealousy immediately fired my heart, and I peeped through the hedge to look at them. I could not overhear what they said, except that my name was constantly mentioned; and at last Medley, pointing

to his right arm, gave a scornful laugh, in which she joined. I immediately perceived that they were ridiculing me, and, turning quickly away, rushed home in a frightful passion. The next morning I loaded some pistols and walked towards Medley's house; I met him on the way, taxed him with being a coward and a hypocrite, and, without giving any more explanation, forced one pistol into his hand, and, walking back a few paces, called out "Fire!" He immediately discharged his pistol in the air, while I aimed mine directly at his heart. He fell and I ran up to him; the ball had hit him on the side of the head, from which the blood was streaming.

Looking reproachfully at me, in a faint voice he asked me the meaning of this act. "Your conversation yesterday with Miss Sinclair," said I, "and your ridicule of me, I overheard, and determined to revenge."

"Ah! Harold," he almost whispered, "this is a mistake. She—she will explain to you that—that—" Before he could say a word more, he sank back dead in my arms. Remorse now seized me; Had I wronged him? He referred me to Miss Sinclair herself; the thought was too horrible. I could not believe that I was mistaken. After staying a few minutes, devoured by the most agonising thoughts, I considered what I should do with the body of him I had murdered. I saw the danger of my position, and hastened to dispose of the pistols by throwing them into a neighbouring pond. I then shouted for help, which quickly came, as the report of the pistols had been heard from the house, and the servants were already on their way to the spot. I told them that I had heard the pistols also, and coming as quickly as I could to the place, had found their young master in that position. They carried him off, while I hurried back to Cathcart's house. I immediately sought out Miss Sinclair, and asked her what conversation it was she had held with Medley the day before. She then disclosed to me that Cathcart had been engaged to be married to her, and had asked me down with the design of ruining my mental peace. Knowing

how easily and strongly my passions were excited, he had arranged with her that she should win my affections, and then disclose the fact of her engagement with him. The plan had flattered her vanity, and, thinking little of the consequences, she had done her best to gain my love. Frank Medley had suspected this, and meeting her in the fields the day before, had been remonstrating with her on her conduct, and had explained to her the affair of the foils. This accounted for the mention of my name, and the laugh which accompanied Medley's pointing to his arm. She then stated how sorry she was for her conduct, and confessed that she now had quite an aversion to Cathcart, while her affections were transferred to me.

Overwhelmed with this intelligence, I could hardly stand upright; Miss Sinclair observed my paleness, and asked me if I was ill. I said that I had had bad news from home, and that I must return there immediately. Taking a hurried departure, I hastened to the coast and, leaving England, came, after trying various different places, to this spot. I have been here now twenty years, and have imposed upon myself a strict seclusion from the world: this arm I leave bare as a penance for my crime; but nothing that I can do can remove the remorse which I now feel."

Here Mr. Temple ended his story, and I remained deeply affected at its tragical termination. Soon afterwards I left France, and made enquiries at the spot where the duel took place. I found the facts true, and learnt in addition that Cathcart, on being refused by his promised bride, plunged into dissipation and gambling, and had ended his life by suicide.

Hearing the other day of the death of Monsieur Le Bras, I have ventured to give this tale to the world.

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## AN ACROSTIC.

"H ere we are," as the clowns say when they make their "debüt,"  
 A t last we've a number—a double one too;  
 I n truth, if the Triumvirate's been rather lazy,  
 L ook at this double number, and—"Rory, be aisy!"  
 E ach week have we been to the "Editors' box,"  
 Y et hardly an article seen; e'en the lock's,  
 B elieve me, now getting quite rusty and dull;  
 U nless you assist us now and then with a pull,  
 R eally poor H.O. will soon come to an end,  
 Y et such an event may the Muses forfend!

O f such an idea it quite pains us to write,  
 B ut still we have put it in plain black and white,  
 S o that, perchance, the same horror may seize you, and then  
 E ach of you, my dear readers, may take up your pen,  
 R esolving to answer the very next call,  
 V owing not to neglect the notice at Hall.  
 E ntreating no more, I now wind up, and so  
 "R emember poor Paddy"—that is, the

H.O.

## A WINTER DAY IN THE NORTH.

READER, like the rest of your species, you have, probably, an ardent love for locomotion. It has grown up with you from early childhood—from the days when your youthful ambition prompted you to bestride the donkeys of Hampstead Heath, to that on which you were enrolled as a worthy descendant of Nimrod, by a process well known to his votaries. The plebeian cab and stage-coach of days gone by, with its well-ordered team, have carried you over many a mile. Steam now whirls you along at a pace defying time and distance, and brings places, which, to your forefathers, were as remote as their Antipodes, within a few hours' journey.

There is, however, one kind of locomotion which, probably, it has never been your lot to experience. I will, therefore, endeavour to give you some notion of the pleasure of sleighing, a mode of travelling which, for novelty, comfort, and amuse-

ment, cannot be surpassed. For this purpose you must accompany me to a region where old Winter reigns with all its rigours, to the land of the Northmen, the "Gamle Norge," whence, a few centuries back, the Sea-kings and their pirate bands poured with irresistible violence on these fair shores.

A glance at a map will serve to show you the position of the thriving town of Frederickstadt, situated a few miles from the mouth of one of Norway's most famous rivers, "the Glommen." About seven miles above this, at the port of Sarpsborg, the traveller finds himself at one of the places where a considerable quantity of sawn timber, the great export of the country, is annually shipped. The extensive deal-yards, the well-arranged piers and other contrivances for bringing and shipping the wood, bespeak the presence of English capital and industry. Five minutes' walk from the river (which, in the winter, forms a convenient carriage-road,) brings him to a comfortable, substantial-looking house, well-known in Norway and to English travellers there, for the hospitality of its owners.

Here, then, we take up our quarters for the night, with the intention of an early start the following morning, on a sleighing excursion to Christiania, the modern capital of Norway, distant about 60 miles. We employ an hour, before turning in, with getting everything in readiness. The brandy-flask must be well filled, for the cold will make its contents a very necessary adjunct to our comfort, and the "jungfrau" must provide a basket of provisions which are not to be got on the road. The bear-skins, fur-caps, and snow-boots, are arranged ready for use, and, after gazing at the splendid spectacle of the Aurora borealis, with its brilliant and varied coloured rays shooting across the sky, and trying to persuade ourselves, according to the popular belief, that we hear a crackling noise proceeding from it, we retire to dream of Odin, Thor, and other spiritual worthies, celebrated in Norwegian legends. The morning dawns bright and beautiful, the thermometer bespeaks the cold intense, and the snow lies thick upon the ground; we are in the best of spirits, and laugh heartily

at each other's appearance, enveloped in shaggy wolf-skins and boots, which look as if they belonged to the giant who took his three leagues at a step. After a substantial breakfast, we start on our journey. The sleighs in which we are to perform it look comfortable enough; there is just room in each for one person, who sits in a reclining position, with his legs outside, guiding and preventing an upset, no uncommon occurrence to one who is unused to this mode of travelling. The horses, though small, are extremely strong and hardy, and can go at almost any pace. They carry bells—a very necessary precaution where there is little or no sound accompanying the motion of the sleigh. It is a great object amongst the Norwegians to get bells of a good tone, and their cheerful sound may be heard, on a still winter's day, for a long distance.

All the travelling in Norway is under the superintendence of the Government, the farmers at the different stations being obliged to furnish horses for a stated sum. In the summer, this is, no doubt, an irksome regulation, as they have to take them from the plough for the traveller's convenience. A Schist-gút or postboy always accompanies the sleigh, to take back the horses; and they are distressed indeed if you drive their favorites harder than they think proper, which Englishmen invariably do.

A crack of the whip and we are gliding smoothly, noiselessly, and rapidly over the glittering surface of the snow. It is cold enough, as we may judge by the rapid congealing of our breath on our rough coverings; but as long as there is no wind, not at all disagreeably so, and our wraps are thick enough to ward off the cold at the North pole. For about thirty miles we have to go on *terra firma*, and the remainder of the journey up the frozen Fiord. The road lies through the most romantic scenery; now through an interminable forest of pine and fir, the snow hanging so thick on the branches as to bow them down with its weight, and giving them a magical beauty in the clear sunshine. All is hushed and still; the silence broken only by the merry music of the sleigh bells. We expect, at every turn in the road,

to come across a pack of wolves ; but it is very seldom that they are met with so far south, though their traces are said to be frequently seen. Now, we emerge from the forest upon an open landscape, in which the quaintly built church with no window beyond a narrow slit in the wall, and a steeple like the extinguisher of a candle, and the substantial Præstergaard (or Parsonage), where every stranger meets a cordial welcome from its hospitable inmates, form conspicuous objects.

After four or five hours' drive, we find ourselves at the station, close to the Fiord ; and when we are once on this, there is a regular caravan route to Christiania. The postmaster puts on a grave face and tell us that he has considerable doubts as to its safety ; but Englishmen are not easily frightened, so on we go ; and after descending for an hour very bad ground, find ourselves on the broad expanse of the Fiord. Nothing can be more magnificent than the scene ; an eye witness can convey but a feeble idea of its grandeur to another. On each side are the towering rocks, piled up in hugh masses, telling of some former convulsion of nature. The mighty element bound by a force superior to its own, slumbers beneath, and we glide over its surface unconscious of its presence, listening with some degree of nervousness, to the loud thunder-like noise which every now and then rolls along the shore ; but our Schist-gút tells us, it is a sign of the firmness of the ice, and that we have nothing to fear. His merry voice sounds pleasantly in the stillness as he encourages his favourites with one of the numerous songs in praise of his native land.

As it grows dusk we approach our destination ; we can see the town for some distance across the level surface, and wonder what makes us such a long time getting there ; meanwhile amusing ourselves with watching the numerous sleighs we meet. They are, many of them, very gay, and so are their fair occupants, the peasant-girls, who have been to Christiania for their week's provisions ; but as everything must have an end, so does our pleasant journey, and we dash off the Fiord at a

sharp trot into the streets of Christiania, nor slacken speed till we draw up at the Hotel du Nord, where we soon forget our fatigue, over the best dinner that can be got in the house.

C. E. C.

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MODERN CHIVALRY.

THERE'S a sigh for those who fall  
Amid the pomp of war,  
With the war-cry ringing round them,  
Which they shall hear no more.  
There's a tear for those who die  
For Freedom's sacred name,  
Who fear not death, who ask not life  
Bought at the price of shame.  
Shall there no sigh be heard?  
Shall there no tear be shed?  
For those who, nobly facing death,  
Now lie among the dead?  
Was theirs a cause less nobly won  
Who scorned to leave the wreck?  
Who, self-devoted, bravely stood  
Upon the sinking deck?  
No sound of battle cheered them on,  
The ocean was their grave;  
No marble marks their resting-place,  
Above them rolls the wave.  
But wherefore need they monuments,  
Or tombs of marble made?  
They died—the strong to save the weak,  
Their fame shall never fade.  
We talk of men who've nobly died,  
Of battles nobly won;  
Of Nelson, Moore, of Wolfe, or Sale,  
Of Marlborough, Wellington.  
Where'ere men Glory's name revere,  
Or Virtue's name adore,  
There shall the death of those be told  
Who died on Afric's shore.

BIRKENHEAD.

## A LEGEND OF JEPHSON CASTLE.

FOR a tourist who would wish to see, in a short period, a good deal of Irish scenery, manners, customs and superstitions, I know no better place for him to travel, than to follow the course of the Blackwater, from its rise in the county of Kerry, to where it discharges itself into the sea at Youghal. If he be a lover of the finny tribe, there is no river in Ireland which can afford so much amusement; if he be an admirer of the picturesque and beautiful in nature, there, beyond all other parts of Ireland, he should go. In the West, near the source of the river, he will see nature in its wild and rude state, untamed by the art of man. As he proceeds towards the East, and especially after leaving Kanturk, he will see that nature has done much, but art more. The triumphs of both combined are made visible, in the waving fields of corn, the beautiful domains and lovely villas surrounded by woods, which are visible on the hills on either side, between which flows the clear and placid stream of the Blackwater. Again, if he be a lover of antiquities, or if he wish to know anything of Irish legendary lore, or their famed hospitality, there he should go. Many a tower in ruins, from the unfinished Castle of Kanturk, all along to Youghal, will attract his attention; and, if he would inquire into their history, he will find many a fine legend, lying undeveloped in the minds of that warm-hearted and imaginative peasantry, which need but the garb of words to make them as interesting as those which we so much admire in the pages of the novelist. One of those many stories I shall attempt to give, not that I think it superior in point of interest to many others which I could select, but because it carries me back to the past, when, as a child, it made a great impression on my infant imagination, and because I think it may not be without some interest to the readers of the *Observer*.

Boating down to Youghal, not far from the fine old town of Mallow, which lies in a beautiful and richly wooded vale, you observe the ruins of what was once a strong and powerful castle,

belonging to the Desmonds, the great chiefs of Munster, whose wars with their rival chief, the Butlers, of the neighbouring county of Waterford, form the subject of many a tale among the peasantry in that locality. About the middle of the 17th century, this, along with many other castles, yielded to the sword of Cromwell. All the retainers of Desmond were dispersed or put to the sword, and the castle was given to the brave Sir John Jephson, his faithful companion in all his Irish battles, as a reward for "services done," and also to keep in awe the peasantry in that part of the country, who were ever in insurrection in behalf of their fallen chief. Report says that he exercised the power entrusted to him with the most unrelenting cruelty on those of the natives who fell into his hands. Hence he, and, from his time, all who were descended from him, were regarded by the peasantry around with feelings of bitter hate. Hence, too, perhaps, originated a story told of one of his descendants, to which a ready and implicit assent has ever since been yielded, and, perhaps, the lapse of time has had no other effect than to strengthen their belief in what, at one time, may have appeared doubtful. The story, as I have heard it recounted, is briefly this:—

Sir William Jephson, the grandson of him whom we have mentioned as being the first of the family who came into possession of the castle, was a man of very extravagant habits, so that he soon became deeply in debt, and soon the broad and fertile lands, which extend all around, and the noble castle, which his ancestors had so gallantly defended, were about to pass to other hands. To prevent such a threatened calamity, a compact was made, such as then seemed not uncommon, and which, even yet, we are told by learned theologians, is not absolutely impossible. All the mysterious rites which the customs of the time deemed necessary were used for the purpose of invoking the Devil, and a compact was thereupon made by which Sir William agreed to deliver himself over soul and body, provided that the Devil would, on his part, deliver him from his present necessities.

That compact was made in a cell beneath the castle, whither the light of day had never penetrated ; and the time chosen was the solemn hour of midnight. In that dread place, and at that dread hour (fit time and fit place for such a deed !) by the dim light of a lamp, amid all those ceremonies as horrid as they are mysterious, more frightful than those of the "weird" women, that compact was consummated. This compact made, by the assistance of his worthy friend, the dangers which threatened Jephson Castle passed away, and no longer did Sir William fear that disgrace which was to him more frightful than death—that the noble line from which he was sprung should, in his person, be for ever deprived of their ancestral property. But, with the sense of impending danger, passed away the feeling of dependence on another. He forgot his compact, and strutted about as if perfectly independent of his Satanic majesty, but not thus was his quondam friend to be duped even by the artifices of one so wily as the person with whom we had to deal. Soon after the occurrence of that night in the cell, Sir William went to visit his friend the Earl of Ormond, who lived a short distance farther down the river, in a castle lying about halfway between Mallow and Lismore. Sir William had long wooed Eleonora, the fair daughter of the Earl, and in this instance the course of true love seemed about to run smooth, for he had that night proposed and been accepted by the Earl as her favoured suitor, and the solemnization of the marriage was fixed for that day month. That night the wine-cup passed round at the festive board, and there sat many a noble guest as generous in the banquet as brave in battle. Time passed quickly amid these carousings, and a message from the castle, conveying tidings of an unwelcome nature, fell unpleasantly on the ears of Sir William. But the summons would admit of no delay, and he arose without reluctance, and after a few moment's conversation with his host, ordered his horse to be got ready. Neither the request of his host and friends, nor the anxious countenance of his beloved, still more powerful, could prevail in inducing him to remain in

the castle until the following day ; so after pressing the hand of the Earl and his friends, and taking a tender farewell of his beloved, he mounted his horse, and proceeded in the direction homeward.

His way lay along the southern bank of the Blackwater, through a lonely but beautiful country. On one side rises a huge black line of hills, which sweep over an entire tract of country, forty miles in extent. Its sides are covered with heath, and it does not afford shelter to a single human being. On the other side, the beautiful seats and fine cornfields, and close to the waters, the rich meadows and crags crowned with trees, are peculiarly characteristic of the scenery on this river. But Sir William did not pause to contemplate the beauty of the scenery which lay before him. Though a brave man, he was fully sensible of the danger of his present position, and not insensible to the fate which he knew awaited him, if he fell into the hands of any of the followers of the Desmonds. Perhaps, too, the "still small voice" of conscience, reminded him of the compact which he had made and broken, and filled his mind with feelings of an unearthly kind. However, he proceeded without meeting with any accident, until he came to a hill about a mile from the castle. It lies close to the Blackwater, which here flows in a quiet and placid stream. In summer it is the favourite resort of the children in the neighbourhood, who here amuse themselves all the day long, and here collect their most beautiful wild flowers. But, when night comes on, no living being is to be seen straying there ; but, some say the beings of another world, having burst their ceremonies and grave-clothes, like the ghost of Hamlet, may be seen wandering nightly here. Fairies without number have been seen when the hour of twelve, always deemed so favourable for their nightly gambols, has pealed. Sir William passed quickly by that ominous spot, and, having come to the bottom of the hill, his horse refused to proceed further. In vain did he apply whip and spur, the animal could not be urged forward. The current belief that a horse cannot be urged on when it sees anything supernatural occurred to him, and looking in the direction of the

wall, he observed him whom he had reason to know and fear. The memory of a life spent in folly and iniquity, crowned by that last and worst act, occurred to him, and, when taxed with the violation of the compact, he vainly attempted to reply. In vain did he try to elude his dread foe, for the hour of retribution was come, and, claiming him as his own, he dragged him from his horse, and dashed him against the wall. 'Thus ended the life of a knight, sprung from a race of noble and proud ancestors, who, whatever the faults which tradition has imputed to him, is, on all hands, allowed to have been possessed of unquestioned bravery.

There still is manifest on the wall the marks of blood, the result of the fatal fray, which it is said not all the efforts of man can obliterate. The spot is a dark and gloomy place. The clasping branches of the oaks and elms which grow on either side, and the high walls which enclose it on both sides, give the place, even by day, a still and solemn—almost gloomy—aspect.

Reader, such is the tale, as I have heard it recounted years ago. If you think his death may be accounted for without the intervention of supernatural agency,—if you think that he died by the hands of an Irish kerne, you are at liberty to so infer it, The fact that he died on the night in question is a matter of history, and, though all means were taken to discover the mode in which his death took place, it has ever since remained a mystery. The castle passed away, and nought now remains to tell where once it stood, save a heap of mouldering ruins, clasped around by that last old friend "the ivy green."

A modern castellated mansion is now built near the site, inhabited by a lineal descendant of Sir William, and it is said a curse still pursues all who are sprung of that proud knight, and that some day the entire race will be swept from off the face of the earth:

M.

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THE  
**HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.**

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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OCTOBER 6, 1852.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN these days of enquiry and reform, when all who are entrusted with public commissions are required to report periodically the progress they have made, an obligation from which even our gracious Sovereign is not exempt, we feel that it would not only be unconstitutional, but a grave dereliction of duty, if we neglected to render you some account of our charge. We have made it our object to ascertain the state of public opinion respecting our cherished periodical, and in order to obtain it we have wandered, in plain clothes and unaccompanied by the insignia of our office, throughout the length and breadth of England. We have attended the balls of the Court, without neglecting the Rookery of St. Giles's; have been admitted to the "receptions" of the aristocracy, and the quiet Sunday tea-drinkings of the "bourgeoisie;" have mingled with the merry dancers of Cremorne, and the toil-worn occupants of excursion trains; and we are enabled to affirm with confidence, not unmixed with honest pride, that the voice of calumny has

been silent, and that we have never heard one word, nay, not a breath of censure of the *Haileybury Observer*. Thus much for England. Nor have our relations with foreign powers been less satisfactory. It is the characteristic of despotic governments that they banish from them as dangerous all compositions which may impart to their people revolutionary ideas of freedom, justice and common sense. But such are the straightforward and loyal sentiments of the *Observer*, that it has not, like *Punch*, been forbidden by every successive government the *entrée* into France; and has escaped the vigilance of the Austrian police. It has not been banished, with Sismondi and Literature, from the walls of Rome; nor condemned, like "Murray," by ever-jealous Parma. The Russian in his sleigh has never objected to it as the companion of his morning drive; and the Turk, as he lights his pipe, does not bestow upon it his favourite imprecations. Yes, gentlemen, blessing is indeed upon it, and we feel that both our contributors and ourselves have done our duty. But with great results come great responsibilities. The glorious Future is before you! With you, gentlemen, it remains to solve the problem whether the *Observer* may not yet be the bulwark of common sense, loyalty, and poetic feeling in Europe, and civilize the far-off islands of the Indian Sea.

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### THE NORTHMEN.

Under the rocky cliff,  
Straining each timber stiff,  
Bounds the destroying skiff,  
    Heedlessly driven;  
Chill beat the sleet, and cold  
Moaned the blast o'er the wold,  
Whilst the low thunder rolled  
    In the black heaven.

Far in the western sky,—  
(As if some guardian eye,  
Anxiously ling'ring nigh,  
    Forbade the slaughter)—  
One parting streak of light  
Shone out more clear and bright,  
'Midst the surrounding night,  
    O'er the dark water.

Louder the night-wind blew,  
Deepened the heav'ns' black hue,  
As the thick storm-clouds flew,  
    Fiercely engaging ;  
And the waves' ceaseless roar  
Sounds on the rock-bound shore,  
Ever and ever more  
    Frantioly raging.

All now is drear and dark,  
Nor the strained eye might mark,  
Where the marauders' bark,  
    Towards the beach dashes ;  
Save when the lightning's gleam,  
With its quick-glancing beam,  
Lights up the boiling stream  
    In lurid flashes.

High on the craggy steep,  
Trusting the stormy deep,  
All rested, hushed in sleep,  
    Fearless of foemen ;  
When, from a lofty oak,  
Silence the raven broke,  
With his portentous croak,  
    Bird of ill-omen !

Scarce was the hoarse cry heard  
Of the death-bearing bird,  
When the chief gave the word,

    In tone commanding ;  
And as his accents fell,  
Burst forth one horrid yell,  
As if the fiends from hell  
    Sprang to the landing.

Shouts rend the stormy air,  
'Mid the red torches' glare,  
Up the jagg'd self-formed stair  
    Leaps the wild ranger ;  
Where in his red right hand,  
Flashes his blood-stained brand,  
On rush his ruffian band,  
    Scorning all danger.

Frighted, in wild dismay,  
Scared by the sudden day,  
Skulked the fierce wolf away  
    From the war's rattle ;  
And, as the torches gleam,  
Echoes the sea-bird's scream,  
Roused from his wind-rocked dream,  
    By the loud battle.

From sleep the peasants spring,  
Sharply their weapons ring,  
But who may succour bring ?  
    Who may assist them ?  
Streaming with blood and gore,  
On the fierce northmen tore,  
Back in confusion bore,  
    All who resist them.

Madly the Saxon strives ;—  
For their hearths, homes, their lives,  
Parents, their sons, and wives,  
    All, all who love them ;  
As the hounds bay the stag,  
Leap the foe from the crag,  
Whilst the black raven-flag  
    Flutters above them.

All is o'er, all is o'er ;—  
Far from their native shore,  
Denmark's fell pirates bore  
    England's fair daughters :  
When rose the golden day,  
Dead their brave kinsmen lay ;—  
And away, and away,  
    O'er the dark waters.

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### A GHOST STORY.

It was a dark windy night in the month—no matter what—and the windows rattled as if they were taken with a fit of St. Vitus' dance, or as if their teeth were chattering with cold, the chimneys roared and grumbled as if they would never get tired of the occupation, and the tall elms tossed their branches to and fro, like so many enthusiastic orators trying to make up for their want of eloquence by the energy of their actions. It was, in fact, just such a night as those upon which "ghosts do shriek and goblins howl," and men feel that it would take "something considerable" to make them move from their firesides.

Still duty must be done, and Giles Scroggins was not the man to risk his reputation for industry because the moon hadn't risen, and the wind happened to blow a little harder than usual. The aforesaid Giles was the Phidias of his native village, or, as

he called himself on his card, "Stone-cutter and fancy mason. Epitaphs and funeral inscriptions neatly executed. Tombstone ornaments tastefully carved. Requiscat in pace." This last effusion had been selected by honest Giles as a peculiarly euphonious termination to the catalogue of his sculptural attainments; the more so as he noticed that the sentiment was a general favourite among the higher class of his customers; not that he comprehended its meaning, for Giles was like John Trott, and didn't "pretend to know more than his betters."

It so happened that the next day was fixed upon for the funeral of one of the tradesmen of the village, who had recently shuffled off "this mortal coil," "deeply and universally lamented," as the newspapers said, "by a large circle of friends." This was what the newspapers said, but people of the neighbourhood said that—never mind what they said, we don't want to make mischief. Be that as it may, however; the next day, as I said, was fixed upon for his consignment to the earth, and Giles Scroggins had received an order to prepare a fitting monument to mark his resting place. This he had not quite completed, and as the time was short, he intended completing it that night under the belfry of the church, whither it had been removed ready for its erection on the following day.

Many a wistful look did Scroggins cast, first at the door and then at the fire, while the wind seemed determined to get in somewhere before going to bed for the night, and for that purpose rattled at the windows, struggled in the chimney, and, sweeping round the house, shook the door violently, till the latch clattered again. At last Giles made up his mind, and telling his wife that he should not be home till late, prepared to start for the church; and taking a tallow candle, and a box of lucifers, together with his mallet and chisel, and knocking his hat firm on to his head, off he went. It was not far up the lane to the village church, and Giles strode along, whistling as he went, like the ploughboy, "for want of thought." Honest Giles had never inquired very deeply into the theory of apparitions, and conse-

quently had no regular cut-and-dried opinions on the subject. He held rather neutral ground; and while he didn't exactly see why there shouldn't be such things as ghosts, couldn't say that he had ever seen one, except when his big brother had frightened him one dark evening, when he was a little boy, coming home from school, by putting a hollow turnip, with a light inside, on the top of a stick, and holding it above the hedge as he passed along. On that occasion, Giles took to his heels, and never stopt or looked behind him till he got inside the cottage; but, with that exception, he never saw a ghost in his life.

Still, as he turned into the church-yard, he couldn't help thinking of that dreadful apparition, as he looked around upon the white tomb-stones ranged in lines on each side of him, and he felt rather a relief when he found himself inside the church, in the square chamber under the belfry, where the tomb-stone lay ready for the completion of his work.

He struck a light, and sticking his tallow candle into the end of an empty ginger-beer bottle, took up his mallet to recommence cutting the inscription.

He had but two or three lines of the inscription to complete, which, commencing with an enumeration of the deceased's many virtues, heaped them on so thick, that one might reasonably wonder how such an angel had found the atmosphere of a grocer's shop sufficiently ethereal for his existence. The concluding portion of the inscription was composed of a stanza of four lines, of which the following words had as yet only been chiselled out:—

“Affliction sore long time I bore,  
Physicians' aid”—

Before proceeding to apply the chisel, Giles took a glance along the slab, to see if it was evenly cut. Suddenly he gave a start, for a curious sound was heard immediately behind him, as if some one had said “Hish!” Scroggins looked all around,—that is, as far as his candle illumined the darkness, but seeing nothing, he applied his mallet, and worked away vigorously.

To cheer his mind he began to hum a song, and his thoughts turning on ghosts, he gave vent to the following words :—

“ Good neighbours all ! I'll give you a toast :  
Here's a health to the long-armed, lean-shanked ghost !  
With his arms so long, and his form so tall,  
Drink to his health, good neighbours all !  
He prowls about among dead men's bones ;  
His favourite music is dismal groans ;  
He hides by day, and he prowls by night,  
Who can tell ”—

“ Hish ! hish ! ” close to his ear. Poor Giles's hair stood on end ; that is, it would have, if he had had any ; but he wore a wig of fuzzy brown hair, to keep his head warm, as he said ; because he hadn't any hair of his own, his neighbours said ; but this Mrs. Giles would not allow. However, he summoned up courage to take the candle and look into the corner, but nothing could he see. Just, however, as he had put the candle down again, and was stooping to take up the chisel, he heard the sound as plain as ever, “ Hish ! hish ! ” In his fright he knocked down the candle, and dashing out of the church, never stopped till he found himself at his own door,

His wife had gone to bed, and poor Giles, in a great state of nervous excitement, proceeded to follow her example, and after some little time succeeded in falling asleep, though his slumbers were frequently disturbed by visions of ghosts and hobgoblins of all shapes and sizes.

In the morning he was awoke by his wife exclaiming “ Why Giles, man ! what hast thee been doing with thy wig ? ” He had, in his trepidation, forgotten to take it off the night before, and putting up his hand he pulled it off. In an instant the truth flashed upon his mind. All the hair of one side had been burnt away, and the noise of the ignition of his own locks (his own by right of purchase) in the candle, had driven him helter-skelter from the church door.

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## THE PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS.

## T I M E.

TIME steps its course to measures three :  
 Too loitering creeps the Future on ;  
 Like arrow's flight the Present's gone ;  
 The Past stands fixed eternally.

Impatience cannot lend its wings,  
 Or spur Time's stately step's delay ;  
 Nor timid fear, nor waverings,  
 Restrain it on its fleeting way ;  
 Repentance or magician's spell,  
 Shall fail to move th' immoveable.

If wise and happy thou would'st close  
 This pilgrimage of joys and woes,  
 Copy its delay, in caution,—  
 Never practise it in action ;  
 Choose not the Present for a friend,  
 Nor make the Past a vengeful fiend.

## TO MY MEERSCHAUM.

GREAT Venus! queen of sunny Paphos' isle,  
 Hear me, most mighty goddess, while I pray!  
 Come to thy suppliant votary, and smile  
 Upon his verse, albeit a humble lay.

I sing my pipe! Nay, turn not thus away  
 With such an unbecoming look of scorn :  
 I sing my pipe! not the base thing of clay,  
 From which poor miserable man is born.

No, but thine own sweet sister (be not wroth),  
The lovely meerschchaum ! she who sprang, like thee,  
Radiant with heavenly beauty, from the froth  
That floated on the surface of the sea.

What ! scornful still ? dost thou, indeed, disown  
So honourable a tie of sisterhood ?  
Nay, then, I must essay a rougher tone ;  
You've but yourself to thank if I am rude.

Insufferable vixen ! dost thou dare  
To tell me that my pipe is not divine ;  
Is not her birth the same, her form as fair,  
Her virtues greater fifty-fold than thine ?

What blessing dost thou bring to man ? what good ?  
What, save long weary days, long nights of tears ;  
Loath'd melancholy, with her viper brood  
Of restless doubts, and jealousies, and fears ?

But thou, my pipe, alike of youth and age  
The solace ; thou who soothest every care ;  
Whose gentle influence calms the fiercest rage,  
All discontent dissolving into air ;

Have I not loved thee even as a child ;  
Do I not every hour thy fragrance bless ;  
Eddying, like poet's fancies, into wild  
Fantastic shapes of fleeting loveliness ?

Sweet are the mother's feelings, when aside  
She draws the curtain from her infant's face,  
Gazing with looks of fond maternal pride  
Upon her loved one in its resting-place.

With sweet, triumphant joy, doth lover hail  
 The blush which mantles listening beauty's cheek ;  
 While in her ear he whispers the soft tale,  
 Which woman loves to hear, and man to speak.

But, oh ! my pipe, 'tis sweeter far to push  
 The veil aside which hides thee from my sight,\*  
 And watch the bright, rich colour deepening, flush  
 Thy cheek, before so exquisitely white.

Peace, idiots ! ye who blame me that I make  
 My mouth a furnace, and my throat a flue !  
 Such joys it is not given to partake  
 To uninitiated fools like you !

Fain would I argue with you ; but I own  
 I am no more inspired, and I doubt  
 My own unaided powers. Venus hath flown  
 Angry and coughing, and—my pipe is out !

P. S.

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### A CHAPTER ON CURSES.

“ An euphonious commencement ;” our readers will say ; but in the oft-quoted language of the immortal bard we would answer—“ What's in a *name* ?” and, apart from the usual complaint among contributors, or would-be contributors to the *Observer*, of a want of subjects upon which they might develop the fertile resources of their brains, we are not without hopes that the subject before us may furnish materials for a few words, unpromising though it may at first appear.

It was only the other day that we heard a friend of ours,

\* Need I inform the uninitiated, that he who values his pipe as it deserves, enshrines it in a covering of the softest and most delicate texture ?

who is rather addicted to the use of expletives in his conversation, argue with much force and little logic, that though forbidden to swear, it was, nevertheless, allowable to use those expressions which are now fast disappearing from all society which has any claims to be considered gentleman-like. But this is not the question with which we intend to trouble that hypothetically existing class which we denominate "our readers." The inquiry we intend to make at present is, whether there is any probability that a curse uttered by one simple human being against another is likely, as has often been thought, to carry any weight with it. Now, many people, we are aware, will at once ridicule such an idea as morbid and weak-minded, and though far from arrogating to ourselves anything beyond a very moderate allowance of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," we still think that we shall be able to bring forward, if not many arguments in favour of our theory, at least what is as good, one or two curious examples where such events have occurred. And in the first place we do not wish our readers to suppose that we consider that if a man is baulked by a navvy when riding at a leap,—has his umbrella "bagged" from his club,—receives a cut in the eye from a cricket ball,—or has his best suit trumped by his partner at whist, and bestows, audibly or otherwise, on the inconsiderate offender a proportionate amount of maledictions, that such expressions of feeling, however heartfelt at the time, will tend to damage in the least degree the prospects of the recipient, either in this world or elsewhere; because, in the first place, the offence, even in the last and most grievous of the imaginary cases above cited, would be hardly equal to the punishment invoked; and secondly, because the wrath of the injured party, though deep enough at the moment, will evaporate from a well-regulated mind like the fixed air from a bottle of gooseberry.

There are some parties, again, who liberally bestow their anathemas on all who differ from them;—the gipsy, for instance, while telling "the name of the party and the colour of her hair," is inwardly calling down on your devoted head all the evils which

a fertile imagination can devise ; while a Mussulman, in his very best humour, considers the *third* stage of eternal misery all too good for the contemptible unbeliever in a prophet who permits the solace of four wives in this weary world, and promises them *à discretion* in the next. The execrations of these latter we have in our wanderings become well used to ; but found, after a short time, that one became so callous that the most eloquent of them failed to produce even a pleasant degree of excitement.

In fact, the only species of curse for which we ever entertained a dislike, or even a misgiving, is that of an old woman,—be she Turk or Christian. It is a curious thing that an antiquated representation of the softer sex should in all ages have been looked upon as being endued with something of the supernatural, or as they would express it in Scotland, “uncanny ;” and we are bound to admit that we in somewhat lean towards a belief in this ancient superstition. It would be interesting, did our time or limits permit us, to dive, with true antiquarian spirit, into the origin of these ideas, the insinuation of which has raised the ire of so many an ancient dame ; but this we cannot do at length. It seems to us, however, that as there exists in inanimate nature certain forces, which are respectively called the attraction of cohesion, and the attraction of repulsion ; so that attractive fascination, by which the younger members of the fair sex exercise so irresistible an influence over our own, scattering roses in our paths with the thorns concealed, may become a *repulsive* fascination in the hands of its older members. Yes, greatly as we dread the impending wrath of our bedmaker, and of our lady friends generally, who have passed by their own admission, the mysterious age of 35, we boldly declare that in our mature judgment an old woman is a thing to be disliked—and perhaps not unfrequently the retribution is not an unfair one,—for we must consider that in her day your old lady, if a beauty, may have broken some score of susceptible hearts, to say nothing of the life she may have led the unhappy man whom she accepted, in the evening of her conquests. Whereas, while *we* can never exercise

such powers as these, we have the happy consciousness' in our declining years that the world in general, when passing us on the road, does not deem it necessary to cross himself, turn a shilling in his pocket, or resort to any of those multifarious contrivances for counteracting evil influences, by which he might have felt inclined to secure himself, had our sex been the reverse of what it is. We have always acted on the principle, which we would earnestly recommend to our friends, of being scrupulously civil to old women; but we must apologize for this unpardonably long digression, and ———— plunge into another, though a shorter one.

We have said that a belief in certain "uncanny" propensities in old women has existed from time immemorial; but we do not think that the witching powers of the sex depend entirely upon age, though in looking back through the annals of the art, we find that those who suffered for their crimes were in a majority of cases old ones. In the present day, however, we may often hear the fate of Sir John Franklin laid down with remarkable precision by mesmerically gifted young ladies, while à-propos to the expression "water bewitched," as applied to tea, commentators are not yet agreed as to whether the expression has reference to the fair hand by whom the bewitching cup is decocted, or the weakness of the senile nerves whose peculiar beverage it is.

But to return to the subject with which we originally started. We may well believe that no anathema would ever have any weight, unless there were great guilt on the part of the person against whom it was pronounced; and although a denunciation from the altar in Ireland is, alas! but too often followed by a fatal result, yet the very connection in such cases between the authors and the agents in the catastrophe, is of itself a pretty clear proof that the reverend denouncers do not look beyond the circle of human actions for the fulfilment of their predictions.

Now, those who are disposed to deny absolutely the possibility of our theory being a true one, would probably be inclined to

attribute any actual case brought forward, to hazard or coincidence; but some of the cases we have heard of seem to be altogether beyond such a supposition; and of these the following is one of the most remarkable.

About three centuries ago, during the stormy reign of Mary Queen of Scots—when the reformed religion in that country was beginning to make head, and both its supporters and its opponents were disgracing themselves by acts of violence and bloodshed—no one was more zealous or more unscrupulous in support of his church than Drury, Abbot of Dunfermline. He was a strong-minded and a talented man, and was one of a family who had served with distinction in the senate and in the field. It happened that a small householder, who lived in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, was suspected, or rather known, to have joined the reformed faith, and the Abbot, with some followers, proceeded to his house for the purpose of arresting him. On entering the house he saw no one, the man being absent, and the wife having 'concealed herself in terror, While searching for the inmates of the house, he came upon a cradle in which lay a beautiful child, hardly a year old, who had been accidentally forgotten in the confusion. The Abbot drew his sword and held it over the child, exclaiming, "I will stick the cub, and the dam will cry out." His voice awoke the child, who seeing the glittering sword above it, put up its little hands to take hold of it. The Abbot was unmanned for the moment, but far from relenting from his cruel purpose, he overturned the cradle with his foot, and, as the child was falling, passed his sword through it. The wretched mother, who had been close at hand all the time, but who never dreamt that anything in the likeness of a man could have perpetrated such an atrocity, now rushed into the room, and, maddened at the sight, exclaimed, "May the madness that has entered into my brain seize upon yours and your descendants!" The Abbot went his way; but many months had not elapsed before his senses left him; and to the present day every one of his direct descendants has sooner or

later in his life, become deranged; and now only one survivor remains, a young boy, who is sane as yet, but whose father died raving mad.

Before the Abbot's time no instance of madness had occurred in the family, and they had, many of them, been privy councillors, and held other high offices in the Scotch Parliament. The Abbot, on his death-bed, regained possession of his senses, but when they brought a crucifix and presented the host before him, he shook his head, saying, "It is of no use. I see the babe that I murdered barring the gate of heaven. I may never enter there!" So he died.

As we have already exceeded the limits which we had prescribed to ourselves, we will defer any other instances that we may have to bring, to a future number.

SCOTUS.

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SAUL.

*(From the Italian of ALFIERI.)*

D A V I D.

THOU who Eternal, Vast, Omnipotent,  
High sovereign sitt'st of each created thing;  
Thou who hast brought me forth from nought, and bent  
My daring mind to thee alone to cling;  
Thou, at whose gaze the dark abyss is rent,  
And who its secret ways to light doth bring;  
Whose slightest nod disturbs the universe;  
Whose arm upreared the wicked doth disperse.  
Thou once upon the swift and radiant wings  
Of thousand thousand angels did'st descend;  
And to the favoured chief of Israel  
Thine own resistless godlike Spirit lend:  
And him, with deathless eloquence endued,  
With sword, and shield, and wisdom did'st defend;

One ray of splendour, dazzling mortal eye,  
 All clouds dispelling, send us from the sky.  
 Shades and lamentation are we—

SAUL.

Hear I the voice  
 Of David ? Draw me from my deadly slumber :  
 The glory shew me of my greener years.

DAVID.

Who comes, who comes, what do I see ? A cloud  
 Of blackest darkness swift bestrides the sky,  
 By stormy Eurus hurled.—  
 And now 'tis rent, and lightens with the steel  
 Of tens of thousands, erst enclosed within.  
 See, like a tower, stands the giant Saul,  
 With flaming diadem encircled round.  
 Trembles the earth beneath the thundering clang  
 Of arms and chargers : ocean, earth, and sky  
 Re-echo back the fiery warrior's cry.  
 Then charged the foe the conquering might of Saul ;  
 Chariots, and foot, and horsemen he o'erthrows,  
 In headlong rout by terror onward borne ;  
 And godlike fury flashes from his eye.  
 Where is your boasting, sons of Ammon, where  
 The insults and abuse wherewith you scorned  
 The people of the Lord.  
 Behold the plain, too small your dead to hold ;  
 While we the bloody harvest gather in  
 Of newly severed heads—the impious fruit  
 Of cursed idolatry.  
 But, hark ! methinks I hear a warlike blast  
 Break sudden on mine ear.  
 It is the same all-crushing brand of Saul  
 That breaks the crest of Edom. Soba thus,  
 With Amalek and Moab are trod to dust.

Saul, like the waters of a wintry river,  
Bursts, inundates, and overturns for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

See, see ! the monarch arms him :

War ! war ! he cries.

What champion e'er alarms him ?

Who him defies ?

I see his flaming brand,

That with resistless fury cleaves its way

Amid the hostile ranks.

I see all reeking with unholy gore

The arms of Israel—the thunderbolt,

Or sling-projected stone, less swiftly flies

Than he who slaughters with avenging sword

The enemies of God. From pole to pole

He flies resistless, upon eagles' wings

Brought down from heaven, the impious to destroy.

Who in their cursed temples idols raise,

And deem them gods. I follow him afar,

Pursue the Philistine, and overtake,

And trample, and destroy ; and plainly shew

The two-fold brand which Israel's camp defends.

SAUL.

Who boasts his brand ? There is no brand but mine,

Which now I draw. Who dares despise it ?

Perish, traitor, die !

VISARGAH.

### A MOTHER'S LOSS.

AND a few sad tears were shed, and a few deep sighs were drawn, and the lonely mourner turned her steps from where they had laid the body of her little Helen ; and she thought now all around looked cheerful, and it made her feel the more, how sad she was. Could we but lift the veil from before her face, and thus perceive her inward feelings, what a tale of misery should we learn !

Alice was born an orphan—

“ Fatherless, motherless,  
Sisterless, brotherless,  
Home she had none,”

when she was first cast upon the wide world; and, but for the charity of friends, must have perished, for a corpse was all she had to do for her those kind offices mothers alone can do. In the same hour that the child was born the mother died. Alice's father had only just been buried, when his wife followed him to an early grave, and left their infant daughter without a guardian. Her parents had dragged on, for the last few years, a miserable subsistence, and at length had been reduced to nothing. But friends, who had known them in better days, agreed to take the child, and the world seemed as if it would still smile on Alice. She endeared herself by her sweetness to her benefactors, who thanked God for the opportunity they had had of acting her parents' part to her they loved. Alice had hardly reached the age of seventeen when, by the death of her friends, she was thrown again all alone upon the world. It was at this juncture that she married Edwin Rupton, a young physician of good promise, though at that time of no great standing; and a year after she became a mother. The little Helen was the delight and pride of both her parents; and often would the tender mother drop tears of happiness as she gazed upon the child, and give thanks for blessings past. But her happiness was soon destined to be blighted; and before their child was three years old, they found it necessary to leave England on account of pecuniary matters, and betake themselves to a foreign land. On their voyage to Australia they were shipwrecked, and the husband was separated from the mother and child. Alice and her daughter escaped in a boat, and were picked up, after having met with many dangers, by a homeward-bound ship, and again destitute, and, as she thought, a widow, she reached her native land. But her maternal care made her at once set about to find means to preserve her life, and dearer, oh dearer

still, her Helen's. And so she worked, and worked, and worked, till Helen sickened, and then she had to nurse as well as work, for their purse was still empty. But all in vain, ere Helen's fourth year had closed she died.

Hush ! disturb not the poor lone mother as she calls upon the child she has buried, and then, with uplifted eyes, thanks God for all, and is once more resigned.

\* \* \* \*

Years pass on, and Alice Rupton seems to have lost all trace of what she was. 'Tis a summer evening, and as is her wont, she goes to visit her little darling's grave, and remains there some time. And now a strange man approaches, and methinks I see in his face much sorrow written. It is Edwin Rupton, Alice's long-lost husband. She knows him, and she calls him Edwin ; and he calls his beloved Alice, and she makes him sit down by her side on the grave. " But where is our little Helen ? " and Alice, with a deep drawn sigh, looked down, and then upraised her eyes and smiled. It was enough,—words were not needed to tell Edwin of his loss.

\* \* \* \*

The little village of B—— in Yorkshire is most beautifully situated in a picturesque and fertile valley. Dear Reader, should you by chance visit it, take a look in the old churchyard, and under the yew-tree in the corner, you will see Helen Rupton's grave, distinguished from others by a plain wooden cross, with the initials H. R. upon it, and you will find it strewn with flowers, the offerings of an aged pair. Alice and Edwin Rupton have still continued in the village where their only offspring died, and live in a pretty cottage not very far from the church ; and often they may be seen bringing their little offerings to their daughter's grave.

The villagers of B. relate the story, and love those of whom they tell it, for the Ruptons spend their little all in deeds of charity and kindness, in memory, as they say, of a departed flower.

A.

## AEROSTATICS.

A long time ago (never mind the date),  
A sharp son of Athens, the fables relate,  
Once hit on a plan, a clever one too,  
To say nothing of being entirely new,—

Nothing less than to try  
To explore the sky,  
With feathers and wax  
Stuck on to the backs

Of himself and his son; who, I can't tell why,  
Had consented to share  
This trip in the air,  
Forgetting the danger of going so high

Away they went, father and son,  
Thinking no doubt 't was capital fun,  
While the people below  
Shouted, "There they go!"

I suppose in Greek, though I don't quite know.  
On they went, o'er land and sea,  
Flapping their wings right merrily;  
Higher and higher up in the air,  
Till they got much higher than they were aware.  
Or, I think, intended ever to be.

Long ago the Cretan bays  
Had faded from sight; and the solar rays  
Began to strike unpleasantly hot.  
Not to be done  
By his cautious sire,  
The impetuous son  
Still rose up higher,  
Dreaming nought of his hapless lot.

To cut the thing short—The end of the frolic  
Was this, in fact; the sun's caloric  
Took such an effect on the waxen wings,  
Which, being like all other mundane things—  
Goldner's meat, or a rose in June,  
A woman's face, or a piano in tune,  
Which we know from experience present and past,  
Cannot be expected for ever to last—  
That all of a sudden a terrible crash  
Was heard, and the waxen wings gave way;  
And the hapless youth, after falling all day,  
Dropped into the sea with a fearful splash.

"One fool makes many," they used to say,  
And may say, too, in the present day,—  
For since the fate of Dædalus' son,  
Which you've just heard,—there's been such a run  
On balloons, and cars, and aeronauts,  
And flying machines of all sizes and sorts;  
That the people, quite tired of parachutes,  
And such like toys, have compelled the brutes,  
To join with them in aerial sports;  
And horses, ostriches, ponies, and mules,  
Have been forced "willy nilly" to make themselves fools

You'd probably think it can't be to their taste,  
To be hung in the air with a rope round the waist;  
But you're totally wrong,  
For it's not very long  
Since a magistrate wise,  
To our great surprise,  
Said the beasts didn't mind their trip in the skies.

However, the public showed such indignation,  
That now they've returned to "plain aerostation."

That is to say,  
On some fine day,  
An adventurous crew  
For the sake of the view,  
Take their seats in the car, that is, if they pay ;  
And trying to look in a jovial mood,  
Though they'd sooner be anywhere else if they could ;  
In the admiring gaze of applauding crowds,  
Make a start for the regions of mists and clouds.

Here we are amongst famed Cremorne's  
Verdant groves, grottoes, and lawns ;  
Where cockneys and wives, daughters and sons,  
Come out for their periodical runs :  
And, lost in delight,  
And amazement quite,  
Think in all their lives they ne'er saw such a sight.  
There's a balloon ready to start,  
The conductor's there, a Frenchman smart ;  
He looks around and blows his nose,  
The people shout, and off it goes.

Higher and higher on they go,  
Till they quite lose sight of the people below ;  
The houses look the size of hats,  
The horses seem no bigger than rats ;  
Yet loud and hoarse in their lofty ride,  
Is heard the roar of the human tide.

But let's make a review  
Of the motley crew ;  
Who, seated around,  
Gaze down on the ground,  
And seemingly feel in a fearful stew.  
Here's a pale-faced man, with spectacles green,  
A savant, they say, Professor Solean ;

Who's bent on the glory of adding to science,  
And consequently brought every useful appliance—  
    Patent barometers,  
    And thermometers,  
    Besides anemometers,  
On which he places most perfect reliance.

There's a nervous old gentleman, whose bad indigestion  
Interferes with his courage, of which there's no question,  
    (When there's nothing to fear)  
    He has a large share ;  
At least, so he says. On the present occasion  
He thinks 't would be nothing but useless evasion  
To deny that he feels a little dyspeptic,  
And certainly looks, without doubt, apoplectic.

Here's a little weak man, with a shocking bad hat,  
A landscape painter, or something like that,  
Whose temper would seem very easy to please,  
For he's always enchanted at all he sees,  
And with a voice between a squeak and a whine,  
Ejaculates, Beautiful ! Lovely ! How fine !  
    A lawyer's clerk,  
    Out for a lark,  
    And an author or two,  
    Make up the crew.

I think I said  
They were going a-head  
Without any perceptible motion,  
And very much higher  
Than they had any desire,  
Of which nobody liked the notion.  
At the rate they were going,  
With a high wind blowing,

There seemed a chance  
Of getting to France,  
Or anywhere else you may mention ;  
Or of lighting cigars  
With the flame of the stars  
Which would have been quite a novel invention.

At the "safety line" they pulled and tugged,  
Tugged and pulled while the Frenchman shrugged  
His shoulders, and said,  
'Sacre ! Parbleu !  
What will we do ?  
Sans doute we all shall be men dead !'  
They tugged and pulled till black in the face,  
And at last, when it seemed a desperate case,  
A sudden jerk  
Did the work,  
And the balloon to their joy slackened its pace.

However they one and all agreed,  
They'd seen quite enough of aerial speed ;  
And, preparing to bring the voyage to an end,  
And seek terra firma, began to descend.  
With a thump and a bump,  
Which made them all jump,  
They reached the ground,  
While from all around  
The people ran to see the sight.  
Now came a race,  
Or rather a chase,  
The balloon in front, the people behind,  
Away it goes before the wind,  
And they don't seem likely to catch it all night.

A thump and a bang !  
O ! what a pang

Went through the bones of the hapless crew.  
    Cries and groans,  
    Curses and moans,  
Are heard, with now and then a Parbleu !  
    At last, with a shock  
    Which seems to knock  
The breath from their bodies, the chase is done ;  
    They've stuck in a swamp ;  
    Rather a damp  
Situation, you'd think, though it's better than none ;  
    Out they tumbled head over heels,  
    Like so many eels  
    Out of a basket, into the mud.  
    There they stood,  
Black and blue with many a bruize,  
By no means pleased with th' aerial cruize.

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## SIC VITA.

“ This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

ALL things are vain  
    We pursue from our birth :  
Trouble and pain  
    Are born of the earth.

A numerous band,  
    Whom distance shall thin,  
Linked hand in hand,  
    We our journey begin.

Fresh is the morning,  
    And pleasant the scene ;  
Roses adorning  
    The dew-spangled green.

Birds hover, singing,  
    To greet the glad beams ;  
Bright insects are winging  
    O'er murmuring streams.

Fondlings shall die,  
    And blossoms shall wither ;  
Our grasp they shall fly,  
    No more to come hither.

Sad are the gay,  
    And joy turns to sorrow ;  
Too short is the day  
    To prepare for the morrow.

Steep is the mountain,  
    And sultry the day ;  
Never a fountain  
    Our thirst to allay.

The soil bears but weeds,  
    And fruits bitter to taste ;  
And to roses succeeds  
    The rank herb of the waste.

The skies that had flattered  
    Are angry and red ;  
Our comrades are scattered,  
    And pleasure is dead.

Some, sadly weeping,  
    Have hopelessly strayed ;  
Some sought for sleeping  
    The poisonous shade.

Some, faint and drooping,  
    Sink down on the road ;  
And the strong limbs are stooping,  
    Borne down by their load.

Like the dreams of the morn  
The song-birds are fled ;  
But the vultures are borne  
To the feast of the dead.

On ! through the wild land,  
Where no shelter is seen ;  
No friendly hand,  
Whereon we may lean.

Landmarks are rare,  
And distant the goal ;  
And the gloom of despair  
Presses hard on the soul.

Evening droops o'er us,  
And low sinks the sun ;  
A desert before us :  
Return—there is none.

Where shall the weary rest,  
Wandering lonely ?  
Peace in the earth's cold breast  
Dwells, and there only.

Loss is our gain,  
And sorrow our mirth ;  
Trouble and pain  
Are born of the earth.

W.

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TRANSLATION FROM THE "SHĀH NĀMAH."

On full of bitterness and empty shadows,  
Inconstant earth, the wisest of thy sons  
Put not their trust in thee ! Kindly in vain  
Thou rear'st us up, the while the sands of some

Run swiftly out, while others are fore-doomed  
To a more lengthened span. What matters then  
When thou reclaim'st the gifts thou hast bestowed,  
Whether our lot has been a priceless pearl,  
Or wretched portion of decaying dust?  
And thou, whate'er thou art—or king or slave—  
When once the rude world on thy latest breath  
Hath laid his mouldering hand, no more for thee  
The recollection of this fitful life  
Hath pain or pleasure; all is, like a dream,  
Gone from thee straight. Let not then in thy mind  
The expectation of immortal life  
On earth, deceive thee. Happy he whose tomb  
A blessed memory of the past distils,  
Be it a peasant's grave, or sculptured vault of kings.

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### THE PARSON'S TALE.

I WAS staying a few months ago with a very old friend—a clergyman, in a remote village in ——shire. He always seemed to me the *beau idéal* of a country parson. I fancy I see him now, with his benevolent face and thin silver hair, stopping on his way to the village church to speak with his poor parishioners, with a smile and a kind word for all he met. But I always fancied his smile mingled with a certain melancholy, as if his life had not always been spent in the same peaceful monotony; and a cloud would sometimes pass over his brow, as if in former days he had known deep and lasting sorrow. One day I ventured to express my wish to become acquainted with the particulars of his past life,—a request with which he very kindly complied. I have given his story in his own words (as nearly as I can recollect them), and, though the events themselves are, perhaps, not uncommon, yet the simple, touching dignity, and deep feeling with which he related them, made a deep impression upon my mind;—

“My father was a gentleman of considerable property; I was his only child; but I had been brought up from my earliest years with an orphan cousin, whom my father, upon the sudden death of his brother, had received into his own house. We were as brother and sister, and as such we loved each other.

“And with such love, and with none other, was I ever regarded by her; but it was not so with me: as I grew to manhood, I learnt to look upon her with a deeper and more tender love than brother feels for sister. She seemed to become to me a part of my existence; I scarce lived but in her presence; and an hour absent from her side seemed to me an age of misery. She never knew all this. I saw but too plainly that ‘she in these feelings had no share;’ that all her tenderness to me was but the sign of sisterly affection; and I would not risk the loss of that affection by a declaration of my hopeless passion.

“Thus we went on till I was nineteen, and Mary two years younger. What a lovely being was she then! How vividly comes across me the remembrance of that bright sunny face, the long golden hair, the unutterably deep tenderness of those clear blue eyes. Her exquisite, almost spiritual beauty—the heavenly sweetness of her disposition, often made me fancy her a being of a brighter world, ‘but for a few brief hours to mortals given.’ Well, well, I would fain pass rapidly over this period—its memories are very, very bitter.

“It was at this time that we received a visit from the son of an old friend of my father’s; he was nearly a stranger to us, for he had been receiving his education abroad, and we had, consequently, not seen him for years. Charles Harcourt was handsome, clever, and well informed, and he used his utmost efforts to win my cousin’s affections. You may guess the rest. I soon saw that he had gained that place in her heart, which I would have given the world to fill.

“To me, however, who watched him with all a rival’s jealousy, he never seemed to love her truly, but rather to be seeking merely the gratification of his own vanity, by winning

the love of one so beautiful. But to her I never breathed my doubts; she placed such unbounded confidence in his truth, and was so entirely happy, when she had consented to be his (for in her innocent affection she told me all), that it would have been cruelty to have done so. Besides, they were but doubts, and I felt that my own jealous feelings might have deceived me.

"Would to God they had! Alas! the event shewed that I had judged but too truly. He left us for a week, on the plea of pressing business, and, on his return, he behaved to her with marked coldness. He left us a second time, and, within three days, Mary received a letter, announcing his marriage with another, and bidding her farewell for ever.

"She bore the shock with wonderful calmness; she read the letter without a tear, without a trembling of the hand; and it was but the paleness of her cheek, and a sharp convulsive quivering of the lip, which betrayed the agony she suffered. Indeed, so little did she display her feelings, that many who knew her well, fancied that she had never loved him deeply, and that a conviction of his unworthiness had enabled her to tear him from her heart. But she could not thus deceive me, who had watched her for years with a lover's tenderness. I knew that with one like her, "love is love for evermore." I saw that her heart was broken, that the iron had entered into her soul. And far more terrible to me was that forced unnatural calmness, that hopeless vacancy of her eye, than would have been the loudest expression of indignation, the wildest paroxysm of sorrow. She was as kind and gentle as ever, and as grateful for the kindness of those about her; but even this gentle resignation pained me unutterably; it seemed as if by that one blow her every feeling had been deadened. Judge to what a condition she was brought when I say that even I rejoiced when she ceased to feel either sorrow or joy.

"Yes—she died! and as I bent for the last time over that pale, beloved form, ere the grave hid her for ever from my sight, I vowed to avenge her death upon her destroyer.

"I discovered that he had left England with his bride. I tracked him from place to place, and at length found him at a small watering place in Germany; he started at seeing me; but whatever may have been his faults, he was no coward, and he consented to meet me on the following morning.

"Our conflict was short; after a few passes I parried a desperate lunge which he made at me, and before he could recover himself, passed my sword through his body.

"My first feeling on beholding him stretched bleeding at my feet, was one of gratified revenge; but almost immediately the conviction rushed upon me, that by that deed I had stamped my brow with the work of Cain, and forfeited all hope of meeting my beloved Mary in heaven,

"With the assistance of some labourers who were passing at the time, I conveyed him to his hotel; and it was with a feeling of intense relief that I heard from a physician whom I summoned to attend him, that life was not extinct.

"He recovered, but of his subsequent career I know nothing. It is some years since I accidentally heard of his death. Peace to his memory! He was the only enemy I ever had, and I thank God that I have forgiven him.

"For myself, I returned to England, and determined not to waste my life in vain repinings. I entered the church. My father procured for me the living of this sequestered village, where for fifty years I have endeavoured to fulfil the duties of my station; and if not happy, I have been at least contented. And now, I trust, the time is not far distant when I shall be again united to my Mary there, where 'there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,' but where 'we shall be as the angels in heaven.'"

That wish has been realised: scarcely a week has elapsed since I received intelligence that my good old friend was no more.

P. S.

## THE FOURTH AVATÁRA.

Sing we to Him who reigneth on high,  
The first of the sacred three :  
In the world beneath, and the earth, and sky,  
As far as the golden walls extend,  
Where light must vanish, and life must end,  
Is none so great as He.

Sing we to Him whose conch is borne  
By the many-headed snake :  
By elemental discord torn  
Nature her rest must take,  
Midst the world of waters wide  
Tossing round on every side,  
Till the god his slumbers break,  
When the destined hour is nigh,  
And bid a new creation wake  
To life and energy.

All-preserving, all-creating,  
All-destroying He ;  
From His essence generating,  
All things that e'er shall be.  
Nought is done  
Beneath the sun  
Within the golden wall,  
But He, before the worlds began,  
Hath predetermined all.

Still the work He loveth best  
Is to give the weary rest ;  
To remove, in mortal birth,  
The burdens of the groaning earth ;  
And with resistless arm to free

His followers who, in good or ill,  
Shall hold their faith unshaken still,  
Few and feeble though they be.  
For those who look to Him for aid  
Nought on earth shall make afraid.

'Twas thus he humbled Bali's pride,  
Scanning the skies at a single stride ;  
And, to earth the Vedas gave  
Hidden long in ocean cave,  
Till the conflict dire was ended,  
And, the holy king to save,  
From out the all-destroying wave  
His radiant horn extended.

Sing we the deeds of the Rámas three  
With ploughshare, axe, and bow ;  
Of Him in vest of blue arrayed,  
The wielder of the awful blade,  
The spouse of Revatí :  
Of Him who cleft the house of snow  
Where, through the deep and winding length,  
The sacred waters flow  
Of Gangá, rushing in her strength  
Upon the world below ;  
Who, in His righteous ire,  
Unnumbered hosts o'erthrew :  
And, to avenge His slaughtered sire,  
The haughty tyrants slew :  
Or, last of him, Ayodhyá's boast,  
Who bridged the roaring deep ;  
Who quelled the demon host,  
Though their arms were mighty, their walls were steep,  
And on the barbarous coast  
Undying fame did reap.

By his side  
His radiant bride,  
Lovely Sítá, lotus-eyed ;  
    From the giant's fierce embrace,—  
Sorely tempted, sorely tried,—  
    Rescued by the monkey race ;  
Ever constant, ever true,  
    From the sea of milk descending,  
Each various incarnation through  
    His glorious steps attending.  
Most precious of all treasures she  
That rose from out the teeming sea,  
When the gods and demons strove  
    The cup of life to gain ;  
    From every land  
    The heavenly band  
    Of watchers thronged her hand to obtain ;  
Yet, well discerning Vishnu's love,  
    She went with him to reign.  
But when misfortune on her cast  
    Suspicion and evil blame,  
The ordeal strange she passed  
    To clear her injured name ;  
High-hearted in her purity  
    She dared the raging flame.  
Like the wind that blows  
From the mount of snows  
    The holy fires became :  
And from their self-moving cars on high  
    The heavenly powers  
    Rained down flowers  
And sang her spotless fame.  
    But best we love to sing  
    The universal king,  
When for his faithful servant's good,

Beneath the tyrant's away oppressed,  
Clad in his yellow vest,  
The God in lowly guise  
A simple herdboy stood  
In Vriadâ's holy wood ;—  
O chief of mysteries !  
Hard to be understood.

His lotus eyes  
Our hearts surprise  
From his face of the cloud-dark hue ;  
As the stars shine bright  
Through the purple night,  
Or the sea fire flashes its living light  
From the depths of the ocean blue.  
But a fiercer form he bore  
In the evil days of yore,

When every region groaned beneath a tyrant's sway ;  
When every living thing  
The golden-mailed king  
Acknowledged as supreme to worship and obey.

So great the penance done  
By Diti's mighty son ;  
A wondrous gift he won  
From the Creator's hand :  
O'er earth he ruled, and sea, and skies,  
And made the trembling deities  
Within his palace walls in menial garb to stand.  
None might strive with him in fight  
Beneath the eye of day ;  
None beneath the clouds of night  
Might the wicked Rájâ stay.  
He no hostile form need doubt  
In earth, or sky, or sea ;  
Within his palace, and without,

From death or danger free.  
Man and beast, and form divine,  
Vainly should 'gainst him combine.  
But, with such power entrusted, he  
    Waxed wanton in his pride ;  
And with a frantic jealousy  
    The friends of Vishnu eyed.

Where shall be found, O ! where,  
    One faithful earnest heart,  
Ublemishingly to dare  
    The torture's fiery smart ?  
And raise a suppliant prayer  
    Before the eternal throne ?  
O fools ! by worldly threatenings cowed  
Before a mortal's feet they bowed,  
And rendered him the worship proud  
    They owed to one alone.  
The Bráhmans misinterpreted  
    The truths the Vedas taught :  
The people, by their priests misled,  
    No real wisdom sought :  
The Scriptures were no longer read ;  
    None made the ablutions due ;  
The expectant Manes were not fed ;  
    The poor no helper knew :  
The Gurus were dishonorèd,  
    The holy kine were slain ;  
For far and wide doth evil spread  
    Beneath an evil reign.

On those who slight the god's command,  
    What vengeance shall he do ?  
Shall floods destroy the impious land,  
    And whelm the world anew ?

Or shall the clouds of thunder big with woes,  
That bring the iron age's fearful close,

Amidst the affrighted skies,

Before their time arise ?

Or shall the obedient trees again  
Hear their Creator's word, as when

His mandate bade them sweep

O'er hill and desert, rock and fen,

With rapid growth unchecked, till men

Were forced into the deep ?

The breezes had no power to blow,

And all that fearful shade below

Was silent as the tomb.

The restless sands did forests know,

And Himaván his crest of snow

Veiled with a verdant plume.

So close the countless trunks were set,

And interlacing branches met,

The earth with rain was never wet,

No ray dispelled the gloom,

Till, from their vigil in the seas,

Ten saints arising reached the bank,

And, where they passed, the conscious trees

Before their awful presence shrank.

The lord of mercy deemeth not

All evil and unsound,

If still one unpolluted spot,

Unscathed by sin, be found.

He sees, amongst the rájá's train,

One incorrupt of heart remain

Amidst the tempters round.

While all the tribes of earth adore

Hiranyakasipu before,

Unmoved by worldly pomp, his eye

Endued with wisdom from on high,  
To Vishnu's throne beyond the sky  
Hath learned in faith to soar.  
The monarch's son, Prahláda styled,  
Of guilty sire the guiltless child :  
Him no temptations could o'erwhelm ;  
Still faithful found, when tried ;  
The heir to all his father's realm,  
But not his father's pride.  
The pleasures of a royal state  
Have made the sages fall ;  
The threatenings of the earthly great  
Cause saints from right to deviate :  
He knew how vain our mortal fate,  
And overcame them all.  
His sire none more obedient knew,  
Yet served he not beyond the due  
Of fathers and of kings ;  
His heart was set on wisdom true,  
From Vishnu's self that springs.  
" Son," said the king, " no longer praise  
Those puny gods of other days,  
Whose power has passed away.  
A mightier sceptre than the old  
(Which thou thyself perchance may'st hold)  
Do all the worlds obey.  
But, if they still some reverence claim,  
Through Siva, not through Vishnu's name,  
Thy vows will most avail.  
He was a mighty prince indeed ;  
His acts of vengeance we may read  
In many an ancient tale.  
But, on his distant lotus-seat,  
Enthroned with his bride,  
Lies Vishnu in oblivion sweet,

Nor heeds the word beside.  
If thou wouldst praise him, thither go ;  
For not within these realms below  
Shall he, our race's deadliest foe,  
By thee be glorified ! ”

To him Prahláda answer made :  
“ Father, in all things be obeyed  
(As best beseems) thy will ;  
But, when my eyes behold the land,  
And view the workings of his hand,  
How can my tongue be still ?  
And how can I associate  
With Siva's sullen train,  
Who weave before his temple-gate  
Their frantic dance, or meditate  
Within the awful fane ?  
It was not from the will of their master's might  
That the earth in its loveliness golden bright,  
And the beautiful things of the day and night,  
And the heavens whose glories are infinite,  
Into young creation burst.  
He loveth the blood of the mystic rite ;  
And he smileth on men as they rush to fight,  
Like demons for gore athirst.  
In the funeral field, with fiend and sprite,  
He worketh his orgies dire,  
As they dance around by the spectral light  
Of the slowly-fading pyre.  
When the fight is done,  
'Neath the setting sun,  
He hastes with his horrid train :  
He quaffs the blood  
In a ghastly flood,  
As it lies on the battle plain ;

And he loves to bedeck  
With skulls his neck,  
As he strides o'er the heaps of slain.  
But Vishnu seeks to bless  
The earth with happiness,  
As, in his yellow dress,  
He roams the woodland shades :  
'Tis there he spends the sunny hours ;  
Leader of Heaven's benignant powers,  
He haunts the groves and forest bowers,—  
His necklace—of the forest flowers,  
His train—the forest maids.  
Kind to the poor, and mercy's lord ;  
How well such names accord  
With true devotion, the preserver's claim !  
No penance fraught with fear,  
To gloomy Siva dear,  
Shall have such power above  
As pure and earnest love,  
And faith on Hari's name.  
Thus Vishnu doth fulfil  
To each his separate will  
Of honor, wealth, or fame.  
But if, puffed up by power and pride,  
From truth and right they start aside,  
Compassionate, not even then  
His mercy fails the sons of men :  
Before misfortune's chilling blast,  
Down from their dizzy elevation cast  
They turn to him again.  
Yet he those paths of danger never knows,  
On whom the god his chiefest favour shows.  
He gives no boon  
Decaying soon,  
But saves from lasting woes,

And union with himself through future time bestows.  
For countless wealth, or magic might,  
Or wondrous charms, or strength in fight,

Or universal reign,  
To Mahádeva be thy suit ;  
All worldly blessings shall the fruit  
Of penance long attain.

But they who Vishnu serve,  
Nor from his precepts swerve,

Though poverty the lot they must endure on earth,  
Among the spirits blest,  
Dwell in untroubled rest,

Absorbed in his divinity, exempt from future birth."

Scarce the concluding word  
The king of giants heard,  
And marked Prahláda's faith, by menace undeterred ;  
" Chiefs of my host," he cried, " obey ;  
And with the traitorous wretch away ,  
Who dares acknowledge in my realm a rival to my sway."

Straight at their monarch's call,  
Attendant in the hall  
Appeared the demon chiefs, of mighty stature all.  
Prahláda shrank not, but his eye  
Unquailing raised he to the sky,

As though he said,  
" By Vishnu's aid  
Your warriors I defy."

" Strike," cried the monarch ; but in vain  
The weapons fall, and fall again :

They swerve aside, nor reach his steadfast breast :  
As rowers, when with sinewy strain,  
Hurled by the eddies to the roaring main,  
In mute despair the weary oarsmen rest.  
" Away with these," the angry rájá cries,

“ The fire a surer punishment supplies.”  
Then forth the unresisting prince they drew :  
An unseen power the flames obedient knew,  
And parted wide  
On either side  
And wreathed their waving coils around,  
As though an arch of triumph they supplied,  
And his most holy head with glory crowned.

The tiger slunk away  
Before the intended prey :  
Unharm'd in faith did he the cup envenomed drink :  
Hurled from the mountain precipice's brink,  
As soft he sank to rest  
On the earth's rocky breast,  
As the descending lark doth sink,  
Her hymn of thanks complete, upon her nest.  
The learned bráhmans came ;  
Before the sacred flame  
They wrought their sorceries dread :  
The spirit feared to face  
The shield of Vishnu's grace ;  
And, shrieking, smote the sorcerer in his stead.  
Thereat a voice was heard, so soft and clear,  
It filled the heart with love and fear :  
“ Well hast thou done ;  
Thy prayer, whate'er it be, I hear ;  
Ask thou a boon, my son.”  
Prahláda due obeisance made,  
And thus with reverent voice he said :  
“ If such be in thy will,  
Though these their lofty birth abuse,—  
The works of righteousness refuse,—  
And seek thy saints to kill ;  
Yet, in thy mercy-loving breast,

Short time do wrath and anger rest ;  
Think, they are bráhmans stíll.  
Upon them look with pitying eye :  
Forgiven, they from sin may fly,  
And leave the paths of ill."

Up rose the bráhmans then,  
And they spake before the king :  
" Ours is the strength of men,  
And their aid thy demons bring.  
But with thy holy son  
In vain would we contend ;  
For his righteousness hath won  
The Eternal for his friend.  
Him, rájá, do not thou forget :  
Though long his anger sleep,  
Rebellious princes never yet  
Destruction failed to reap.  
His shafts of vengeance are not spent,  
Though mercy bids them wait :  
Unless thou dost in time repent,  
Thou shalt—when all too late.  
Then let him live, since live he must,  
Till he shall loathe to live ;  
Till all the joy of living rust,  
Craving from him he made his trust,  
The death he cannot give.  
Bear him, ye demons, far away ;  
Beneath the ocean's utmost deep,  
Where never reached the light of day,  
Let him and all his treasures sleep.  
With mountains piled above his head,  
Sunk in the water's oozy bed,  
Unseen and unrememberèd,  
How can his doctrines farther spread ? "

There many a day  
Prahláda lay,  
While rocks above him tower ;  
Rain and sunshine, night and day,  
Undistinguished roll away,  
Hour succeeding hour.  
He heard not the music, soft yet dread,  
Which the billows were making far overhead ;  
He saw not the fitful shadowy light  
(Like the struggling moon on a cloudy night),  
Which plays on many a hidden gem,  
Meet for Varuna's diadem ;  
And the beautiful things which the sea-dwellers view,  
In the cavernous depths of the ocean blue.

But on Vaikúndha's lord,  
In silence best adored,  
So firmly had he fixed his bosom's every chord,  
He knew no thought of weary care,  
But wandered through those regions fair,  
Which Lakshmi's self delights to bless—  
Lakshmi, the queen of happiness.  
As one who lieth bound in sleep,  
In some enchanted isle,  
Lulled by the sound of streams which sweep  
O'er pebbly channels to the deep ;  
But he dreameth on the while :  
He rideth again  
To the battle plain,  
As he rode in the days of old :  
He graspeth the brand  
In his stalwart hand,  
And the glorious flag of his native land  
To victory doth unfold ;  
Or he speedeth away to a lonely tower,

And he sitteth once more in his lady's bower,  
While the bright sunbeam.  
Like a golden stream,  
Comes floating in through the lattice high,  
Where the sweet woodbine  
And the jessamine  
Hang in an odorous canopy.  
For, who wills to be free, him none shall enthrall,  
Since a freedom there is—the best of all—  
The freedom of the mind.  
The tyrant's chain, and the sorcerer's charm,  
May fetter the hand and unnerve the arm,  
But the spirit they cannot bind.

While twice twelve times the gods and manes drained  
The silver bowl that radiant Soma gained,  
Bound in his rocky prison the prince remained.  
But little the power of faith he knows  
Who deems Prahláda stilled for aye :  
The rocks were cleft, and the captive rose  
And breathed the air of upper day.  
What can heal the blindness  
Of rash and headstrong pride ?  
Although the king with kindness  
His son returning eyed,  
Yet to the god by whom,  
In his dungeon of doubt and gloom,  
That son was still protected,  
His homage paid he not :  
The warnings were neglected ;  
The wonders all forgot.

'T was evening, and the sun was low :  
His rays of glory brightly shone  
The softly rippling waves upon,  
That shorewards ceaseless flow :

As though a stream of gold  
Its liquid treasure rolled  
To bathe the coursers seven,  
All weary of their race through the high vault of heaven.

Beneath the palace gate,  
With pillars wrought of antique stone,  
Carved with the exploits great  
Of those old kings who held the throne  
Of Diti's sons,—alone

Prahláda and the rájá sate.  
The prince perceived the sinking ray,  
And rose the simple rites to pay,  
Due from the pious 'ere the day is done.  
As he went forth, his father bade him stay :

“ Leave me not yet, my son.  
Thy Vishnu, how can he  
From far Vaikuntha see  
One rite the less performed on earth ?  
Or is thy master so severe  
That one neglect outweighs the worth  
Of all good works performed through many a year ? ”

“ Who serveth Vishnu well, for love him serveth,  
Not for reward,” Prahláda made reply :  
“ If, by delusion led, from right he swerveth,  
To his preserver, contrite, let him fly.  
But how can he forgiveness hope to win,  
Who falls rebellious into wilful sin ?  
And deem not he alone in heaven abides :  
Whether in whirlwinds and in storms he rides,  
Or bids the seasons roll the appointed year ;  
Or whether he descends to scan  
The secrets of the heart of man,  
Vishnu is present here.

For know, our spirit's inmost thought  
Is unto him as surely known  
As act in that effulgence wrought  
Which beams around his lotus-throne."

The king a glance of anger cast,  
And on the portal's column vast  
Struck down his massive mace :  
" And is he here ? Then let my foe  
His form disclose, that we may know  
Whose might should rule the world below,  
Whom serve the human race."

He struck : the stone asunder flew,  
And Hari's self appeared to view  
In form of awe and dread :  
No look with heavenly beauty graced,  
No glance of mercy could be traced ;  
But, on a human body placed,  
Appeared a lion's head.  
Vain was the strife, and vain escape ;  
Back to the chasm the fearful shape  
His struggling victim led :  
And, as the guilty spirit fled  
On the far mountains top the sun's last ray was shed.

Thus the reign of evil ended :  
Thus did vengeance conquer pride ;  
Though he by magic charms defended,  
Earth and heaven alike defied.  
He deemed no reckoning he should find.  
And gave his haughty soul its bent ;  
But wickedness is ever blind,  
And leaves a way for punishment.

Sing we to him who shall yet return  
In our season of utmost need ;

With a meteor-flash his sword shall burn,  
 As he mounts on his snow-white steed.  
 With the hosts of the wicked he war shall wage,  
 A victor from shore to shore ;  
 And the earth from the stains of the iron age  
 To virtue and peace restore.  
 For the wisdom of old in vain we seek,  
 Perplexed in fear and doubt :  
 And the hearts of men are all too weak  
 To work their salvation out :  
 And the infidel bands are increasing fast,  
 And the faithful oppressed and slain :  
 When shall the fated days be past,  
 And our help return again ?

VAISHNAVA.

Mr. Editor,—I had just seated myself in my arm-chair, meditating a contribution to the *Observer*, but not quite determined as to the branch of literature in which I was most likely to shine, when my literary reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door.—“Come in.”—“Oh, Smith!” “Well, what is it?”—“I say, old fellow, lend us a wine-glass, will you?”—I pointed, in silence, to the receptacle in which the last survivor of half-a-dozen glasses, which I had purchased when a freshman, stood in solitary state.—“Thank you; you’re a brick: good night.”—“Good night:” and once more I was alone with my meditations.

“A brick!” Why a brick? It was an expression which I had heard fifty times before, without giving it a thought; but being at this moment in a reflective mood, I began to turn the matter over in my mind. I racked my brain to remember some expression of antiquity which might present some analogy to our own; and I soon came to the conclusion that the appellation “a brick,” was by the Greeks, and the early Roman comedists in imitation of them, applied to a human being, though not with the

same complimentary signification which it bears among us. I was led to form this opinion by a consideration of the proverbial expressions "*πλύνθου πλύνειν*," "*laterem lavare*," applied to an useless expenditure of trouble. It would be absurd to take the word "brick," here, in its literal meaning. There is no more difficulty in washing bricks than in washing anything else—every scullery-maid does it whenever she cleans out the back-kitchen. The word "brick," then, in these expressions, seems to signify a nasty, dirty fellow, on whom soap and water could make no impression.

This, then, did not tend to elucidate the matter at all, except in so far as it seemed to give some authority for the word being applied to an animate object. It was not till I came to the Augustan age that I could find any trace of the word being used in the sense which we give to it; and I was delighted to find that it was in the best period of Roman literature that it obtained that signification. It is true that I was unable to meet with the word itself, but Virgil has this remarkable line:—

"In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit."

Can any one doubt that this is a more poetical periphrasis for "You're a brick?" How could it possibly be said that the house rested on Turnus, if he had been anything else? And does not the meaning of the expression at once become clear? "You're a brick;" that is, "You are one on whom every reliance may be placed;—a support on which our house may securely rest in every danger." And how much is this view corroborated by the very addition of the epithet "regular." A regular brick! Yes: a brick irregularly placed might endanger the firmness of the whole structure; but "a regular brick!" what an exquisite simile!

But, it may be asked, "Why not a stone as well as a brick? Does not a stone afford as firm or firmer foundation than a brick?" Undoubtedly; but herein appears to me to consist the peculiar appropriateness of the term "brick." A stone, if placed in the fire, will crack and split into a thousand pieces, while a

brick will undergo no change either in form or colour. Could any emblem of constancy be more appropriate? My friend Smith, then, expressed himself laconically, and the meaning of his words may be thus given in full: "I thank you for this proof of your friendship—a friendship to which, as to a sure foundation, I well know that I may safely trust—a friendship which will ever remain true and unchanged, though it may have to undergo the trial of the fiery furnace of affliction."—What a magnificent burst of gratitude for the loan of a wine-glass!!

A. Z.

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### TO THE EDITORIAL TRIO.

Ah me! and alack!  
 If Grey should look black;  
 And Hope drive me quite to despair;  
 And Trotter suggest,  
 If I walked 't would be best,  
 Regardless of how I may swear;  
 If the Editors three  
 Three Furies should be,  
 And refuse my poor ballad admission,  
 If I don't go and swing,  
 Or some similar thing,  
 Why, it won't be for want of permission.  
 But oh! should they prove  
 Three Graces; by Jove!  
 Permit me to bless them with fervour;  
 So I'll only add more,  
 (One for each Editor)  
 Three cheers for the *Hailey Observer*.

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### THE WILD STOKER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

It was a dark December night,  
 The station lamps were shining bright,

The engine-driver, Simmons hight,  
Was on the platform standing ;  
I ween he was a hardy wight,  
Was nothing which could him affright,  
With Stentor's voice he cried " All right !"  
In tone of one commanding.

Then forth rushed all the attendant clan,  
The stoker left his porter-can,  
Where, with his friend the waterman,  
He sat in conversation ;  
The guard from out the office ran,  
To blow his whistle straight began,  
In haste eyed every luggage-van ;  
And so they left the station.

The brilliant glare, that dimmed the eye  
While at the station, suddenly  
Is gone ; and dark the leaden sky  
Lowers portentous o'er them ;  
The clouds of steam roll white on high,  
The burning coals around them fly,  
And, dimly seen, the trees rush by,  
As if some spirit bore them.

Faster and faster on they speed,  
Across the river, o'er the mead,  
As, snorting, bounds the maddened steed,  
On, on, the engine dashes ;  
An awful pace it is indeed,  
Of help had never man more need,  
For Simmons takes but little heed  
Of anything he smashes.

Away, away, they speed away,  
Now high in air the red lamps gay,

Like some bright meteor's passing ray,  
Glance 'neath the stormy heaven.  
And now, a shriek!—and where are they?  
Where never shone the light of day;  
Through the hard rock they urge their way,  
Yet fast and faster driven.

Away, away, the station light  
Gleams through the dark tempestuous night,  
The guard with fright turns ashy white,  
And gasps with fear and wonder;  
But Simmons grins with mad delight,  
And screws the safety-valve more tight,  
Whilst, yelling in its furious might,  
On does the engine thunder.

Away, away, a shriek—a smash,  
And through a loaded truck they dash,  
And on again, and with a crash,  
Another train he crushes;  
Sh! sh! the red lamps brightly flash,  
The train is left, one awful hash;  
As starts the wild colt from the lash,  
Still onwards Simmons rushes.

And sh! sh! sh! away, away,  
There's nought can check, hurrah, hurrah,  
Escape who can, be crushed who may,  
He meets all danger gladly;  
No earthly power may bid him stay,  
And day and night, and night and day,  
As yet, the frightened navvies say,  
He rushes onwards madly.

And still as wanes the frozen year,  
When shine no stars the night to cheer,

The watchman in the tunnel drear,  
    (And who the spell may sever?)  
Oft feels his heart beat quick with fear,  
An engine's ghostly shriek to hear,  
Whilst comes the spectral train more near,  
    On, rushing on for ever.

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## FAREWELL.

Adieu, sweet place! oh, could I stay!  
Adieu, each hill and dell;  
I bid thee, e'er I go away,  
A long, a sad farewell.

Though space should hide thee from my sight,  
And seas should intervene;  
I'll think of thee, sweet place, so bright,  
And be where I have been.

How happily beneath thy clime,  
My boyish days have passed;  
Though they are gone, consumed by time,  
Their memory shall last.

In fancy, oft I'll climb thy hills,  
And through thy woodlands roam;  
And, listening to thy murmuring rills,  
I'll think of thee, sweet home.

Those hills, those woods, where, as I strayed—  
Untrod the path of sorrow—  
A careless, happy child I played,  
Regardless of the morrow.

B.W.M.

THE  
HAILEYBURY OBSERVER.

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READING MAKETH A FULL MAN, CONFERENCE A READY MAN, WRITING AN  
ACCURATE MAN.—BACON.

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DECEMBER 13, 1852.

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A CHAPTER ON CURSES.

CHAPTER II.

"TIME rolls his ceaseless course," and among other events which he bears upon his wings, the appearance of another *Observer* is not the least important; and we had intended, in pursuance of the subject commenced in the last number of that celebrated periodical, to set before the *Observer*-reading public a variety of instances in support of the theory which we before advanced. But, as the mysterious newspaper correspondent would say, "causes have arisen which have interfered" with the completion of our design, and our whole attention has been absorbed by that one engrossing object of Haileybury interest at the present moment—the Examination; and although the necessity of exertion is over, and the ink of industry, exhausted and no longer useful, has dried up in the pen of perseverance; and the chequered list of good or bad success, dreaded by some, and anticipated by others, is on the point of immediate appear-

ance, yet there are three unfortunate beings, whose fate is far harder than that of the victims of the late events. These are, at any rate, now at rest, while the wretched trio above alluded to, the guardians of our local literature, their bodies fatigued and their minds distracted by giddy dreams, in which Thucydides, perhaps, is dimly seen chasing Sakuntalá through the image of Teutonic and Romanesque institutions, are even now exciting their worn-out brains for the general amusement and edification of the public, but chiefly for the beguiling of a tedious hour on the approaching solemnity of "Divorum Dies." Need they, then, after such shew of devotion to their duties, have any fear that their efforts will be unappreciated, or that the productions which they present to their readers, being in many cases the offspring of the last glimmer of a worn-out imagination, will meet with other than an indulgent and partial criticism. The Editors, then, O readers! "though they say it that shouldn't," look forward with confidence, even under these disadvantageous circumstances, to a favourable verdict. They have eaten in your service the bread of disinterested toil,—for them, as for the wicked, there has been no rest,—like "foolish over-careful fathers" of their beloved periodical, they have

"Broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,  
Their bones with industry."

To quote once more from the words of the same great master, they have laboured

"Like the bee—culling from every flower the virtuous sweets,"

may they not, like those little symbols of untiring industry, "be murdered for their pains."

We may proceed, then, after these apologetic remarks, to relate another and a very remarkable instance in which a curse, pronounced by the lips of a woman, had as direct and extraordinary a fulfilment as the case mentioned in our last number. The story is as follows :—About a hundred and fifty years ago, there lived, in one of the northern counties of England, a powerful and

influential chief, McFarlane, of Moy. His castle, situated in a commanding position in a wild and romantic glen, was a complete picture of the state of society which existed in the highlands of Scotland at the time of which we write, a state to which the brave and loyal mountaineers clung with an affection and tenacity rendered only more obdurate by the unjust, though perhaps politic, severity of the treatment which they received at the hands of England. The chief reigned as supreme in the affections of his clan, as an Oriental despot over the terror of his subjects; their devotion to him was unbounded; but one great distinction marked the different position of the Eastern and the Gaelic autocrat, viz.: a degree of independence in the subjects of the latter, which, without qualifying their absolute subordination, gave then at the same time a kind of flattering equality. The lowest dependant was frequently about the person of his chief. At his rude but plentiful table all were welcome, and mingled unimproved in conversation or amusement. The different clans were always more or less engaged in mutual hostilities. Each was perpetually on the watch, either to guard against an attack, or to commit some aggression on its neighbour, and life and property had but little security, and too frequently met with but little consideration.

In one of the short and precarious intervals of truce which occurred, the Chief of Moy had partaken of the hospitality of a neighbouring chieftain of inferior power—McDonald, of Glenfarne. The visit was short, and speedily interrupted by some new quarrel; but in the meantime, the heart of the powerful chief had fallen a prey to the attractions of the only child of his host, the fair Edith McDonald. His passion, as it was sudden, was also vehement and determined, and his proposals were backed with an intimation of alternatives which ill-accored with the language of love;—and well was the highland maiden worthy of the admiration which she received on all sides. Tall and erect, she was not unfitly compared by the enthusiastic brads of her father's house to the lofty pines which flourished on her

ancestral mountains. With her classic features worthy of a Grecian chisel, and the rich tresses of jet-black hair waving in luxuriant profusion over her snowy neck and shoulders, she was, indeed, the perfection of female beauty, and to all the softer and more alluring parts of the female character, she added all that firmness and decision which so well befitted a woman in those rude and turbulent times.

Glenfarne was greatly annoyed by the addresses paid to his daughter by the Chief of Moy, for he well knew that a refusal would provoke the certain hostility of his more powerful neighbour; but he was an honourable man, and he did not hesitate for an instant as to his conduct. His daughter was already betrothed to the son of a neighbouring Chief, and at once returned a peremptory refusal to the addresses of Moy. He was deeply mortified and enraged; but, concealing his anger under a show of outward courtesousness, watched for an opportunity of revenge. This was not long denied him. Glenfarne, together with his future son-in-law, had been attending a distant meeting of some chiefs, and was returning with a slender retinue to his own abode, when he was attacked, in the dusk of the evening, by a superior force which Moy had placed in ambush for the purpose. The contest was short. The followers of Glenfarne, taken unawares, and unprepared for battle, were, after a gallant but unavailing defence, slain or made prisoners, and their chief, along with his daughter's betrothed, were carried in triumph to the stronghold of Moy. The evil tidings soon reached the Castle of Glenfarne, where the beautiful Edith sat watching in anxiety for the return of the two beings most dear to her in the world. Consternation spread through the little clan, but the daughter of their chief was not unequal to the occasion. Beacons blazed on all the neighbouring hills, and the fiery cross was sent to summon all true clansmen and friends to the succour of their chief. But the wary conduct of the Chief of Moy prevented any such collision. Before any effectual measures could be taken, he sent a message to Edith,

informing her that the lives of his prisoners were entirely in her hands, and that if she would herself come and entreat for them, their lives should be spared. "If not," he said, "I swear by all that I hold most sacred, that to-morrow's sun shall never rise on them!"

The maiden then felt that she had no alternative left; and, in spite of all the entreaties of those around her, she departed, full of hope and confidence, to implore the liberation of the prisoners. On arriving at the Castle gate, she was separated from the escort which had accompanied her, and conducted through the spacious hall, to a chamber which, for the little light that was admitted into it, appeared to her to resemble a prison. She had not been many minutes in the apartment before the door opened, and on looking round, she perceived herself in the presence of the chief. He advanced towards her, and she then observed with terror, the smile of malicious exultation which played upon his features.

Trembling with fear she drew back, for she now felt for the first time, what, in her anxiety for her father had never even occurred to her before, viz., the utter helplessness of her condition should he attempt to impose any new conditions, or to offer any violence to her. And her worst apprehensions seemed now in danger of being realized, for the Chief, hastily following her, seized her rudely by the arm, and told her in a determined voice, that nothing short of an immediate consent to the marriage could save the lives of her father and her lover. In vain did she throw herself at his feet—he continued inexorable and deaf to any other conditions. At last he seemed to relent, and raising her in his arms, attempted to soothe her with words of kindness and affection. She then felt there was no hope left, and releasing herself from his grasp by a sudden movement, declared firmly that to the conditions he had proposed to her she never could or would agree. "I stand," she said, "his affianced bride in the sight of both God and man; and were my life depending upon it, I would never violate the engagement by marrying

another." The Chief then finding her proof against all his powers of persuasion, determined on another trial. He led her to prison where her father and her lover were confined, and told them, in her presence, that he had determined to put one of them to death, and that he would release the one whom she should name. A terrible scene now occurred. Her father urged her not to consider him, but to ask the release of her betrothed. "I am an old and barren stock," he said, "who must soon now be gathered to my fathers." The other was equally earnest for the release of the old man; and the distracted girl at last decided that, as she owed her existence to her father, it was her duty to demand his release, and to sacrifice her lover.

Moy now carried his dissimulation to a higher pitch of refinement and atrocity. He declared that he was so won by admiration of her noble conduct, that he would release both his prisoners unconditionally, and that she should meet them on her way home. She thanked him sincerely for his clemency, and soon with a light heart was on the road towards home. The day was now beginning to fade, and she proceeded for some distance without seeing any traces of those whom she expected. A vague sense of some terrible evil began to take possession of her mind, and she soon quickened her pace. At last, in the dimness of the twilight, she saw two figures at some distance before her on the road. She hurried towards them, while her mind misgave her so much that her limbs would hardly support her. It was growing rapidly dark, and she found herself close upon the figures before she perceived them. Then, indeed, the sight that met her horrified gaze was sufficient to rend and palsy the stoutest mind. The figures before her were, indeed, her father and brother, but they were their murdered corpses, gashed and disfigured, which, twisted into unnatural positions, grinned at her with all the ghastliness of violent death. For a moment, the miserable girl stood petrified, then, uttering a piercing shriek, fled—a raving maniac—to the woods. For a long time nothing was known as to her

existence. The deer in the forest were sometimes startled, and the gillie wandering on the hills, alarmed by the distant sound of wailings, borne along through the silent air in the stillness of the night; and sometimes a tall and slender form in white might be seen in the distance, glancing in the clear moonlight among the trees of the forest: but these were treated as idle reports, and the injured daughter of the murdered Glenfarne was believed by most to be at rest with her father. In the meantime, the perpetrator of this inhuman act had married, and a child was about to be born to him. Many of his kinsmen and friends were collected in anticipation of the event, and at last the joyful news was brought to them that a son was born. At that instant a cry was heard in the court of the Castle, and in the next moment the figure of Edith McDonald rushed into the room where the mother and child lay. Her dark hair streamed behind her, and her eyes flashed fire as she raised her hand in the air, and uttered this denunciation:—"My curse be upon Moy, until the third and fourth, yea, even unto the fifth and sixth generations; never, during that time shall an heir succeed to the house of Moy." She then disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as she came; all attempts to follow and capture her were alike fruitless, and from that hour nothing more was ever heard of her. Meanwhile, the child which had been born to Moy, survived the denunciation but a very few months, and from that time no son of Moy has ever succeeded to the father. The family also gradually declined in power and influence, and the present descendant, who is the fifth generation, lives in America, a poor man, unknown and forgotten.

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#### ITA MORS.

A wailing o'er the water,  
A cry of grief and woe,  
And a nation groans in sorrow,  
For death has dealt his blow;

And the West bewails her statesman ;  
And the South her chieftain brave,  
Whose sword was drawn for freedom,  
Who conquered but to save.

But England, oh, for England !  
Must weep a mightier lord,  
The leader of her councils,  
And the wielder of her sword.

His blade was bared for freedom,  
His arm was for the right ;  
And he checked the proud usurper,  
In the summit of his might.

'Midst India's scorching jungles ;  
On France's vine-girt plain ;  
On the blood-stained slopes of Brussels,  
And the sunny fields of Spain ;

His good right arm was foremost  
To break the tyrant's rod ;  
And his heart was with his country,  
And his trust was in his God.

And when the foe was vanquished,  
And when the fight was won ;  
When his sword was sheathed with glory,  
And the warrior's work was done.

His heart was still as ready  
To work his country's weal ;  
And he served her well in the robe of peace,  
As he did in the glittering steel.

His path is run in glory,  
The light of his life is fled ;  
But its beam shall guide our footsteps,  
Though he lies among the dead.

And his name shall be a watchword,  
To thrill through a Briton's soul ;  
And the nations shall revere him,  
From farthest pole to pole.

Methought I saw a vision—  
Oh ! sad I ween the day !  
I saw the long funereal pomp  
Wind on its mournful way.

Not an eye, but, dimmed with sorrow,  
Gazed on the solemn gloom ;  
As the bearers slow and sadly  
Moved onwards to the tomb.

And I saw our Prince and nobles,  
With the mighty of the land ;  
And I saw the aged veterans,  
Who had fought at his command ;

And I saw the younger warriors,  
Who spake his hallowed name,  
As their light in the path of honour,  
And their guide to the field of fame.

And the flower of England's armies  
Behind him sadly pressed,  
And I ween that a joy and sorrow  
Were mingled in their breast :

With a tear for the mighty chieftain,  
Whose latest course was run ;  
And a smile for the hundred laurel-crowns,  
And the deathless fame he had won.

And their banners floated o'er them,  
And their crests streamed on the wind ;  
And the long train of artillery  
Was slowly dragged behind.

And I heard the solemn organ  
Roll forth its sacred song,  
And the strains pealed through the building,  
With a swell both loud and long ;

When I heard a voice, whose sweetness  
Was not of mortal birth,  
And methought that as it came from Heaven,  
And spake to the sons of Earth.

“ Such, such are all things human ;  
Their brightest hopes must fade,  
The haughty and proud together  
With the humble and dismayed ;

“ The good, and great, and virtuous,  
And the man of vice and lust ;  
Of dust they were created,  
And shall return to dust.

“ Then think not of his victories,  
Nor tell of his glories won :—  
Though his flesh shall die, yet his name shall live,  
For the nobler deeds he has done.

“ Oh ! tell of his many virtues,  
 For these befit him most ;  
 And give the glory to Him on high,  
 Who ruleth the armed host.”

And thereat a light and splendour  
 All bright around did seem ;  
 And the glorious sun was rising,  
 As I roused me from my dream.

W.

### ELFLEDA.

WHY does the countenance of Elfleda look sad ? And wherefore are the tears streaming from the lovely eyes of the Saxon maiden ? But still, in her sorrow, she looks beautiful ; and her tears have not removed the loveliness from the cheeks of the daughter of Oslac. Oswald, her brother, has fallen by the treacherous arm of De Courcy, the Norman baron. And as she weeps she speaks thus :—“ O Oswald, my brother, was it on my account that thou didst fall ? And did the treacherous stranger kill thee to make thy sister his prize ? But I swear, by all that is sacred, that I will die rather than marry the destroyer of my brother ; and, if I break my oath, may the curses of my father, my mother, and my whole line come upon me ! ” O Elfleda, dost thou not remember the prediction thy nurse, Withburga, so often uttered ?

“ If ever maid of Saxon birth  
 Refuse one sprung from Norman earth,  
 Both evils small and evils great  
 Will come upon her earthly state.”

These words are still fresh in her memory, but so is the dying command of her mother, who charged her never to mix her pure Saxon blood with that of a stranger. “ And shall I not obey her command ? ” said she ; “ shall I be terrified by the murdered body of a brother, or by the dire predictions of a nurse, to a disobedience of the most solemn of all injunctions ? ” Before she

could say more, the approaching step of her haughty oppressor was heard, and De Courcy entered the room where she was, and bade her give consent to marry him. But no! she is resolved, and changes not her determination for all his tales of love and dastard lies. Then, at last, he grew wroth, and said, "Proud Saxon, art thou ashamed to wed me, the noblest of the Normans? Truly, even a Norman peasant is better than a Saxon prince." But still she is unmoved; and now she proudly draws up her noble form, and, with her auburn hair in long and waving tresses hanging down her neck, answered thus:—"Base traitor! well thou knewest that no one but a woman would be left to avenge my brother's death; if it had been otherwise, Oswald would still have breathed. Does not thy blood run cold when thou thinkest how thou hast wronged a noble man? And, truly, it says evil of your race, if your daughters preserve the memory of those who were dear to them, by marrying their murderers." By these words De Courcy's anger was fully kindled, and he ordered his attendants to cast Elfreda into a dungeon.

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'Tis midnight; the stars are brightly glittering, and the moon sheds its silver light around. It visits one who on a stately couch reclines, and tries to close his eyes in sleep, but cannot, for that day he had done a hellish deed. That same light also visits a prisoner in a dungeon, and she has suffered much from the cruelty of the first. Elfreda was the daughter of a Saxon noble, who died while fighting for his king, at Hastings. Oslac's wife survived her husband but a short time, and shortly after their noble castle and domain fell into the hands of De Courcy, who killed Oswald, the only son of Oslac, because he opposed the marriage of his sister with the Norman. And she it is who is now lying a prisoner in the dungeon of her ancestral castle. And as the silver moonbeams fall on her offering up prayers to God on bended knees, and arrayed in white, one would have thought her worthy to be an inhabitant of the realms above. But look, she starts; is it the wind that frightens her? No.

She hears a slow and stealthy step approaching, and she wonders who it is that, at so lone an hour, disturbs her solitude. With careful noiselessness, the massive door is opened, and a man entering beckons towards him the inhabitant of the dungeon. Elfeda follows silently, and passing through a well-known postern, she flies from the place which had always been her home, but which of late had been made her prison. Following her deliverer (who was her nurse Withburga's eldest son, and who had been retained in his situation of wardour by De Courcy), she arrived at the borders of a neighbouring forest, where horses were in readiness; and mounting these they rode at the utmost of their speed in the direction of the coast. Meanwhile the Norman baron, who is vainly trying to take repose, thinks often of the misery he has caused on that unhappy day: and he pictures to himself the cold and dismal dungeon, and the litter of straw, and, above all, her whom he had deprived of happiness. And his heart repents of the evil he had done, and he wishes to set Elfeda at liberty. But those who did their lord's behest, found not the object of their search in the dungeon; and they saw that the prisoner had escaped. Quick was De Courcy's command to make pursuit obeyed; and shortly the drawbridge was let down, and a small but well-mounted party issued from the castle, with the Norman baron himself in command. Eagerly they ride, and soon see the object of their search in the distance; and the superiority of their steeds gradually lessens the distance between the pursuer and the pursued. But angry thoughts are not now working in De Courcy's breast; he only wishes to restore the right which he has taken from the wronged. Elfeda knows not this; and fancying the eager pursuit was only to reduce her to the state she was in before, she prefers death to slavery! Making her companions check their steeds, she draws a dagger from her bosom and stabs herself. So a dying woman was all that the proud Norman found when he came up to the object of his pursuit. And then did even his stern feelings give way to tears; and when, in her last words, she forgave him, he, who feared not war nor

battle, became like a little child. But why are the lights flickering in all the windows of the castle, from whence just came the Norman baron? The truth is soon apparent. Fire! fire! is on every tongue, and the raging element still spreads, till the whole building is in a blaze. De Courcy returned, a sadder but a wiser man, to what once had been a noble castle, but which had become a smouldering ruin.

L. C. P.

### THE DEMON'S FLIGHT.

THE demon awoke, and rubbed his eyes,  
For a sudden noise of shouts and cries  
Came breaking on his ear;  
He rubbed his eyes, and shook his wings,  
And after a few prelim'nary springs,  
Set out on his journey through the air.  
For he said to himself, as a very loud shout  
Seemed to rend the air, What this is about,  
I must really go and see;  
For 't is the usual case,  
'Mongst the human race,  
Where any disturbance ever takes place,  
There's lots of work for such as me.

Away he went, on his bat-like wings,  
And passing a few, very trivial things,  
Which didn't attract observation,  
He hovered awhile  
O'er the mighty pile,  
The boast of the English nation.  
The demon looked down  
On London Town,  
And he laughed at the sights of woe,  
The fearful reign  
Of Crime and Pain  
Which he saw in the town below.

He laughed a laugh of fiend's delight,  
As he gazed in rapture on the sight,  
And he thought to himself the while :  
Let man go on in the way he goes,  
There'll be no end to human woes,  
No end to human guile.  
He laughed as he saw the houseless poor  
Turned away from the workhouse door ;  
He laughed as he saw the rich man's pride,  
As he gave his alms with eager hands  
To those far off in distant lands,  
While thousands were dying in want at his side.

He laughed as he heard the pauper's groans,  
As he lay stretched out on the cold street stones,  
Unheeded by the passers by ;  
While the felon, stained with crime's worst stain,  
Knew no want, and felt no pain,  
While the pauper in want might die.  
He laughed as he thought of the hopes and fears  
Of the poor man's toil thro' many years  
To reach that distant land ;  
When peace and content, the reward of toil,  
Which can not be gained on his native soil,  
Are given with open hand ;  
But the felon, by crime,  
Gains that distant clime,  
And rewards, to worth's slow steps denied,  
Are obtained by vice at a single stride.

He stayed not long, for he heard the cries  
Which louder and louder seemed to rise,  
And reached his willing ear ;  
'Tis a people's cry  
Which floats on high,—

And they shout "*Vive l'Empereur !*"  
 And the demon laughed again, for he thought—  
 "Here's a sight to see, which I've often sought,  
 A people's degradation,  
 For with willing hands,  
 Are forged the bands  
 Which enslave a mighty nation.

He laughed, for a people who might be free,  
 Were throwing away their liberty.  
 He laughed, for a people, while keeping the Name,  
 Were losing their Rights, and earning their shame,  
 And a mighty people, which should not own  
 A despot's sway, before the throne  
 Of a despot bowing, had sullied their fame.

The demon returned, and he thought as he flew,—  
 But little need of the demon's crew,  
 While man on earth doth reign.  
 There'll be no want of human woes,  
 Man may expect but little repose  
 From misery, crime, and pain.

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**"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."**

"Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :  
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;  
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
 Or warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demigods appeared, as records tell."

READER! Have you ever cherished visions of enchanting scenes in distant lands? Have you ever pictured to yourself classic or sacred spots, whose attractions are moulded by the silent fingers of the goddess Nature, and multiplied a thousand-fold by historic associations,—some isle reposing tranquilly on its parent lake, beneath whose orange groves the wood-nymph with her airy

footsteps scarce dashes off the morning dew, or amid whose clustering foliage the marble columns of some time-worn fane are coloured by the mellowed streamlets of expiring day, while beneath them thousands bow before enshrined Divinity—the Uncreate in the Created, the unseen yet half-revealed? Have you pondered o'er the well-matched strife of nations upon the battle-field of the past, till the fury of opposing ranks, the flash of the hero's sword, the cries of the fugitive, the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, have risen to your mind with super-human force? Or has your fancy ever listened in some grotto of Egeria to the love-born whisper which the trembling fountain half doubts whether to interrupt or to drown? Reader! if you have dreams like these, deem them not mere idle and feverish phantoms of an o'erwrought brain. Preserve them as unfailing sources of present and future enjoyment, but expose them not to the withering test of reality. Cherish them with watchful solicitude, for the airy fabrics which the fairy fingers of imagination have reared, are all too frail to resist one single blast from the disenchanting world. Hide them, lest Truth breathe upon them unawares, and your soul be left you dark and drear, as when the painter's sponge has effaced the half-finished miniature of some angel form, and left nought but the clouded ivory behind.

Such visions as these may take possession of our minds as we read of the ruins of cities of classical renown; but on visiting their sites the reality becomes woefully apparent. You seek the graceful porticoes, the theatres and temples, the walls and towers of ancient story, but in their place you find a frieze doing duty as a gate-post, a few drums of columns scattered among corn fields, or reared as tombstones over a Moslem's grave. You see a dozen or two of capitals composing a fence, or hollowed to form the mouths of wells, cattle drinking out of a marble sarcophagus, or village hinds playing cards upon the altar of the gods, the cherished dream of a life melts away before your eyes, and you feel that you have indeed to begin the world anew, and to patch up an ill-assorted compromise between the visionary and the true.

I landed at the village of the Dardanelles, a little below Sestos and Abydos, and just above the forts where stand the famous guns which sweep the passage. By the assistance of the Consul a couple of horses were procured, and a Greek to act as guide and interpreter. Silently we set out together over the sandy plain, and crossing a ridge before us, entered upon the Troad. We passed the ruins of several cities which had once studded the plain, and in course of time drew near to the modern representative of Troy. A few wretched houses were scattered at the foot of a small hill, their roofs covered with cranes' nests, the huge occupants of which, screaming and flying about in every direction, appeared to be the only inhabitants of the village. At length I discovered a few Turks who were lounging round a little khan, and eyeing the new arrivals with mingled curiosity and doubt. Dismounting from my horse and sending him with the Greek to the best looking house in the place, I selected the worst armed and least formidable of the party at the khan as a guide to the foot of the hill, and ascended to the site of ancient Troy. Sunset was fast approaching, and lighting up the Dardanelles by increasing the clearness of the atmosphere, gave distinctness to the most distant objects. All around lay the vast plain, bounded by rising grounds on which the tumuli of the Grecian heroes were distinctly visible; beneath were wandering Simois and Scamander; while Imbros and Samothrace, Lemnos and Mount Athos, Tenedos and Ida, filled up the background. Nature was doing her utmost to increase the impressiveness of the scene.

For a moment the dream of long-cherished imagination rose perfect before me, and then it fell beneath the iron wand of stern reality. We believe the failure to raise appropriate feelings upon a first visit to some well-known spot to be general, nay, almost universal, though there are many who will hardly acknowledge it to themselves, and who feign an enthusiasm which they do not feel. To those who visit such scenes in company with "a party,"—the far too general *sine qua non* of travellers of the present time, when reveries are prevented by conversation,

and the attention is perpetually distracted by external circumstances—the failure in the impression is most complete. Possibly, by dint of absence, and after the lapse of time, the older ideas may re-assert their sway, and stifle the contrary ones which for a season had supplanted them, but the revival seldom or ever is complete, since it must be counteracted by the recollection of failure upon trial. But he who would wish that sight should lay no blasting touch upon the fabric of his dreams, who would hope to carry them untouched throughout, and enjoy to the utmost the self-indulgence of imagination, must either be content to preserve them from the test of reality, or else he must forget the nineteenth century and all belonging to it,—discard the luxury and refinement of modern travel,—bid adieu to compendium portmanteaus and luxurious canteens, and start boldly to wander alone by faith through the earth of ancient times, seeing only the unseen, and hearing nought save the voices of the living dead.

I said that I had directed the Greek to go to the best-looking house in the village—such is the custom in this unartificial country—such the hospitality of the modern Turk. In Europe, you take up your quarters at some hotel, and present your letters of introduction. After a day or two, your “friend” pays you a formal visit, proposes to lionise you over the town, but has some excellent reason why he cannot do so *to-day*; asks you once to dinner, and then erases your name from his pocket-book among “things done.” But not so in Asia, among the warm-hearted children of the East. There the hospitality of Homer’s era still survives the efforts of society to dislodge it from its hold. You dismount at the first door, which stands ever open to receive you; the master of the house comes forward and bids you welcome, conducts you to the largest room, and supplies you with the softest cushion; while his servants lead away your weary steed to water and the stall. The best fare the house yields is for your dinner, and you repose undisturbed amid dreams of home and bright faces and warm hearts many a league

off. In the morning your host, with looks of real sorrow, prepares the parting pipe and coffee, and accounts himself richly paid in the consciousness of having done his duty.

From Troy I directed my steps towards the sea, in order to examine the ruins of the Alexandrian Troas, crossing first a deep valley which runs up from Ilium to the recesses of Mount Gargarus. In one of the adjacent ravines is a quarry in which lie, and have lain for centuries, in the place whence they were originally hewn, nine gigantic columns, the largest in the East. Each is formed of a single block of granite, nearly forty feet long and sixteen in circumference. Who can guess what stately city of the world they were destined to have adorned; what visions of honour the architect had based upon their completion; what countless thousands were to have thronged beneath them at the dedication festival; what revolutions changed their destination, and left them useless masses upon the ground.

These valleys are hardly as safe now as when *Ænone* wandered among their wooded slopes, and bathed in the Italian streams. Not long since, a party of English, among whom were the consul and several ladies, set out to explore them, and pitched their tents one evening among the

“Dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
High over the blue gorge, and all between  
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract  
Fostered the callow eagle—from beneath  
Whose thick mysterious boughs, in the dark morn,  
The panther's roar came muffled.”

When night closed in, they settled themselves to sleep round their fire. A noise in the wood aroused them, and seeing something moving in the trees, the man on guard fired. All then was still, but on searching the thicket they discovered a man lying wounded in the grass. They brought him in, and found that he was one of a number of bandits, who intended to have attacked the party and carried off the English consul and the ladies to the hills, in hopes of getting a large ransom for them.

Such attempts are by no means unfrequent, and are often successful.

Troas is one of the few provincial cities the remains of which give one any idea of their former size. It is built upon a gentle slope, descending towards the sea, and the whole site is covered with a forest of magnificent oak trees. One may wander for hours beneath their shade, stumbling ever and anon over some grey ruin, half buried, half distinct, among the brushwood. Perhaps it is some nobleman's palace that meets your eye; here stood the entrance; there the porter's lodge; beyond, the fountain of the court with its marble bowl. Here, perhaps, was the guest-chamber, which once rung with the orgies of a Clodius and a Sallust, or was brightened by the gentle presence of an Ione; beyond, the garden with its urns and statues, and porticoes ever in the shade. The ruins cover many miles, and, indeed, there seems no end to them, hundreds of fragments of columns lying strewn about in all directions. The port is especially interesting, with its pier now submerged, and a column exactly corresponding with the nine others in the quarry, lying broken upon the beach. I had been led to expect a modern village at Troas, but could find only a few huts, at which I long tried in vain to obtain something to eat, till at last some one gave me a morsel of the coarse white cheese peculiar to the country. It was Ramazan, the Lent of the Turks, and no one tasted or even cooked any food until the evening. Christian nations make light of dabbling with institutions based on ancient usage or divine command, whenever their observance interferes with convenience; but it is otherwise with the follower of the Prophet. He will gather the ripe sheaves into his barn, row his caique for hours upon the Bosphorus, or follow his long line of camels across the sandy plain throughout the live-long day; sick, weary, and fainting, he will stretch his exhausted limbs upon the ground, but no morsel of food, no drop of water, passes his lips until the sun be set. He does not eat—how could he, his religion forbids him, and that is enough. From Troas my road lay to Assos—probably it

was the same as that traversed by Saint Paul on his return to Jerusalem from Macedonia. Assos, too, has extensive ruins, but as at Troas everything was more or less Roman, so here the walls, gates, columns, and the situation on the summit of a conical hill bespeak a Grecian origin. Here I found a small boat belonging to a curious-looking little old man, who, after a considerable expenditure of time and tobacco, was induced to perceive that it might possibly be to his advantage to convey me across to Mytilene. After passing the night on the ballast of his boat, I landed in a small bay, about three miles to the north of the town. It was a lovely spot, dark groves of oaks and olive trees covered every slope, through which peered the cottages of the Greeks. The bay is much frequented by the vessels of the surrounding islands, and it seems not improbable that it is the same as that called Malea by ancient writers. The Greeks of Mytilene, though under the Turkish yoke, support the character of all Asiatic Greeks, of having talent, vivacity, good feeling, and personal appearance superior to that of their countrymen of the Hellenic kingdom. They are hospitable, though hospitality is not with them a matter of duty and necessity; and with the exception of the black turban which they are compelled to wear, there is little difference between them and their masters. The khan was full of them, and after politely waiting until my breakfast was concluded—and after my experience of Ramazan it was no slight one—they pressed round to ask the usual questions which curiosity will prompt. My story was soon told, and we talked of Athens and Stambol—subjects to them of never-failing interest. After some conversation, one of them who had been profusely polite before, invited me to accompany him to his house. Such an offer was not to be refused, especially as it was evidently sincere, and I was soon domesticated with my new friend.

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VISARGAH.

## THE PIRATE.

Towards the deep wave of the tideless sea,  
His course the sun is speeding,  
Tinting the tops of each feathery tree,  
And the mountains afar receding ;  
And he lights the wave like a sheet of gold,  
And streaks the cliffs and the crags so old,  
For ages the home of the pirate bold,  
Rugged himself as his trusty hold,  
Defying approach of the stranger,  
With secret stairs and gloomy caves ;  
And built in the sky o'er the stormy waves,  
Fit place for the hearts who would scorn to be slaves ;—  
Oh ! the black rock washed by the snow-white waves,  
I trow 'twas a place of danger.  
But calm and still is the water now,  
As the ripples plash lightly against the bow,  
In the heavens above was nor spot nor speck,  
Scarce breath sufficient the form to shake  
Of the golden globe in the azure lake,  
Or lift the long streamer that hung to the deck ;  
Not a sound in the air, not a cloud in the sky,  
No motion, save when, sweeping leisurely by,  
The white gull circled and turned in quest  
Of some tow'ring crag for his evening's rest ;  
Search, if ye will, and show me what coast  
A lovelier sunset than this can boast ;  
What land will produce such an evening of peace,  
As the beautiful isles of beautiful Greece.

O Corinth, Corinth ! how time will change  
The loveliest spots on this earthly sphere ;  
One scarcely may say that the mountain range  
Remains the same from year to year ;

Where rivers ran, the land is parched,  
 And torrents rush where armies marched ;  
 Down come the crags and rock-towers tall,  
 And 'whelm the valleys in their fall ;  
 And the sea robs the land, and the land robs the sea,  
 And cities and nations that ruled the world,  
 Down into nothingness are hurled

And lost to mortal view.

And, e'en if a town, be it great or small,  
 For two or three centuries should not fall,  
 You would find that each age o'er the castle wall  
 Show'd a flag of different hue.

O Corinth, Corinth, this being the case,  
 No wonder that you have so changed your face,  
 And are now an entirely different place,

From Corinth. Ol. 86, 2.

You then had a fleet, and those wooden towers  
 Might vie with the best of the maritime powers,

A fact that's undoubtedly true ;  
 Although at that time—but we won't gall old rubs—  
 Suffice it to say that your vessels were tubs,  
 And the old fleets, that Greece could produce at that day,  
 Not worth one such ship as now lies in your bay.

Reader, didst thou ever mark

A swan at rest on a glassy lake ?

Didst ever rise with the blithesome lark,

And watch the fawn in the dewy brake ?

Didst ever see a beautiful girl,

And live in the light of her soft blue eye,

Or hang thy hopes on her auburn curl ?

(Excuse this inadvertent sigh.)

If any of these thou hast ever seen,

And show me, I pray thee, the man who has not ?

With but slight common sense thou wilt know what I mean,  
 This stately, this graceful, this elegant yacht !

Oh ! whoever has seen the beautiful ' Fanny,'  
Like a maid of the mist, or fair nymph of the sea,  
Can wonder no longer, how, think you now, can he,  
Why ships take the feminine pronoun, She.

'Tis beautiful ! 'tis beautiful ! the boundless ocean's blue,  
When the sky above looks down in love with its clear deep azure  
hue ;

When the brilliant moon is shining, and the silent watery field  
Lies motionless, and rippleless, like a glittering silver shield.  
And 'tis beautiful ! 'tis beautiful ! when the raging billows roar,  
When the maddened winds hurl the angry waves upon the rock-  
bound shore ;

And the terror-stricken mariner scarce dares to draw his breath,  
For the sea-ward view is danger, and the shore-ward view is  
death.

But the dauntless crew of the Fanny—they feared not the  
ocean-wave,

And their beautiful craft, she merrily laughed, though the waters  
might lash and rave ;

She recked not, although the white-squall should blow, and the  
billows break wild and frantic,

She had courted the breeze, in the Grecian seas, and had scorned  
the angry Atlantic :

For her timbers were staunch, and her sticks were true, and  
taut was each tackle and rope,

And whene'er the danger pressed hard upon her, her anchor and  
stay was Hope.

The sun is gone down in a blaze of light,

And the evening gun has sounded,

And all has been cleared and made snug for the night,

Ere the flash o'er the water bounded.

The watch has been set, and the skipper below

Prepares for his evening meal,

Puts his gun on the cock, and examines the lock,  
And touches the edge of the steel :  
For he who would sleep 'neath the craggy steep,  
That frowns o'er Corinthus' water,  
Should lie with his hand on his trusty brand,  
Lest he wake at the sound of slaughter.

The cabin door is thrown open wide, and the watch rushes in in a hurry,

He forgets to knock 'till he gets inside, and he seems in a terrible flurry,

And "Cap'n," he cries, "there is two queer crafts, as is right on the starboard-bow ;

And shiver my timbers, if I don't think as there's harm in the wind just now"—

With that he pulled his forelock, and up to the deck sprang he,  
And the captain's voice of authority rang merrily o'er the sea,  
"What, ho ! there, clear for action, and pipe all hands on deck !"  
And he straight pulled off the handkerchief that was tied around his neck ;

Turned up his sleeves for the battle, girt his sabre to his side,  
And with his musket in his hand, sprang up with an eager stride.  
And the deck was cleared for action, and the halyards coiled away,  
And the glittering gilded tompion beside the gun it lay ;  
And the cook with a red-hot poker, was ready for the fun,  
And a couple of brawny seamen prepared to work the gun.  
And the mate with a naked cutlass, and pistols in his belt,  
And a bayonet fixed on his musket, not yet by foemen felt ;  
And the crew with determination were gathered before the mast ;  
And fixed was each eye on the enemy, who neared the Fanny fast.  
Now load the gun to the muzzle with canister, nails, and shot,  
And every thing that is used for guns, and a great many things that are not ;

And point it with a steady eye, and watch the rascally pirate,  
At a cable's length we will test its strength, for then is the time to fire it.

Then the captain addressed the ship's company, and he urged  
them to think of their duty,

And he made a long speech, to all and to each, to fight for their  
'home and beauty.'

But as his words, or their substance, already are very well known

It would be deliberate larceny if I put them down as my own ;

Suffice it to say that a speech he made, as he alone could do,

And three hearty cheers rang fore and aft from the Fanny's  
gallant crew ;

And when the latest echo of the cheers had died away,

They turned, and lo ! the pirates cast nets into the bay ;

So the crew once more were sent below, and the song the silence  
broke,

As the fishermen the chorus raised responsive to their stroke ;

Though the words, with much apology, I must decline to speak,

Since I am not well acquainted with the phrase of Modern Greek.

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### THE TWO FAKIRS.

Then the king, turning to the Vizier, said, "It is fitting now  
that we should put on the cloak of concealment, and should turn  
the footsteps of inquiry towards the door of discovery, for the  
wise have said—

'In the garden of life be always diligent in seeking,

And thus will you obtain the fruit which you desire.'

The Vizier replied, "May the star of the fortune of your  
victorious majesty continue shining ! The wish of the asylum of  
the world is the duty of this slave who stands at his feet."

So they went out towards the centre of the Bazár, and as  
they went they saw two men clothed in rags, sitting at the  
corner of a street, and one said to the other, "Let each relate  
the history of his adventures in the ear of his friend, so that  
mutual pleasure may be the result, as it is said—

'The bee by his humming delights the ear of the flower,

While from the honey of the flower the bee derives nourishment.'

The other replied, "O, Friend! be it so? but it is right that we should seek the abode of privacy, and produce the fruits of narration in the garden of seclusion."

Saying this they both arose and departed, and the King and the Vizier followed them. They continued going on till they came to some ruins, and, having gone through a small door, closed it behind them.

Then the King was perplexed, and, turning to the Vizier, said, 'If these men relate their adventures while we stand outside, then our coming forth to night will be vain, like the efforts of the hungry dog of Ispahan.'

The Vizier said, "How was that? Will his exalted Majesty be pleased to relate?"

The King replied, "They have related that once upon a time a merchant of Ispahan had a dog; by reason of misfortune the merchant became poor, and the means of sustenance became difficult to be obtained by him. In this extremity he reflected thus:—The wise have said—'The man of true knowledge in misfortune will first look after his own benefit, and then after that of others.' Therefore must I now turn my dog away, and eat the food myself which I formerly gave to it. He therefore turned the dog of evil-starred fortune out of his house. The dog thus neglected began to consider thus: 'Truly is it said that a clever dog in the time of hunger will find something to eat. Now if, by the biting of my tail, I could derive nourishment, then indeed I might contrive to exist.' Saying this he began to turn round, in order to bite his tail, but by reason of his tail being a short one, the more that he turned round so much the more did his tail recede from his mouth. Therefore I said that our coming out would be vain, like the efforts of the dog of Ispahan."

The Vizier replied, "Point of adoration of the world! if we now were to apply the eyes of curiosity to the keyhole of minuteness, then might we see what these two children of raggedness are doing." Saying this, he proceeded to the door, and when he had shown the keyhole to the king, the Conqueror of worlds

stooped down and looked through the aperture. He saw then the two men sitting on the ground, with their legs crossed.

One of them said, "O friend! listen to my story! attend to my discourse! This wretch is a maker of hats. Although the proverb is, 'As mad as a maker of hats,' yet this miserable person was, by his companions, called Murtaza the Wise. In my youth I was instructed in the art and science of making hats; and so much did I learn, that in the city of Kahan there was no maker of hats equal to me. One day this happened to me. A youth of beautiful countenance,—such that the brightness of the jewel called the Fountain of Light, was as nothing compared with his face; and when he raised his face the moon became pale, and the stars became dim,—came to my shop to buy a hat. I sold him a hat, in comparison with which all other hats are but as the berries of the rose compared with the fruit of the pomegranate. He took the hat, and having turned it inside out, put it on his head, I was astonished at his conduct, and said, 'O Sir! wherefore do you act thus? Be pleased to tell me!' He answered, 'Have you not heard that the wise have said, 'He that expects to discover anything without undergoing trouble, is like the man who sat on the bank of the river, and waited for the stream to flow past, for he surely will not obtain his desire.' If, therefore, you desire to know why I act thus, come with me.' I immediately left my shop and went with that youth of resplendent countenance. But it has been said, "Between the drinking cup and the lip which tastes its contents, there may come to pass many misfortunes"; that is to say, 'Do not consider that the fish is caught until it is in the net.' By reason of the crowd, I lost sight of that young man; and, becoming distracted, have wandered about since then, inquiring of every one if they have seen a young man like the rose in beauty and the cypress in stature, with a hat turned inside out upon his head. No one has seen anything of him; and I, from continual wandering, have become ragged; for it is said, 'A stone which continues rolling, becomes not green with

verdant moss.' Every one who sees me is amazed, and biting the finger of astonishment, with the teeth of surprise, says——

Just at that time the king sneezed. The Vizier said, "Allah be praised!" The ragged one, who had been relating his adventures, hearing the noise, got up and came towards the door. The King and the Vizier being afraid of discovery, went away from the door, and turned in the direction of the royal palace, the abode of the King excelling in power all the kings of the seven regions of the earth. Then said the Vizier, "Truly were we nearly discovered, like the foolish thief in the garden of Ali the coffee merchant. The King said, "How was that?"

The Vizier thus opened the oyster-shell of relation, containing the pearl of truth:—In the city of Damascus there lived a merchant, whose name was Ali. This merchant had a pomegranate tree. He watched the fruit of this tree, and said to himself, "When this fruit becomes ripe, and the juice of sweetness causes to swell the rind of beauty, I will invite my friends to a feast, and we will pass the evening in feasting and delight." But it has been said, "The chickens which are not yet hatched, do not thou count until they come forth from the shell." One day when he came, as was his custom, to look at the heart-delighting fruit of the pomegranate tree, he saw that one of the pomegranates was gone. He was grieved in heart, and could not tell what had become of the fruit. The next day he came, and another apple was gone. The merchant reflected, and said, "The men of great wisdom have said, 'After the ass has been taken from the stable, to lock the door is of no use.' If I wait until all the pomegranates have been stolen, then I shall not find out who takes them." He accordingly devised a plan, and having mixed up a composition of pepper, cardamom seed, and other things, smeared it over the rind of those grief-dispelling apples. When in the night the thief came, and having climbed up the tree; began to eat the pomegranates he was seized with a fit of coughing, and by the greatness of the noise, the merchant became aware that some one was in the garden. He came out, and found the thief,

and took him before the Cadi, who commanded that his head should be beaten with his own slippers until all his hair came off. Therefore, I said that we were nearly discovered by the auspicious sneezing of your exalted Majesty, as the thief in the garden of the coffee merchant was by his coughing. The King said, "Command these two relaters of histories to come into the royal presence to-morrow; by opening the ears of attention to their discourse, the flowers of amusement and the fruit of instruction may perhaps be gathered by us." The Vizier replied, "Whatever his Majesty commands shall be obeyed, even if it were the making of shoes out of the skins of his slaves."

The next day the crier was sent round, and commanded to bring the two men clothed in rags before the King.

They came in fear and trembling, and the King said, "Continue the story which we heard last night." The man of rags said, "Fountain of all justice, may the sun of your glory continue resplendent! your slave has nothing more to say than he said last night." The King said, "If you speak lies, and do not relate your adventures, you shall be squeezed in an oil press, and obtain the reward of evil-doers." That wretch, then, having finished his story to his friend the night before, and supposing that the Fountain of Clemency had heard it all, did not know what to say; but, being in fear of his life, proceeded to invent a story, and said, "May the feet of your Majesty continue firm! your slave was wandering about, when one day he met an old man, who asked him where he was going. This weak wretch said that he was wandering about with no object, and the old man said, 'Come with me.' I then went with him, and we came to a house, and entered at the door; we then came into a room where there was another door, and having gone through that door, went into another room, where there was another door, and—

Here the King being angry, said, "If you do not go on with your story, I will cause your head to be cut off, and your body shall become the food of kites." He then sent for the chief

executioner, and caused him to stand near with his sword, and commanded him, saying, "If this man stops in the discourse, immediately cut off his head."

That ragged one, in great fear, proceeded, "The old man said, have you ever heard the story of the Wise Man and the Laughing Grasshopper?" I replied that it was even unknown to me that a grasshopper could laugh, and he, astonished at my ignorance, said, "In the city of Tehran dwelt a wise man. He, indeed, walking one day, saw a magpie sitting on a tree, who was relating his adventures to a sparrow, and he said thus: In the time of spring I was hatched in the nest, and as soon as I could fly, I left my house, and wandered out into the world. One day I heard a pigeon say to a companion, "Tell me your history." The other said, thus it is, "Every day I leave my nest in search of food, and every night I return to my nest in search of sleep, like the old man and his three sons. The other said, "How was that?" He related, "In the time of Nushirwan the Just, an old man had three sons, and each of these sons had three daughters. The history of each daughter was this—

Here the King said to the man clothed in rags, "But what was it you said about the Laughing Grasshopper?" The ragged one replied, "Let His Majesty be pleased to listen!

The history of the first daughter was this: One day as she went to the well to draw water, a young man met her, and asked her if she had seen a donkey with two panniers pass that way? she said that she had not, and asked why he asked. The young man said that his father lived in a town not far distant, and that, reading one day in a book, he had heard of a wise man who dwelt near, and, desiring to seek information from him, had sent the donkey with this young man, the son of the old man, who had read in the book of the old man, who was the same old man who had heard the magpie telling the story of the pigeon, who told the story of the old man and the three sons, who had the three daughters, and the story of the eldest daughter who met

the young man at the well, who told her all the story about his father and the book, and the sage, and the magpies, and the pigeons, and the old man.

Here two or three loud snores were heard, and the ragged man looking up saw that the King, and the Vizier, and the chief executioner were all asleep, and he having thus succeeded in his intention, and being rejoiced to escape from being squeezed in the oil press of torture according to the command of the Fountain of Clemency, on the tip-toe of caution went out of the chamber of recital, and with the tongue of congratulation said, "Truly the wise have said, 'Of invention necessity is the mother.'"

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#### WELLINGTON.

Son of Britain, now departed,  
 Leaving all for thee to mourn,  
 Eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted ;  
 Still the honours thou hast borne  
 Live for aye and deathless fame,  
 Whilst shall live thine England's name !  
 Son of triumph, now lamented,  
 Europe's guardian—France's bane ;  
 Thy bold heart hath ne'er relented  
 Fighting on the battle plain ;  
 Gazing with a warrior's eye,  
 On the approach of victory !  
 Son of glory,—England's champion,  
 Scotland's hope, and Erin's pride ;  
 High in battle gleamed thy falchion,  
 The fate of nations to decide !  
 Death on thee has laid his hand,  
 And joined thee with his pallid band.  
 O'er thy cold and chilly grave,  
 Let the patriot softly tread ;  
 'Tis the tomb of the mighty brave,  
 'Tis the tomb of the honoured dead ;  
 And thy name shall lasting be,  
 Throughout all eternity !

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## "IN MEMORIAM."

"TIME," we have said, "rolls his ceaseless course," marching ever onward through the land,—on, on for ever. But Time is not alone, or he would pass unseen,—silently and unnoticed would years glide by beneath his noiseless tread—the air scarce agitated by his sombre wings, scarce startled by his warning cry. Time is not alone—one sable form follows ever fleetly in his steps,—that form is Death. Silently would Time glide by, but that the passing hour rings ever with some note of woe, some thrilling cry of agony and despair, as the unsparing scythe of One falls oft upon his helpless prey. Cold and relentless does that blade descend upon all that we most richly prize, upon all that we would hold most dear. Fiercely thirsting for the blood of man, it lights upon no humble prey—no worthless cumberer of the ground: it bears away each fairest flower—the high, the learned, and the brave. Reader, we would call thee to mingle in ope note of woe, in one fraction of the wailing of Creation. Close at our very door the thunderbolt has fallen: the scythe has lopped away our tallest tree. Strong were the roots beneath the ground, the boughs yet green in the declining year; but they were of no avail. Strong were they in love of truthfulness and noble aim—in generous impulse and ardent zeal—in thought far-seeing, and in action bold. Swayed by no winds but those of conscience and of truth, their leaves ne'er trembled at the stormy blast of passion and of pride, ne'er wandered after the luring breezes of interest and ambition. Reader—we called thee to mingle in a note of woe—but there is no need for cries of agony and despair. Despair is for the uprooted, the withered, and the dead. True, the tree is prostrate, but the full ripe pods were shaken in its fall, and their seeds shed abroad upon the ground. They will lie there, but not for aye. Spring will come, and the seeds of the old fallen trunk will spring up into a healthier and fairer tree, to bloom on through the endless summer of happiness and joy.

END OF VOL. VII.







